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BY

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SUPERINTENDENT NAVAL WAR RECORDS

VOL. II

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CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE.

AUGUST 19, 1812.

On the 19th of August we fortunately fell in with the *Guerrière*. I say fortunately, for I would not have missed the chance — no, not for the richest prize that ever floated. It has given our officers and men the only thing hitherto wanting — confidence in themselves. — LIEUTENANT AYLWIN, U. S. N.

When Yankee meets the Briton,
  Whose blood congenial flows,
By heaven created to be friends,
  By fortune rendered foes,
Hard then must be the battle fray
  Ere well the fight is o'er.
Now they ride side by side,
  While the bell'wing thunders roar,
While the cannon fire is flashing fast,
  While the bell'wing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia's thunder,
  That wak'd the wat'ry war?
Why stays that gallant *Guerrière*,
  Whose streamers wav'd so fair?
That streamer drinks the ocean wave,
  That warrior's fight is o'er!
Still they ride side by side,
  While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannons' fire is flashing fast,
  And her Yankee thunders roar. — *Old Song*.

A few fir-built frigates, manned by a handful of dastards and outlaws. — *English Newspaper*.

From the point of view of the naval construction of the time, the *Constitution* left nothing to be desired; she had been built stanchly, with a view to the greatest efficiency. While her ordnance was perhaps not equal to that of foreign powers, her armament was ample. Her crew, while inexperienced through the shortness of their service, were yet well disciplined and superlatively patriotic. Her commander, Isaac Hull, and her first lieutenant, Charles Morris, were of unusual talent as seamen, the peers of any naval officers of their day.

The *Guerrière* was an excellent ship, with an armament not unequal to that of her antagonist, with a trained crew, and with a commanding officer and commissioned officers, such as the English navy produces. The battle was a fair contest, which demonstrated, ship for ship, the naval supremacy of the young republic.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE.

AUGUST 19, 1812.

WHEN the War of 1812 began, the people of the United States were hardly aware of their strength in maritime warfare. The nation was in its infancy. The method of government was still on trial. The experience of a single generation in time of peace is not sufficient to give proof of the efficiency of an untried system. Will the fabric of government stand not only internal dissensions, but external shock? This was the question which agitated the minds of the American people when they realized that they were in conflict with the greatest maritime power in the world.

Very soon the happy consciousness came to them that as regards both ships and men they were equal, if not superior, to any sea force which Great Britain was likely to bring against them. It was not realized by the mother country that shipwrights and skilled artisans were numerous along their enemy's coasts, and that it was possible for them not only to put together in massive framework a government, but ships which should stand every assailing tempest, whether off Cape Hatteras or rounding the Horn, and with equal resistance the ship of the line or frigate which rendered the name of England illustrious at Aboukir Bay and Trafalgar.[1]

[1] That these ships were well constructed, creditable to our shipwrights, is shown incidentally by the following extract from Scott's *Tom Cringle's*

The frigates of that day have lasted as models until nearly the present time, having been superseded within a few years only by the tremendous iron battleships of the present day. The policy, however, which has in the main characterized the Navy Department during the century now closing has been progressive. If possible, each ship has been an improvement upon its predecessor. Only in a minor degree were the ships of Farragut different from and better than those which preceded, and won their laurels at Tripoli and against the French and English.

The *Constitution*, after two attempts, on September 20 and 22, 1797, was successfully launched at Boston, at 12.15 P.M. on October 21 of that year. She was a 44-gun frigate of 1576 tonnage, strongly built and well equipped. The main-deck battery consisted of thirty long 24s. The spar-deck battery was made up of twenty short 32s and two long 24s.[1] The *United States* and *President*, sister ships, the latter launched in 1800, with the *Constitution*, were the only ships of high rating which the infant navy possessed at the commencement of hostilities in 1812.

"Disguised line-of-battle ships," they were called, in order to lessen the effect of their victories, by British writers; but it has been effectually demonstrated that they were true frigates,[2] in that the English line-of-battle ships, or seventy-fours, were superior in armament "nominally about as three is to two." While,

Log, the famous sea romance of the early part of the century: "Three days after this the American frigate *President* was brought in by the *Endymion* and the rest of the squadron. I went on board in common with every officer of the fleet, and certainly I never saw a more superb vessel; her scantling was that of a seventy-four, and she appeared to be fitted with great care."

[1] For construction, dimensions, etc., see Appendix G.

[2] Roosevelt's *War of 1812*, p. 54.

however, the few ships which formed our small navy were fine specimens of their class, they were lamentably few, so that it was decided by the authorities at Washington to keep them in ordinary.

It was only by the personal efforts of two naval officers, Captains Bainbridge and Stewart, that this timorous policy of the administration was overcome and the ships permitted to issue from port and make reputations for themselves and their commanders.

This policy is easily accounted for, when it is remembered that Great Britain's naval force was overwhelming as compared with ours,—a thousand sail over against half a dozen frigates and a few brigs and sloops, sixteen in all. Why subject these few craft to almost certain destruction? It speaks well for the spirit of our naval officers and their professional pride that they had such confidence in their ships and their men as to attempt the seemingly impossible.[1] The *Constitution* already had a reputation for her superior qualities, and had won the admiration of the maritime part of the people.

A brief glance at her history is here in place. In 1799, just after her building, while Captain Talbot's flagship, she was challenged by an English captain to engage in a trial of speed with his frigate. The wager was a cask of wine. The commodore accepted, and the race was won by the *Constitution*, the ship being sailed by Lieutenant Hull, the executive officer, who kept his men on deck during the entire day; at sunset he hove to, when the British commander came alongside with his ship, lowered his gig, and sent the cask of wine aboard the *Constitution*.

This was something to talk about in the cabin and the forecastle for months thereafter. It demonstrated

[1] See Appendix H.

the skilled seamanship of the man who afterward became so famous in American naval annals.

The event occurred in the waters of the West Indies. It was remembered that she had done brave work at Tripoli under command of Commodore Preble, entering boldly under the hostile guns of powerful batteries to within three cable-lengths and silencing them, and in utter defiance of their terrible fire. This was done with the utmost coolness. The ship sailed in, deliberately shortening sail, the men on the yards; then she came to and discharged her broadside. For two hours she received the merciless pelting storm of the batteries, receiving twelve shots in her hull, but with slight injury.

In this same cruise the *Constitution*, under Captain Talbot, gained a new reputation. Talbot having learned that a French letter of marque, the *Sandwich*, was about to sail from Puerto Plata, determined to cut her out. For this difficult undertaking the executive, Lieutenant Hull, was chosen. Securing an American sloop, the *Sally*, she was armed and fitted at sea and a crew of ninety men placed on board. The *Sandwich* was anchored in a position to rake with her broadside any vessel attempting to enter the harbor. Hull divided his force into two parts, one to attack and capture the fort under whose guns the *Sandwich* lay, commanded by Captain Carmick of the marines, the other to remain in the *Sally* and board the vessel at the right time. The expedition started at midnight, and was a complete success. The great bulk of the men, all of whom had volunteered, were concealed below decks, five or six only remaining on deck to take care of the vessel. The surprise was complete. The battery on shore was taken, the guns spiked. The marines returned in their boats.

The *Sandwich* was boarded, cut from her moorings, her guns scaled, and at sunrise the two vessels were headed out to sea. It does not detract from the gallantry of the affair, that it was afterward ascertained that the seizure was illegal, as Captain Talbot learned upon his arrival in port.

The people at home emphasized the fact that the exploit pertained to the *Constitution*, and her name began to be spoken in out-of-the-way places.

In 1806 Lieutenant Hull was made captain and ordered to the vessel which he knew so well. In command of the *Constitution* in 1812, he was in Portsmouth, England. There had been some trouble about deserters which threatened to prove serious. Hull, remembering Barron and the affair of the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard*, resolved not to be caught unprepared, the movements of the British creating suspicion. The spirit of the crew was effervescent with enthusiasm; they "took hold of the gun tackles as if they were about to jerk the guns through the ship's sides." An officer who was passing through the batteries observed to the men that if there was an occasion to fight it would be in their quarrel, and that he expected good service from them. "Let the quarter-deck look out for the colors," was the answer, "and we will look out for the guns." The next day the *Constitution* proceeded to sea, followed by several men-of-war. The good ship outsailed them all except one, which she led. "If that fellow wants to fight," remarked Hull, "we won't disappoint him;" so he hove to, beat to quarters, and hoped for an engagement. The frigate drew near, but did not offer to attack, and the *Constitution* then made sail, again leaving the frigate to her own devices.

The *Constitution*, through this circumstance, added

fresh interest to her career. Great deeds were expected of her wherever she went.

The splendid ship was, however, soon destined to surpass her record for brilliancy in action and enterprise in daring, and to gain thereby a reputation wherever seamanship of a high quality was recognized in the naval world. Nay, more, every fisherman on the Sounds, from South Carolina to the Maine fjords and off the Banks, exulted in the skill of Captain Hull, and praised the sea-going qualities of the frigate to his mate, as he mended his nets at close of day.

The event referred to is known as the chase of the *Constitution*. The war had just begun; Hull was with the ship at Annapolis shipping a new crew, many of whom had never been on an armed ship, and were therefore totally unacquainted with man-of-war life. On the 17th of July, having put out of the harbor five days before, he sighted four sail to the north and westward. They were afterward discovered to be the British squadron under Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, thirty-eight guns, with the *Belvidera*, thirty-six guns, Captain Byron; the *Africa*, sixty-four guns, Captain Bustard; the *Eolus*, thirty-two guns, Captain, Lord James Townsend. This was at 2 P.M.

At 5 P.M. another sail hove in sight, which was afterward learned to be the *Guerrière*, thirty-eight guns, Captain Richard Dacres. This latter frigate, at a distance from the squadron, was signalled by Captain Hull, and effort made to bring her to action at 10 P.M., but in vain. At 3.30 A.M., however, the next day, the *Guerrière*, being within a half mile of the *Constitution*, discovered the *Belvidera* and the other vessels of the squadron to the leeward, and signalled them, but received no reply. Dacres, mistaking them for the squad-

ron of Commodore Rodgers, wore round and stood away. This circumstance gave rise to sharp discussion and complaint afterward, for seemingly, under the circumstances, the British squadron had only to hoist a signal to have made the *Constitution* lower a flag. As recorded in the log of the *Constitution* the celebrated chase began in this way: —

"At daylight discovered three sail astern. At 5, discovered another sail astern, making two frigates off our lee-quarter, and two frigates and one ship of the line, one brig, and one schooner, astern. At ½ past 5, it being calm and the ship having no steering way, hoisted out the first cutter and got the boats ahead to tow ship's head round to the southward, got a 24 pounder up off the gun-deck for a stern-gun, and the forecastle gun aft — cut away the taffarel to give them room, and run two guns out of the cabin windows. At 6 got the ship's head round to the southward and set topgallant studdingsails and staysails, one of the frigates firing at us. At ½ past 6, sounded in 26 fm's. water. At 7, got out a kedge and warped the ship ahead. At ½ past 7, hoisted the colors and fired one gun at the ship astern. At 8, calm; employed warping and towing the ship. The other ships, having a light air, gaining on us with their boats ahead, and one of them using sweeps. At 9, the above ship in close chase of us, and the nearest frigate gaining on us. At 9 minutes past 9, a light breeze sprung up from the southward; braced up by the wind on the larboard tack, when the above frigate commenced firing, but her shot did not reach us; got the boats alongside, run two of them up. At 10, started 2335 gallons of water and pumped it out — almost calm — manned the first cutter to tow ship; six sail of the enemy's

ships off the starboard beam and quarter; perceived that the nearest frigate had got all the boats from the other ships to tow her towards us. From 10 A.M. to meridian, employed warping and towing. All sail made by the wind, one of the ships coming up, apparently having all the boats from the other ships." And so with similar incidents the chase went on, that day and the next, and the next, for sixty long, trying hours; every man alert, every man on deck for the whole time, — Lieutenant Morris, who suggested the kedging, and Captain Hull consulting together, watching the enemy with critical glances, using every means and novel device which experience or necessity could suggest. An example of superb seamanship and of perfect discipline such as few ships have ever exhibited. Nothing was left undone that could, by the remotest possibility, insure success. When the chasing frigates "commenced firing their bow-chase guns," the *Constitution* "returned them" with her stern chasers.

On the morning of the 18th the ship "passed about gunshot distance to windward of one of the frigates; hoisted in the first cutter; ten sail in sight from the masthead. At 9, saw a ship to the windward, supposed to be an American merchantman, standing towards us. The frigate astern hoisted American colours as a decoy; we immediately hoisted English colours, got royal studding sails fitted." At meridian of the 18th the first cheering item is written down in the log: "Moderate breezes and pleasant weather, rather leaving the frigate in chase."

On the next day, although there were "fresh breezes from the southward and pleasant," the ship had not escaped its keen pursuers. "At ½ past 2," the log records, "set the mizzen-topgallant and main royal

ISAAC HULL.

staysails and main skysail." "At 4, a moderate breeze from the S.S.W. and cloudy, four sail of the enemy still in chase, the nearest about six miles off."

All fear of capture must now have disappeared, yet continued precautions were taken. The wind favored alike the pursuers and the pursued. "At 11 P.M., could just discover the weather-bow ship to have got in our wake." All during that night the noble ship patiently stood on its course, the men pluckily remaining on deck for duty, and weary, alike with the officers, from the long strain of apprehension and physical fatigue.

To every light air, to moderate and fresh breezes, the frigate had responded, and when, on those August days, the sun beat down on a motionless sea, the strong arms of the crew sent her bow with steady ripple through the glassy surface of the waters, until, "at ½ past 4, when the ship hauled up to S.E. by S., four sail in sight, all of them hull down," was the item set down with satisfaction in the log.

It was nearing the end, but at half-past six uncertainty again began to be felt, for the breeze was "more moderate," and the crew was employed in the unusual task of "wetting the sails aloft," so they might hold the breeze better. At eight o'clock "five ships were still in sight chasing us." But the extraordinary speed as recorded in the log at 8 A.M., of eleven knots and four furlongs, must have discouraged the British squadron, for, at half-past 8 A.M., the simple but final record is set down: "All the ships in chase stood to the northward and eastward."[1]

It was all admirably managed, and to the executive

[1] Commodore Morris in his autobiography mentions a speed of twelve and a half knots at 2 P.M. on the 18th, but such a rate is not recorded in the log.

officer, Morris, a great deal of the credit is due, but he modestly wrote, years later, that "Captain Hull deservedly gained much reputation for the difficult retreat from a greatly superior force, when superior numbers and other circumstances gave the enemy greater advantages." But Hull very generously at the time disclaimed undue credit and praised "Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers, and the crew for their very great exertions and prompt attention to orders while the enemy were in chase;" and further adds that "though they were deprived of sleep and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them." Morris, commenting on this remarkable escape, wrote, "The result may be remembered as an evidence of the advantages to be expected under the most discouraging circumstances, so long as *any* chance for success may remain."

No seaman ever read this narrative without hearty appreciation of the fine seamanship displayed. The American people increased their admiration for the *Constitution*, and their confidence in the officers and crews of the infant navy deepened as the war progressed.

"For many years the ship had proved a very dull sailer," said Morris, "our situation seemed hopeless;" but if the British squadron had concentrated their efforts earlier in the chase on the bringing up of one of their vessels, he infers they might have succeeded. But the kedging in twenty-five to thirty fathoms of water was unheard of, an inspiration; and the hoisting of the boats to the davits when not needed, instead of making them fast to the ship, was a shrewd suggestion, for they could not then retard the ship, and they could be lowered at a minute's notice. But a stratagem to gain

time, by which the enemy was deceived, is worthy of recording. A sudden squall came up. The ship heeled over; "immediately everything was let go by the run, apparently in the utmost confusion," as though a stitch of canvas could not be carried; sails were hauled up by the brails and clew lines. The ever-watchful enemy hastened to get everything snug before the storm should reach them, but no sooner had the pursuing squadron furled their sails "than Captain Hull had his courses and topsails set, and the *Constitution* darted forward with great rapidity." Not a boat did he cut adrift, but he superintended the hoisting of each one while the ship was under this great speed. The British, however, cut their boats adrift, and cruised thereafter two or three days to pick them up. "Nothing," wrote Captain Byron of the *Belvidera*, "can exceed my mortification from the extraordinary escape of the American frigate."

It must be apparent to the candid thinker that there was no lack of bravery, skill, and seamanship on the part of those to whom the American people had entrusted the defence of their liberties. In an encounter with the trained squadrons of Great Britain, with anything like equal numbers, they were sure to give a good account of themselves. The opportunity soon came, and to the *Constitution* the glory of the first engagement,[1] the first frigate action of the war.

Meantime the good ship made her way to Boston, knowing that the British squadron were blockading off Sandy Hook. At Boston, having heard nothing from the Navy Department, and fearing that the enemy might shut him up in the Bay, Hull, on his own

[1] The brig *Nautilus*, of 14 guns, had been captured early in the war by the largely superior forces of Broke's squadron.

responsibility, without orders from the Navy Department, left port on the 2d of August. On the 16th of the same month the following entry was made on the register of an American vessel bound for New York: "Com. Dacres, commander of his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Guerrière*, of 44 guns, presents his compliments to Com. Rodgers, of the United States frigate, *President*, and will be happy to meet him, or any other frigate of equal force to the *President*, off Sandy Hook, for the purpose of having a few minutes tête-à-tête."

Just after the *Constitution* had left Boston, an order came from the Department to remain in port until further orders. It was the intention of the authorities to give the command of the ship to Bainbridge, who outranked Hull. The orders did not reach Hull, who wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, August 2, just as he sailed, to justify his departure, "I shall take a responsibility upon myself that I could wish to avoid." If the cruise which followed had been less fortunate, and disaster instead of success had met him, Hull would have doubtless forfeited his commission.

On the same day he wrote: "My crew is now strong, but want exercise. If I can keep from action a few days, I promise myself that we shall be able to see any Frigate."

The desire to meet one of the British ships was strong and keen in the minds of the officers and crew of the *Constitution*. Learning one afternoon from an American privateer, the *Decatur*, that an English frigate had been seen sailing southward, Hull changed his course with the hope of coming up with her.

Finally at two o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th of August, in latitude 41° 42′ north,

longitude 55° 48′ west, off Halifax, the lookout from the masthead sung out, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" shouted the officer of the deck. "Two points off the larboard bow, sir!" All eyes gazed intently; the strange sail was bearing east by south or east-southeast; it was impossible to tell at first what she was. All sail was immediately made in the direction of the ship.

At 3 P.M., it was discovered that she was a ship on the starboard tack, under easy sail, close hauled. At half-past 3 P.M., it was known that she was a frigate, and all hearts beat in exultant anticipation. The strange frigate continued her course to the southward under full sail; the *Constitution* approached with a westerly wind, keeping the windward position.

While the *Constitution* is rapidly approaching the enemy's ship, for such it proved to be, it is well to consider the conditions under which the contest about to take place was undertaken.

The crew were not old men-of-war's men, but freshly shipped, some of them without doubt from the merchant service. Hull wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, "We are doing all that we can to make them acquainted with their duty."[1] Less than two months' time will not suffice to make an efficient crew, unless commanded by superior officers, and even then deficiencies must be glaringly apparent. The officers, however, were able and experienced seamen, holding themselves the equal of any in the world, and rightly so; for, given the national spirit, the American resourcefulness, the enterprise which pulses in the character of men who are battling for civilization in a new world of difficulties and dangers, there cannot be ques-

[1] Navy Department, Captains' Letters, 1812, II., No. 85.

tion that they will be alive for every emergency and strong to cope with any difficulty. Moreover, both officers and men felt keenly the arrogance of the English in their insistence upón the right of search of American vessels, and their still greater audacity in impressing American seamen from the coasting vessels within sight of the American shores. Many of them had old shipmates that were suffering the harshest kind of treatment on English men-of-war, forcibly impressed, eating their hearts out in despair of release and return to their native land.[1] All this was keenly felt.

The ship had "upwards of 440 men," and therefore had no lack in numbers. She was strongly built. The axemen of Connecticut had well hewn her timbers from the live-oak of Georgia, and the shipwrights at Boston had joined them with excellent skill. There was no lack of sound workmanship in the ship, and she went into action then and thereafter a superb specimen of the naval architecture of the day.

The frigate was an inspiring sight as she glided over the blue expanse on that August afternoon with her broad bow boldly parting the waves and her keel cutting the water into white wings of foam: every mast and spar stanch and strong; every timber sound to the core; her well-groomed guns harnessed with rope and pulley, fiery steeds of war grimly waiting in their ports. Aloft the wide reach of canvas, rounded by the breeze into beautiful curves, strained away at the tacks and sheets like great white birds struggling to be free.

The world of human life below, alert with high-hearted expectancy, stood silent in habitual discipline.

[1] Captain Hull's father, Joseph Hull, died in the pest ship *Jersey* from the effects of the cruel treatment he received.

Steadily and surely she breasted the Atlantic billows, compound of material strength and invincible courage.

Just as the frigate without sign or note of its character came into the view of the enemy's ship on the horizon that day, and soon after from each masthead displayed the ensign of liberty, so was the young and puissant nation, vital in its vigorous youth, advancing into the first rank among the earth's peoples, freighted with the fruition of the hopes of all the ages culminating in a form of government, upheld by a progressive and liberty-loving people, of a temper and quality of character such as the world had never yet known.

The frigate in the distance proved to be His Britannic Majesty's ship, the *Guerrière*, commanded by Captain James R. Dacres: the *Guerrière*, which had been captured by the English frigate, the *Blanche*, Captain Lavic, off the Ferroe islands in three-quarters of an hour, July 19, 1806, carrying at that time 50 guns and 317 men, commanded by Captain Hubert;[1] the *Guerrière*, which had audaciously taken sailors off American coasting vessels of undoubted American nationality in 1811; the *Guerrière*, which had been one of Broke's squadron in the celebrated chase, and, hanging long on the heels of the *Constitution*, had been obliged to give up the chase with chagrin; the *Guerrière*, which had her chance the day before the chase to engage the *Constitution*, but through mistaking her own squadron for that of Commodore Rodgers had hauled away; the *Guerrière*, which the English Admiral Duncan called

[1] The *Guerrière* carried, according to the log of the *Constitution*, an armament as follows: "49 carriage guns, 30 of which were 18-pounders, on his main gun-deck; 14, 32-pounder carronades on his quarter-deck, and one howitzer, of 12-pound caliber; also 2, 32-pounder carronades, and 2 12-pounder long guns on his forecastle."

"The terror of the world," — this *Guerrière* it was the good fortune of the *Constitution* now "*to see.*"

When she was made out as a frigate, Hull gave the order, "Call all hands, make sail for her!" The ship's crew, suddenly aroused, hastened on deck, tumbling up the hatches, crowding each other with eagerness. With great rapidity sail was made, and studdingsails were out fore and aft as quickly as ever studdingsails were set.

The day was cloudy; a fresh breeze was blowing from the northwest. The *Guerrière* was on the starboard tack. She had made out the *Constitution* to windward at the same time the *Constitution* discovered her. She was equally eager for action. She ran under easy sail for an hour or more, then hauled up her courses, took in her topgallant sails, and at 4.45 backed her maintopsail and waited, bravely confident, while the *Constitution* came down the breeze right gallantly to her.

As he approached, Captain Hull shortened sail, taking in topgallant sails, staysails, and flying jib, sending down royal yards and reefing topsails. At this time the ships were less than two miles apart. The *Constitution* at 4.45 beat to quarters, on which the crew gave three cheers and cleared for action. Scanning the frigate closely with their glasses, the officers of the *Constitution* read these words in large letters on one of her topsails: —

"NOT THE LITTLE BELT."

This taunt was an allusion to the discrepancy in size between that vessel and the *President*, by whom she was captured, May 16, 1811, under Captain Rodgers.

The crisis approached. On either ship the silence was ominous. The *Guerrière* lay heavy, halting in

the rolling sea. The *Constitution* sped deliberately on. On the one hand waited the might of England's naval power, the resultant of long years of victorious conflict; on the other hand came the strength of the new republic in the vigor of its youth, alert, aggressive, powerful, resourceful.[1]

At five o'clock the *Constitution* "bore more up, bringing the chase to bear, rather off the starboard bow. . . . At that time the *Guerrière* discovered herself to be an enemy,"[2] and shook out defiantly to the breeze the red-cross flag of England at each masthead.

At five minutes past five, the eager eyes upon the American frigate saw the flash and billowy smoke from the hull of the *Guerrière*, and the shot, falling short, whitening the sea as they fell. The battle had begun.

The *Guerrière* then rapidly wore around, and presenting her port broadside, fired another volley which rattled through the rigging of the *Constitution* and struck her twice in the hull.

At the second fire, about 5.20, the *Constitution* sent up her colors, an ensign and the jack at the fore and maintopgallant masthead. Both ships were then in proud array of battle. The *Constitution's* crew, feverishly impatient, awaited the command to fire, which up to this time had not been given. Hull was pursuing the tactics of Bunker Hill for close action, waiting until he could see plainly the muzzles of the guns, meanwhile walking the quarter-deck unconcernedly.

The *Guerrière* now began a series of manœuvres in order to get position to rake her antagonist. This

[1] Brenton says, Vol. II., p. 453, "that at 4.20 the ships exchanged broadsides, but being at a great distance the shot fell short"; there is no mention of this in the *Constitution's* log.

[2] Log of the *Constitution*.

continued for about three-quarters of an hour, but for every move of the British commander, Hull had a corresponding counter-move, — the *Constitution*, in the meanwhile, using such of her bow guns on the main deck as could be brought to bear.

During this interval, while neither ship was seriously injured, there came into play the resources of seamanship, answered by the discipline of crews under able commanders. Failure here on either side would have had fatal results. The *Guerrière* had advantage in this respect, having been longer in commission, an advantage which it was impossible for her to put to profit owing to the skill of her adversary, — an adversary of whom Admiral Farragut said, "He was as able a seaman as ever sailed a ship."

Captain Dacres, finding all his efforts to get into a position for a raking fire utterly futile, decided to bear up gradually until he brought his frigate upon nearly the same course as the *Constitution*, "before the wind,"[1] "with the wind rather on his larboard quarter." This invitation to a different kind of contest, broadside to broadside, was quickly perceived by Hull, who was eager to get to downright fighting, and at 5.45 he set his maintopgallant sail, and steered down on the enemy's beam in order to bring him to close action.

The *Guerrière* was under topsail and jib, but the *Constitution*, "having a greater quantity of sail, speedily closed upon his larboard quarter, and passed to his beam at about two hundred yards' distance, gradually approaching still nearer." Every man on either ship knew now that the decisive hour was at hand, — the

[1] Autobiography of Commodore Morris, p. 164.
[2] Log of the *Constitution*.

ACTION BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE."

inevitable crisis, when heaviest, well-directed blows would tell upon the result of the engagement.

The ships were now rapidly nearing each other broadside to broadside. Hull, who was an enthusiastic man, had passed forward and aft among the crew, who, "half naked," stood silently at their guns, as the ship came up in gallant style, speaking words of encouragement and advice. "Men," said he, "now do your duty. Your officers cannot have entire command over you now. Each man must do all in his power for his country." The minutes pass like hours aboard the *Constitution*. "No firing at random," cried Hull, in a subdued tone of voice. "Let every man look well to his aim."[1] The *Guerrière* had opened fire, and the situation was extremely tantalizing. A shot struck the bulwarks of the *Constitution*, and threw a shower of splinters over the first division of the gun-deck; several were wounded.

After the firing began, the first lieutenant, Morris, came up from the gun-deck, and informed the captain that the "enemy had fired and killed two men. Shall we return the fire?" he inquired. "No, sir," replied Hull. Soon he again returned with the remark, "Sir, they have fired again and killed two more men — shall we fire?" "No, sir," was the answer.

Morris, impatient and eager, a third time approached the commanding officer, and in an earnest tone renewed his request, "wishing to know whether they might *now* fire." The ships were steadily nearing. Hull paused a moment, taking in the situation, and replied, "Yes, sir, you may now fire."

[1] "Naval Scenes in the Last War; or three years on board the frigate *Constitution*, and the *Adams*; including the capture of the *Guerrière*, being the true narrative of Moses Smith, a survivor of the 'Old Ironsides' crew." Boston, 1846.

A discharge immediately followed with deadly effect, justifying the captain's determination to fire at short range. In the excitement and exultation of the moment he is said to have exclaimed, "By ——, that vessel is ours!"[1]

It was at 6.05 that the *Constitution* "hauled down her jib and lay the maintopsail shivering," and opened this heavy fire "from all her guns."

Up to this time the engagement had been one of manœuvring, wariness, and skilful seamanship, but with this broadside of the *Constitution* the desperate fighting began. No English frigate in encounter with an American had ever experienced anything like it. The gunners aimed deliberately, the guns were double-shotted with round shot and grape, and the *Guerrière* suffered severely; the deadly fire crashing into the ship sent the sharp splinters like a cloud "as high as the mizzen top." It was a staggering blow, and significant in the history of the world, for it was the beginning of victory, and of many other victories in the ensuing months, — a long series. It was then the *Constitution's* "slaughter-breathing brass grew hot and spoke her name among the nations of the earth."

There was no lack of brave fighting on the decks of the *Guerrière;* there never is such lack on a British man-of-war. Her fire, however, was not well directed, flying high over the decks of the *Constitution*, shattering her rigging, but otherwise doing little damage. Her foreroyal truck was struck "with two pair of halyards," and the flag fell tangled upon the mast. It was noticed by an Irish lad named Hogan, — Dan Hogan, he was called by his mates, — who immediately, fired with a patriotic impulse, went aloft and,

[1] *Niles' Weekly Register*, Vol. III., 1812.

cheered by the men below, succeeded in nailing the flag to the mast, while the sulphurous smoke rose in clouds about him. The eyes of the crews of both ships were upon him; returning he safely reached the deck and took his place at his gun, while the flag again rolled out its colors upon the breeze.

A few shots, however, struck the hull. A large shot struck the side and fell out, so hard was the Georgia live-oak. From this circumstance she was called "Old Ironsides," a name which has remained and has given her a worldwide reputation. The ships in closing were within half pistol shot.

At 6.15 the *Guerrière's* mizzenmast was shot away, and fell with a great crash over the starboard quarter. This brought the ship to the wind against her helm, thereby exposing her to a heavy raking fire of the enemy.

The exultant crew on the *Constitution* cheered wildly, and the remark was made, "We've made a brig of her! next time we'll make her a sloop!"

The *Guerrière* was now in desperate case. Grapeshot were sweeping the decks. The "marines," situated in the tops, "kept up a very brisk and galling fire."[1] The *Constitution* forereaching, the attempt was made by Hull to rake the *Guerrière's* bow. This he was unable to do, his "braces and jib halyards being shot away." The *Guerrière* made every effort then to rake the stern of the *Constitution*, but failed. She could only bring one gun to bear with effect.

For the next fifteen minutes the fighting was very severe. The superior gunnery of the *Constitution* was beginning to render the result of the battle a certainty. Putting her helm aport, Hull luffed short round the

[1] Log of the *Constitution*.

Guerrière's bow, and with a concentrated fire shot away the enemy's main yard. Then wearing, he again passed the *Guerrière's* bows and sent in a heavy fire from his port guns.

The *Guerrière's* mizzenmast, dragging in the water, threw her head round until the wind struck her starboard quarter. The ships being very near to each other, the *Guerrière's* bow passed diagonally across the *Constitution's* quarter-deck, and as the latter ship fell off, "it got foul of her mizzen rigging, and the vessel then lay with the *Guerrière's* starboard bow against the *Constitution's* port or lee-quarter gallery."[1] The wads from the Englishman's guns now set fire to Hull's cabin, but before the fire had got under headway it was extinguished by the crew under Lieutenant Hoffmann.

The bowsprit of the *Guerrière* afforded an easy passage to the deck of the *Constitution*. Boarders were called away on both sides; the British commander had it in mind to accomplish in this way what he could not otherwise, but the sea ran too high, and the multitude of men on the deck of the *Constitution* deterred him. A fearful fire of musketry was kept up from the tops of both ships. It was possible now to hear voices on either side, to see clearly the faces of men, and to witness near at hand the strenuous exertions and desperate earnestness of men alert with battle energy, black with smoke and powder, fighting like savages on the slippery decks.

The sea ran high. The *Guerrière's* bowsprit rose and fell, and pounded, as it fell, the taffrail of the *Constitution*. Hull ordered his men aft, and they came crowding with eagerness to board the enemy. This

[1] Roosevelt, *Naval War of 1812*, p. 91, referring to Cooper.

was rendered impossible by reason of the heavy sea. Lieutenant Bush of the marines made the attempt to board, but as he mounted the taffrail a British marine took steady aim, and a lifeless body fell back upon the deck. Lieutenant Morris, the executive officer, together with the master, Mr. Aylwin, made a like attempt, and both were wounded, the former severely, although with great courage he remained on deck till the fight was over; the latter less severely. The English captain, Dacres, while standing on the starboard forecastle hammocks, cheering his crew, was shot in the back and wounded severely. Captain Hull stepped upon an arm-chest to lead the boarders, but was pulled back by a sailor, who begged him not to attempt it unless "*he took off those swabs*," referring to his epaulets. So close were the two ships at this juncture that a sailor on the *Constitution*, missing his aim, threw his pistol at his intended victim, striking him in the breast.

The British officers, however, suffered as well as the Americans. In addition to the wounding of Captain Dacres, the *Guerrière* lost her second lieutenant, mortally wounded; the first lieutenant, Bartholomew Kent, the master, Robert Scott, two masters' mates, and one midshipman were all wounded more or less severely. A great part of the loss of life occurred at this time. Hull had stationed in each of the *Constitution's* tops seven marines; while six were loading, the seventh, the most expert marksman, fired. The ships after a time parted, having worked around until the wind was on the port quarter.

The *Guerrière's* men had been slain in great numbers upon the deck.[1] She had been suffering greatly

[1] The *Guerrière's* killed were fifteen, wounded twelve, and missing twenty-four.

from the fire of the *Constitution* during the last fifteen minutes. Her mizzenmast had already gone, and now her foremast giving way, crossing the mainstays, carried the mainmast with it. The whole mass of spars and rope went over the starboard side into the sea in greatest confusion, to the dire distress of the British, who saw their last hope apparently gone, and the ship in the trough of the sea, "a perfect wreck." "Our vessel," says the *Constitution's* log, "having way on her, shot clear of him, when immediately, it being 30 minutes after 6, his fore and main masts fell over on the starboard side."

The *Constitution* then set fore and main courses, and stood over to the eastward, to repair damages and to be ready for another enemy, should he inopportunely appear. The *Guerrière* set all hands to work to remove the débris, but to no purpose, having hoped to get the ship before the wind; "the spritsail yard went away," and she "rolled her main-deck guns under water." About seven o'clock the *Constitution* returned, and the *Guerrière's* officers, called aft by the captain, decided that further resistance was hopeless. She fired a lee gun in token of submission, and "the Jack was taken from the stump of the mizzenmast."[1]

The battle was ended. After close action began, it had taken just twenty-five minutes to render one of the finest frigates of His Majesty's service a total wreck. Hull had left his foe, as has been seen, mastless, in order prudently to refit at the earliest opportunity. Returning, he sent on board Lieutenant Read, with a boat's crew to receive the surrender.

The American boat reaching the side of the *Guerrière*, Read asked Dacres if he surrendered, and was answered

[1] Log of an officer on board the *Guerrière*, *Niles's Register*, Vol. III.

evasively by the British captain, who was even then reluctant to admit his defeat. After some little parleying Read, having made a peremptory demand, Dacres accompanied him aboard the *Constitution.* The writer of the *Constitution's* log, in recording the return of the boat, hesitated in his sentence, which reads as follows: "bringing Captain Dacres of *formerly;* his Britannick Majesty's ship *Guerrière.*"

Between the two commanders of the ships there was the basis of friendship. Having met before the war many times, they had interchanged the usual courtesies; they had dined in each other's cabins. When the downhearted British officer came over the *Constitution's* side, Hull graciously received him, but refused to accept his proffered sword. Some time previous, in talking of the respective merits of their frigates, Dacres had wagered a hat that his frigate would prove the better in an encounter. As Hull assisted him up the rope ladder, he said, "Dacres, give me your hand; I know you are hurt." When the British commander offered his sword, he refused to accept it, saying, "No, no, I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it; but I'll trouble you for that hat." Hull sent his surgeon aboard the *Guerrière* to assist the many wounded.

The *Constitution's* log records that, at half-past seven of the next morning, "the ship was hailed by Lieutenant Read, who said that the prize had four feet of water in the hold, and that none of the prisoners on board would assist in pumping her out." The officers and crew having been removed, it was decided to destroy her. At five minutes past three she was set on fire, and at fifteen minutes past three she blew up with a loud report, and her scattered timbers flew far and wide. This was the last of His Majesty's frigate

Guerrière. "One of the stoutest ships" of the British navy was but a name.

When Hull took his prisoners into Boston, the rejoicing was great; the enthusiasm throughout the country was unprecedented. Hull was honored in many ways. At Boston he was welcomed with "a federal salute" and "an immense assemblage of citizens made the welkin ring with loud and unanimous huzzas." Swords and plate were given to him. The great cities outvied each other to do honor to him and the ship which had made them all so proud. New York ordered a full-length portrait of him to be painted by Jarvis. Congress gave him a gold medal and voted forty thousand dollars as prize money to be distributed among the officers and crew. Morris, who recovered from his wound, was promoted. It was a shining victory; thenceforth there was no doubt that the young republic could hold her head high among the nations of the earth.

While rejoicing was great on one side of the Atlantic, incredulity and wonderment reached a climax on the other. It was considered impossible that a British frigate could be made to yield to an equal force of any other nation. It was said, "Nothing is impossible, not even for a man to bite his own nose off! but *this* bears so hard on the term, that we must confess our doubts as to the probability of the event, the force of the respective ships being considered! The *Constitution* is a frigate of the largest class in the American navy, and the *Guerrière* as fine a frigate as we can boast of; that with so trifling a disparity of force (for what is the disparity to be reckoned, when British Tactics are brought into the scale!) such a result should take place in an engagement of half an hour, is what,

in modern times, borders somewhat on the marvellous."[1]

Dacres affirmed on his court-martial that his mainmast fell without being struck by a single shot, the head of the mast being decayed, and "it was carried away simply by the weight of the foremast."[2] On the larboard side thirty shot had taken effect. He was, however, practically beaten when his mizzenmast fell.

He affirmed also that he was considerably weakened by his permitting the Americans belonging to the ship to go below, at most, ten — what greater compliment to American sailors could he pay!

He was "shocked to find a large proportion of this ship's company British seamen." He may have seen many Americans who had been impressed into the British service, whom he took for British sailors, for at the beginning of the war there was on record at the State Department in Washington the names of 6257 American seamen who had been impressed by the British.[3] But there is no probability that the number exceeded a dozen.

Consternation at length gave way to explanation. The fact admitted, there must be some way of accounting for it.

It was claimed that the *Guerrière* was outclassed. That was not Dacres's opinion before the fight.

[1] *St. Christopher's Gazette*, Oct. 9, 1812. Quoted in *Niles's Register*, Vol. IV., p. 39.

[2] The fact that Dacres felt confidence in his ship is not only shown by his challenge, but by his remark as quoted in *Barton's Memoirs of Sir Philip Brooke*, p. 129: "She'd take an antagonist in half of the time the *Shannon* could." Next year the *Shannon* captured the *Chesapeake* in fifteen minutes. The whole history of the War of 1812 shows the crass self-confidence which made it impossible for Great Britain to respect the valor or seamanship of the American mariner. It had to be thundered into them by repeated bitter defeats.

[3] Roosevelt, p. 42.

It was asserted that she was outnumbered. This was true, but the *Constitution's* green crew had been enlisted only two months.

It was maintained that she fought against greater weight of metal; this was also true, but not so true as is supposed.

As to her being outclassed, here is matter of argument. The ships of no two countries are built and armed in exactly the same way. It is impossible therefore for a frigate to meet its exact counterpart. The *Constitution* was stronger in her spars and sides; she was not a "fir-built frigate." She had been at a navy yard for repairs, and was in excellent condition. Commodore Tingey reported, in April, 1812, that she had been newly coppered, given a new foremast and bowsprit, that spars had been altered, rigging refitted, and sails repaired. There had been expended upon the ship, from October, 1802, to March, 1809, over three hundred thousand dollars, the amount of her original cost. The report affirmed she "sailed again in fine order." This must be conceded, that she was intended to resemble the *razeed* seventy-fours of the French, and to be made powerful enough to meet any frigate which England or any other power might oppose.

As to length, the advantage was in favor of the American frigate; she was twelve to fifteen feet longer than her adversary and had a little more beam, but the difference between the two ships in size was inconsiderable.

As to tonnage, the method of measurement was different in the two countries; the American vessels exceeding the British by about fifteen per cent. In the comparison of recorded tonnage, this difference must be deducted from the American statements, but it is

a difference so small as not to be worth taking into account.

As to men, the *Constitution* had from a third to half as many again as the *Guerrière*. But this excess would only have been an advantage under two circumstances: if the Americans had found it necessary to board, or if in a long engagement it became necessary through loss to make up deficiencies in her gun-crews. The *Guerrière* was shorthanded in comparison, but her gunners could not have become weary in such a short time.

A decided advantage to the *Constitution* was in this, that she had a larger number of men for the use of small-arms in fighting from the tops.

As to disparity in metal, concerning which there has been much argument, it is a well-known fact that the weight of shot differed on either side of the Atlantic as well as the tonnage. Our gun foundries were not as good as the English.[1] The average weight of the shot of the *Constitution* was about seven per cent. less than that of the British shot of like description.

The nominal broadside of the *Constitution* at this time was 736 pounds, her real broadside 684 pounds, while that of the *Guerrière's* was 556 pounds. The smallest line-of-battle ship, the seventy-four, had a broadside of 1032 pounds, or nearly twice as large as that of the *Constitution*. She could not have been a line-of-battle ship in disguise as far as metal is concerned. And yet these English frigates were said to have fought line-of-battle ships.[2] It was asserted, moreover, that a large proportion of the *Constitution's* men were Englishmen, the number having been placed as high as 200,[3]

[1] The United States ship *President* had lost a chance of victory owing to the bursting of a gun.

[2] For a most thorough and able discussion of these subjects, see Roosevelt's *War of 1812*, Chap. II. and Appendix E. [3] Brinton, Vol. II., p. 456.

an extraordinary claim! The English at that time were obliged to impress their seamen; we were a maritime population as well as they, with a large supply to draw from. Undoubtedly there were some English sailors aboard the *Constitution*, as there were Americans aboard the *Guerrière*. Captain Dacres permitted ten to go below before the action began. There is no reason to suppose that there was a greater number aboard the *Constitution*.

It was the most remarkable fight in our naval annals, fought from beginning to end with excellent judgment and skill. The Englishman acted his part well, fighting bravely, but lost advantage in his manœuvring. The gunnery of the *Constitution* was exceptionally accurate and steady, as it was generally during all this war.[1]

The result was due to the spirit of the service, and the cordial relation between officers and men, whom a keen sense of injury nerved to great effort. The crew of the *Constitution* was commanded by unusual men of wide experience and remarkable personality. The final result should not have been otherwise, owing to the reasons stated. The victory, however, was overwhelming. The loss to the *Guerrière* was out of proportion to this advantage, the force being as ten to seven, the loss as ten to two.

The coolness and skill exhibited by Hull; the celerity, the completeness of the action; the stout frigate riddled to death in a half-hour's time, a mere shattered hulk left rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, — these facts made the victory seem wonderful in the eyes of the

[1] In the engagement between the *United States* and *Macedonian*, for example, the latter was hulled over ninety-five times, the former only five times, with not a bit of damage aloft

American people, and made their hearts to glow with national pride.[1]

The war made many names illustrious in American naval annals. Beside that of Hull, Bainbridge, Chauncey, Decatur, Perry, became the most conspicuous. To Bainbridge was given the command of the ship on its arrival in Boston, Hull not grudging to his old friend a chance to win in her a reputation for himself. The *Constitution* soon after, December 29, fought her celebrated fight with the *Java*, a contest which, for variety, incident, and desperate balancing uncertainty exceeded this first engagement.

Decatur envied Hull the glory of this initial victory. Admiral Farragut, who as a boy had participated in the fight of the *Essex* with the English ships, the *Phœbe* and the *Cherub*, late in life remarked of Hull, "If I have done the country any service afloat, it is in no small degree owing to the ambition and enthusiasm he created in me when I was a youngster by his fair fight with and capture of an English frigate; I always envied Hull that piece of good luck."[2]

Dacres expressed at his court-martial his opinion of

[1] The following incident illustrates the general rejoicing, and the spirit of the American sailor: "James Tompkins, of Ulster County, New York, testified before a justice of the peace on April 27th, 1813, that while imprisoned aboard the British ship *Acteon* with two others, they were several times flogged for refusing to enter the British service and 'put in irons for three months'; and that after arriving at London, 'we first heard of the war with America and that the *Guerrière* was taken. This deponent took his shirt, Samuel Davis and William Young took their handkerchiefs, made stripes and stars for the American colors, and hung it over a gun, and gave three cheers for the victory. The next morning at six o'clock we were brought up and whipped, two dozen lashes each, for huzzaing for the Yankee flag. Shortly after this we were released by the assistance of the American consul, and Captain Hall, who knew us.'"—*Niles' Register*, Vol. III.

[2] J. Grant Wilson's address, New York, Feb. 27, 1880, on Commodore Hull.

the cordial way in which he had been treated, saying that "the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers to our men had been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded."

The two captains happened to be in the city of Rome together years afterward; the tall, spare figure of Dacres, and the solid, short and stout build of Hull, made them noticeable as they walked the streets arm in arm. Not having any personal animosity, though they fought strongly as brave men should in the far-away past, they now enjoyed agreeable, professional, and friendly intercourse in this the evening of their lives, for they were noble foemen.

The *Constitution* has been increasingly dear to the hearts of the American people. Years after the fight an order was fatuously issued from Washington, requiring that she should be broken up as no longer worth repairing. She was saved by a poet's song, which appealed to the patriotism of the country to prevent this act of desecration.

The historian Cooper thus alludes to her: —

"In the course of two years and nine months this ship had been in three actions, had been twice critically chased, and had captured five vessels of war, two of which were frigates, and a third, frigate-built. In all her service, as well before Tripoli as in this war, her good fortune was remarkable. She never was dismasted, never got ashore, or scarcely ever suffered any of the usual accidents of the sea. Though so often in battle, no very serious slaughter ever took place on board her. One of her commanders was wounded, and four of her lieutenants had been killed, two on her own

decks, and two in the *Intrepid;* but, on the whole, her entire career had been that of what is usually called a 'lucky ship.' Her fortune, however, may perhaps be explained in the simple fact that she had always been well commanded. In her two last cruises, she had probably possessed as fine a crew as ever manned a frigate. They were principally New England men, and it has been said of them, that they were almost qualified to fight the ship without her officers."[1]

This fight, intrinsically considered, has become noted out of proportion to its character. It was a single frigate action, without especial long-drawn incidents of alternate defeat and success; but as regards its effect upon Great Britain and America, and upon the future of the infant navy, it is the most conspicuous in our naval annals and the most resultful.

Conspicuous, for England had known two hundred victories without a defeat. The island kingdom and the continent republic were both startled at the event, the one in profound astonishment, the other in keen exultation. The enchantment had been dissolved. Prestige had suddenly gone. Men simply refused to believe it. The sound of the guns of Nelson's battleships had scarcely died away, the fame of Trafalgar was still on men's lips, when a seaman, from the little town of Derby in Connecticut, eclipsed the renown of the finest frigates of the invincible navy, by annihilating one of them in the short space of half an hour.

[1] Cooper's *History of the United States Navy*, Vol. II., p. 462.

LAKE ERIE.

SEPTEMBER 10, 18, 1813.

"I have given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." — NAPOLEON.

"There is in the handling of those transatlantic ships a nucleus of trouble for the navy of Great Britain." — NELSON, *after watching Captain Dale's manœuvres in the Mediterranean.*

As regards the honor of the affair, in spite of the amount of boasting it has given rise to, I should say it was a battle to be looked upon as in an equally high degree creditable to both sides. Indeed, if it were not for the fact that the victory was so complete, it might be said that the length of the contest and the trifling disparity in loss reflected rather the most credit on the British. Captain Perry showed indomitable pluck, and readiness to adapt himself to circumstances; but his claim to fame rests much less on his actual victory than on the way in which he prepared the fleet that was to win it. — THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Supplementary to his skill in handling his squadron and winning the day at Lake Erie, the personal attraction of the man and, above all, his youth, contributed largely to Perry's fame, as it did to his success. To the naval officer the personal equation with respect to his influence upon subordinates, is a great addition to intellectual qualities. To have a winning personality is to call forth the best achievements of those whom he commands. It was characteristic of Nelson, it distinguished Perry, although the one manifested it in a long career which included a hundred engagements, the other in a short life which comprised only one of importance.

LAKE ERIE.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1813.

On the evening of January 1, 1812, Lieutenant Morris of the United States navy, in company with the American minister, Mr. Barlow, attended a reception at the Tuileries given by the Emperor Napoleon I. After the presentations had been made, the Emperor returned along the line, acknowledging the salutations but without conversing with any of the legations except the American. When opposite to Mr. Barlow, he observed, "I perceive the English government has returned the seamen formerly taken from one of your ships of war" (news of which had been received a few days before); to which Mr. Barlow replied, "Yes, Sire, and in a manner honorable to our country." With a peculiar smile and a slight toss of the head, he rejoined, "So long as you do not injure the commerce or the revenue of England, you may do whatever beside that you may choose with her," and passed on. There was a great deal of truth in this remark, beside the covert sneer which finds expression in the designation of Great Britain as a nation of shopkeepers. It is shown by the fact that the war immediately followed Great Britain's Orders in Council, forbidding our trading with France, whereupon our Embargo Act ensued, cutting off commerce with England, and as a culmination in June, the declaration of war.

There were two main causes of war which exasperated the seafaring population of the United States, both in the navy and the merchant marine.

The first was the embarrassment and restriction of our commercial relations. England was at war with France, led by that supreme military genius Napoleon. With the destruction of the French navy at Aboukir and Trafalgar the commercial marine had dwindled, so that to America had fallen a great share of the carrying trade. The detention of American vessels on slight pretexts, on the charge that they were violating international neutrality, resulting in damage and loss to cargoes, and the obligation which required them to give security before leaving English ports to discharge their cargoes in British or neutral ports,—these were restrictions which were resented by every American merchantman. Freedom of trade was therefore a rallying cry during the war. That England had some just cause of complaint that American ships were guilty of unlawful trade with France, by aiding and abetting England's enemy, is, without doubt, true. The temptation of this trade was great on account of its profits, but it never reached large proportions. The attempt, however, to restrict this traffic was of a character which was in keeping with the practice of the mistress of the seas, who had humiliated all maritime nations by compelling them to acknowledge her supremacy by lowering their flags when meeting English men-of-war upon the ocean.

In the second place, the needs of the enormous navy at that time, a thousand sail, drew so heavily upon the seafaring population, that the British admiralty, permitted impressment, the forcible abduction of landsmen or seamen, and their compulsory service in the navy.

Questions of nationality were rudely ignored.[1] American seamen in large numbers had been seized and placed upon British ships, where they were kept for years, in some cases fifteen to eighteen, without chance of escape.[2]

Contemporary American politicians speak of the "barbarous" enemy guilty of such wrongs, and of cruel and unjust treatment to which such impressed seamen were subject. Moreover, large numbers of British seamen sought asylum in the United States. They had better treatment and wages than in British ships, if they chose to enter the navy. "Once a subject, always a subject" was the maxim of England in this matter. She asserted the claim therefore of the right of search of every American vessel for deserters from the British flag. The hardship was great. British captains were not scrupulous in searching American ships to ascertain beyond doubt the nationality of the men, whom they

[1] ". . . While off Cape Nicolas Mole, he [Captain Tingey] was boarded by a boat from the British frigate. *Surprise*, and all the Englishmen on board were demanded and also permission to examine the protection of the American seamen. Captain Tingey answered: 'A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. I do not expect to succeed in the contest with you; but I will die at my quarters before a man shall be taken from the ship.' The crew gave three hearty cheers, hastened with alacrity to their guns, and called for 'Yankee Doodle.' The captain of the *Surprise*, on hearing the determination of the Americans, chose rather to pursue his course than to battle for dead men." — *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*.

[2] "In 1813, 3300 men claiming to be American citizens were serving in the British navy. At the beginning of the war there were on record in the American State Department 6257 cases of impressed American seamen. These could represent but a small part of the whole, which must have amounted to 20,000 men, or more than sufficient to man our entire navy five times over. According to the British Admiralty Report to the House of Commons February 1, 1815, 2548 American seamen who refused to serve against their country were imprisoned in 1812. The wonder is that such a condition of affairs should have been allowed to continue at all without a declaration of war." — Roosevelt's *Naval War of 1812*, p. 42.

so much desired to fill up their depleted crews. British sailors sought and obtained citizenship in the United States by naturalization after five years' residence. These men, in many instances, entered the American navy. The carrying trade at the outbreak of the war was largely in the hands of Americans. Unrestricted commerce and the inviolability of the deck over which the national ensign floated, were the two causes for which the United States contended. "Free trade and sailors' rights" was the battle-cry throughout the land and on the sea. The principle for which the nation fought, sustained so nobly by the navy in those eventful years just before Napoleon found defeat at Waterloo, has long since been accepted by maritime nations. The dictum of the common law of England that "every man's house is his castle" found counterpart in the established rule that a seaman's nationality is determined by the character of the ship on which he serves. The flag makes the crew.

The justice of this principle, fought for so gallantly, has at length been recognized by every European government which is a sea power of any importance. In the case of the *Trent*, when Captain Wilkes of the navy detained a neutral vessel in 1862, England was indignant that any right of search was claimed for enemies of the country voyaging under neutral flags. The prompt disclaimer made by our authorities of the act of Wilkes showed how thoroughly the principle had been driven into the minds of both peoples.

This war had to be fought sooner or later. It was a war for independence, as Franklin said, the earlier war being properly called the war of the Revolution. If the United States poured out her blood and treasure in 1776 with great cost of many years of patient, brave en-

deavor, in this war of 1812 she surpassed her previous record of persistent battling for the right of free government and republican institutions. On the sea her prowess was felt in an almost constant succession of victories. In a comparatively short time more than fifteen hundred vessels were captured from the British, and upwards of twenty thousand seamen had been made prisoners. When the war closed and the treaty of Ghent was signed, the English people were humiliated. It was said,[1] "We have retired from the combat with the stripes yet bleeding on our backs. . . . 'Two or three of our ships have struck to a force vastly inferior!' No; not two or three, but many on the ocean and whole squadrons on the lakes, and the numbers are to be viewed with relation to the comparative magnitude of the two navies. Scarcely is there an American ship of war which has not to boast a victory over the British flag. Scarcely one British ship in thirty or forty that has beaten an American. With the bravest seamen and the most powerful navy in the world, we retire from the contest when the balance of defeat is so heavily against us."

As far as England is concerned, the blame attaches to the Admiralty, the force sent over not proving sufficient to overcome the ships which met them so courageously. The American frigates proved themselves a match for the best that England could furnish. The United States, with her live-oak vessels, her able seamen, her experienced officers, won success because she deserved it. Add to these the resourcefulness developed by the necessities of a new land, and the result is a people ready and powerful for any emergency. More than all and underneath all the causes of her victories

[1] *London Times*, Dec. 14, 1814.

lay the American spirit, developed by republican institutions, which train the individual in independence and self-reliance, enabling him to take the determined initiative.

In February, 1813, the war with Great Britain, begun in the preceding June, was not being prosecuted on land with that vigor which ensures success. The surrender of General Hull to the British forces, with their savage allies, placed the young republic in circumstances of extreme peril in respect to her western territories. This surrender was made under circumstances which caused the court-martial to be held, and the sentence of death passed upon the American commander, a sentence which was not carried out owing to his previous good record. The danger was from the north. The interest in the war which had been waged upon the ocean with such success now shifted for a time to the Great Lakes.

The Navy Department, desirous of obtaining an officer of capability for service in these northern waters, fixed its eyes on a young man who was in charge of the construction of gunboats at Newport, Rhode Island, Lieutenant Oliver Hazard Perry, a name henceforth to be illustrious in American naval annals.

On February 17, 1813, Perry received orders at Newport to proceed to Sackett's Harbor with the best men under his command. At that place he was to receive orders from Commodore Chauncey with regard to his taking charge of a force to be formed on Lake Erie for the defence of that lake against British aggression. He was yet a young man, being in his twenty-eighth year. The day he received his orders he sent forward a first detachment of fifty men, very soon two other similar detachments. On the 22d of February he

himself started for the long journey, waiting three days at Albany for Commodore Chauncey, who had been in New York. On the 3d of March he arrived at his destination. There he was detained until the 16th, when he was ordered to proceed to Erie to further the construction of the vessels there building.

The journey had been a hard one in the depths of winter, through primeval forests still infested by hostile savages, a journey of lonely desolation. Yet with stout hearts these two naval officers met every hardship, and were ready and eager at their journey's end for whatever fate might bring to them.

At the end of their journey they were greeted with coldness by the people at Sackett's Harbor, whose "principal business," it is said, was smuggling. It was duty of the most severe and unromantic kind which the young officer had to face, to build ships under most discouraging circumstances, and then to fight with them against an experienced foe.

The capture of the territory of Michigan, which then covered an area much larger than the present state, had given Great Britain the command of Lake Erie and a strategic position by which she hoped to make the Ohio and Mississippi rivers the western limit of the United States, extending the dominion of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The control of the lake was therefore of paramount importance to the Americans. Perry had a difficult task before him. He had been chosen for such a task. He determined to be faithful to it.

He found at Erie several vessels already being constructed under the charge of a shipwright from New York. Two brigs, which had been named the *Niagara* and the *Lawrence*, were well under way. The latter had been named after the noble and much-lamented

[1] Appendix J.

Lawrence, who was captain of the *Chesapeake* when defeated by the *Shannon*, June 1, 1813.

The utmost haste was made in building these vessels. The timbers were obtained from the adjoining forests, and as soon as felled were put in place; the frames were of chestnut, the decks of pine, the outside planking of oak. Two gunboats and a schooner called the *Scorpion* were also building. The brigs were one hundred and ten feet in length, and had a breadth of beam of twenty-nine feet.

It had been learned that an attack was contemplated upon these unbuilt ships, so that the force of workmen was drilled to repel it. They were building ships as their countrymen, the Pilgrims, attended church with Bible in one hand and a musket in the other; so they with axe and rifle, amid alarms and rumors, built their men-of-war. If only they could finish them unmolested, they would not fear for the result.

At Newport, Perry, "possessing an ardent desire," as he wrote, "to meet the enemies of his country," in drilling his men, had taken "unwearied pains to prepare them for such an event." Incessant had been the drills in small arms, in great guns, and in seamanship. These men were the nucleus around which numbers of half-trained landsmen were formed. They themselves, however, were not veterans of the sea except in rare instances.

Although so young a man, he had made a reputation. "You are the very person," wrote Commodore Chauncey, when he received his application for duty, "that I want for a service in which you may gain reputation and honor for your country." By his energy, his constant watchfulness, his administrative ability, he was proving himself the man for the situation.

A naval officer in his varied career occupies many places where purely administrative qualities are needed, in positions far removed from the ordinary requirements of seamanship and military operations. He is often a desk man.

It was fortunate for the country that it had for this duty an unusual man. He was a man "of lofty stature and of athletic build, with a broad forehead, regular features, and large, dark eyes; a mobile mouth, around which an irresistible smile was wont to hover. His whole air was expressive of health, freshness, comfort, and contentment, bearing testimony to a life of temperance and moderation." He endeared himself to his subordinates, who admired him for his personal and professional qualities. They were ready to follow him into whatever dangerous place he might lead. He could count on his command, except for their limited experience; of their loyalty there could be no question.

He was constantly at his post; he only left for a few days' hurried visit to Pittsburg to expedite matters. To create a navy in the face of the enemy under such great disadvantages was an arduous undertaking, requiring abilities of a high order. The necessary material for the building of these vessels had to be brought five hundred miles through a country thinly inhabited. Sails, cannon, powder, canvas, muskets, small arms, — all were obliged to be transported through roads which were no roads, through sandy plains, and over bridgeless streams, patiently, steadily, amid innumerable vexatious delays. The enemy might attack at any time.

A little episode shows the quality of the man. On the third day of May, the gunboats had been launched. On the 23d, at sunset, the two brigs, of five hundred

tons, pierced for twenty guns, were made ready for launching. At that time Perry obtained news that Fort George was to be attacked by the army in conjunction with the Ontario fleet. Fort George was at the outlet of the Niagara River. When fully dark, the same evening, he took an open boat of four oars and, through a night black with storms, squalls, and head winds, was rowed to Buffalo, which he reached the next day, and the following day reported to Chauncey as a volunteer. The sight of him gave great pleasure to his brother naval officer, unexpected as it was. "No person on earth could at this time be more welcome," said he. In numerous ways he assisted, making himself most useful. He was commended in the official report, which declared that "he was present at every point where he could be useful, under showers of musketry."

The capture of Fort George was of the greatest value to Perry; it released from blockade the naval station at Black Rock, so that Perry's force was augmented by the addition of the *Caledonia*, captured the year previous by Lieutenant Elliott, three small schooners, and a sloop which had been fitted out as gunboats by Henry Eckford of New York. Laden with naval material, by almost superhuman exertion against a violent river stream, they were brought by the aid of oxen to Buffalo, supported by seamen and soldiers to the number of two hundred. Such an enterprise requires skill of a high order. The flotilla had but eight guns. At Buffalo they were in great danger from the fleet of Captain Finnis, an officer having a largely superior force, who was watching for them. Perry's vigilance and shrewdness enabled him to escape, and, on the 18th of June, as the British squadron

came into view, he anchored his flotilla safely in the harbor of Erie. It was a three weeks' work to be proud of. It showed the spirit of the man, his enterprise, his wisdom, his willingness to encounter danger, his disregard of obstacles. Happy is the country which has such men to guard her interests.

His incessant labors began to tell on his health and that of his men. Everything had to be done against mountains of difficulty. Speed was necessary where the inertia was ponderous. Time was precious.

It was surely lack of military prevision which led the British commander to defer an attack until the fleet was ready for launching, and again to wait until it was ready to put to sea.

Night and day the hammers rang upon the new vessels. One-fifth of the workmen became too ill to work. On the 10th of July, all vessels had been made ready; only men were needed. Perry had scarcely enough for one brig. He looked to Chauncey for aid with great longing. "Give me men," he wrote to him, "and I will acquire honor and glory, both for you and myself, or perish in the attempt. Think of my situation; the enemy within striking distance, my vessels ready, and I obliged to bite my fingers with vexation for want of men. I know you will send them as soon as possible, yet a day appears an age."

On the 23d a reënforcement of seventy persons came to Erie, "a motley set of negroes, soldiers, and boys." Perry felt aggrieved that better men were not sent to him, but said that he was "pleased to see anything in the shape of a man," and wrote later, "My vessels are all ready, our sails are bent; Barclay has been bearding me for several days; I long to have at him; he shows no disposition to avoid the contest. Captain Barclay

had succeeded Finnis in the command of the British squadron.

August 1st the British made off. Without delay Perry seized the occasion to lift the brigs over the bar and so make them serviceable. This was an undertaking rendered necessary by the low depth of water at the entrance of the Erie harbor, and a great task. It was accomplished with skill. Two large scows or camels were placed alongside the *Lawrence*, her guns having been previously landed. These scows were sunk nearly to the water level, the ends of large timbers were run through the forward and aft ports and placed upon them; the scows were then pumped out. By this means the brig was lifted up two feet; another trial was successful, and the morning light saw the *Lawrence* safely buoyant on the lake. The next day, amid general congratulations, the *Niagara* was lifted over successfully. Captain Barclay's spies had not imagined that the brigs were in such a state of preparedness to permit the lifting over the bar. Studious efforts had been made to conceal any such intention. Barclay, therefore, on the 2d of August, had gone to Port Dover to accept the honor of a public dinner. While he was drinking toasts, Perry was floating his brigs; for forty-eight hours he labored incessantly without sleep or rest. Under this strain his strong constitution was breaking down. When the *Niagara* was safely over, he wrote, "Thank God, the other sloop-of-war is over; in a few hours I shall be after the enemy, who is now making off."

Perry, owing to differences of opinion with Commodore Chauncey concerning the quality and number of men sent to him, and especially because of a letter written to him by Chauncey which he deemed insult-

ing, made a request of the Secretary of the Navy to be relieved of his command. He had labored faithfully in the fitting out of the squadron; yet he was willing to forego the reward which he had considered for two months past almost within his grasp.

To Perry's request the Secretary of the Navy, while refusing it, replied that, "it is the duty of an officer, and in none does his character shine more conspicuous, to sacrifice all personal motives and feelings when in collision with the public good." Chauncey wrote him to the same effect, that "the first duty of an officer is to sacrifice all personal feelings to his public duties." Excellent advice in both cases, with complimentary remarks in addition, calculated to soothe his aggrieved spirits; but not in any way exculpating these officers for failure to equip properly the little squadron for its important service.

To such high sensitive natures an official complaint or reprimand is like a blow in the face. The whole man rebels quickly against an injustice. This keenness of sense of wrong is often evidence of a positive mental characteristic which is invaluable in a naval officer; it accompanies frequently an insight into difficulties, which either provides for them beforehand or meets them with prompt readiness when they occur.

The Secretary of the Navy sent reënforcements by way of Lake Ontario. Commodore Chauncey had therefore his choice of the best men. He had there "a large proportion of as good seamen as ever trod a ship's deck; the genuine long queue abounded there."[1] Perry's complaint seems to be well founded. Chauncey had retained the best men, his purpose being to destroy the enemy on Lake Ontario, and afterward upon Lake

[1] Mackenzie, *Life of Perry*, Vol. I., p. 89.

Erie. Perry had been ordered to coöperate with General Harrison, who was in command of the army, whose purpose was to defeat the alliance of the British and Indians. It was the horror of the scalping knife which intensified the feeling of hostility at this juncture.

Finally, on the 9th of August, Master Commandant Jesse D. Elliott arrived at Erie with one hundred men, and was assigned to the *Niagara*. On the 12th, the squadron put to sea. For nearly a month the improvised poorly equipped fleet was busy watching for the enemy, and in turn blockading Malden, where the British were building the *Detroit*. Barclay had delayed until she was ready to sail. Perry's force was even now far from satisfactory. Elliott's coming was a great addition, but he felt wofully the lack of experienced officers. He spoke of himself as having been on the station for five months "without an officer of the least experience, except one sailing master." To add to his difficulties he was seized with a violent attack of lake fever, but his indomitable resolution and the condition of affairs hurried him in a few days from his berth. Again he was on deck ready for an emergency. September 1st he again sailed for Malden, but the British were not disposed to meet him, and he returned to Put-in Bay, which had been selected for his anchorage.

Another blow fell upon him. Chauncey had recalled fifty marines, which he had promised to send him, on their way to Lake Erie. General Harrison, seeing his plight, sent to him nearly a hundred men, volunteers, to make up for his deficiencies, for his small force had been greatly depleted by sickness. These men were raw recruits from his army, but they were better than none, and proved valuable to the young commander.

The British squadron, needing provisions, had put out from Malden, seeking to establish communication with Long Point. Perry, on the evening of the 9th, realizing that an engagement could not long be deferred, called his officers to him and gave them written instructions. The orders were to fight the enemy at close quarters. To each ship was designated its adversary to be engaged in "close action at half cable length."

The memory of the brave Lawrence and his gallant fight on the *Chesapeake* was still vivid in the hearts of his countrymen. Perry's flagship had been named the *Lawrence*. A flag of blue bunting had been made, on which he had caused to be inscribed the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" As the several commanding officers left the *Lawrence* in the full of a moon which sailed magnificently over the lake that night, the stillness and the solemn circumstances of their departure and the nearness of the mortal conflict strongly impressed them. As they were about to go over the side of the vessel, Perry recalled to their minds the injunction of Nelson, "If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place."

At sunrise the next morning the lookout from the *Lawrence* descried the British squadron. Preparations were immediately made to make sail and meet it.

The British squadron was commanded by an officer of experience, "a man of no ordinary fame," Captain Robert Heriot Barclay, who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, had been dangerously wounded in that fight, and had lost an arm in another engagement, a veteran; 150 of his men were from the royal navy, 80 were sailors from Canada, and 250 were soldiers, a great part regulars, making 450 in all.

His fleet consisted of the ship *Detroit*, his flagship, having for armament 18 long guns and 2 short guns; the ship *Queen Charlotte*, commanded by Captain Finnis of the royal navy, having 3 long guns and 14 short ones; the brig *Lady Provost*, Lieutenant Buchan, with 3 long guns and 10 short ones; the brig *Hunter*, Lieutenant Bignell, having 8 long guns and 2 short ones; the schooner *Porcupine*, Mr. Campbell, having 1 long gun; and the sloop *Little Belt*, commander not known, having 3 long guns; 63 guns in all, with a total broadside of 459 pounds, 195 from long guns, manned by about 500 men. The tonnage was 1460.[1]

The force to meet them consisted of the *Lawrence*, a brig; Perry's flagship, Lieutenant Yarnall, with 2 long 12's and 18 short guns, 32's; the brig *Niagara*, Master Commandant Elliott, also 20 guns of the same caliber; the brig *Caledonia*, Lieutenant Daniel Turner, 3 guns, 2 long 24's, and 1 short 32; the schooner *Ariel*, Lieutenant Packett, 4 long 12's; the schooner *Scorpion*, Sailing-master Champlin, 2 guns, 1 long 32 and 1 short 32; the schooner *Somers*, Sailing-master Almy, 1 long 24 and 1 short 32; the schooner *Porcupine*, Midshipman Senat, 1 long 32; the schooner *Tigress*, Lieutenant Conkling, 1 long 32; the sloop *Trippe*, 1 long 24; nine vessels in all, with an armament of 54 guns, and a broadside of 936 pounds, lessened by the fact that the *Lawrence* and *Niagara* each used a long 12 in place of one of the carronades; the broadside would then be 896 pounds, 288 pounds from long guns. The tonnage is placed at 1671. The crews consisted of at most 532

[1] In both of these estimates Roosevelt has been followed in the main. Perry said in his report that he had good reason to believe that the enemy's force "exceeded ours by nearly one hundred men." State Papers, Naval Affairs, p. 297.

men, 125 from the regular navy, a fourth raw recruits, a fourth negroes with 116 unfit for duty, being on the sick list on account of lake fever and other disorders, making the total force fit for duty four hundred and sixteen.

Naval historians have differed much concerning the number of men engaged on either side. The forces were nearly equal in number, taking into account official records. Roosevelt makes the discrepancy ninety-two in favor of the Americans,[1] but this difference seems to be equalized by the fact that there is evidence of great sickness in Perry's squadron, reducing the number largely, while there is no evidence that there was unusual illness among Barclay's men.

Soon after the British squadron was seen, the American squadron sailed to meet the enemy. Perry showed to his crew the blue flag with Lawrence's motto, and the men cheered it as it went to the masthead and fluttered on the breeze. The spirit of the hero known of them all, tenacious of battle courage in the throes of death, tended to inspire them with like ardor, and they prepared their vessels for action with earnest purpose, if with but little skill such as comes from long experience.

The intention of the enemy to engage them was obvious; Barclay could have made his passage unmolested. But confident in his squadron, and in his own experience, he sought an engagement, feeling assured of his ability to wrest a victory from his foe. During the greater part of the engagements of this war, the British entered into action with a boldness and confidence which was their rightful inheritance from a long course of splendid victories. Barclay carried the memory of

[1] Roosevelt, p. 260.

Trafalgar with him. In the end, however, almost without exception they had to endure the mortification of defeat, to their great surprise. They were the best seamen in the world, and yet they had to yield. It was Anglo-Saxon against Anglo-Saxon; that is the sufficient explanation. It was not, however, claimed that Perry's squadron was manned by Englishmen, as was the case in the single-frigate actions of the previous year.

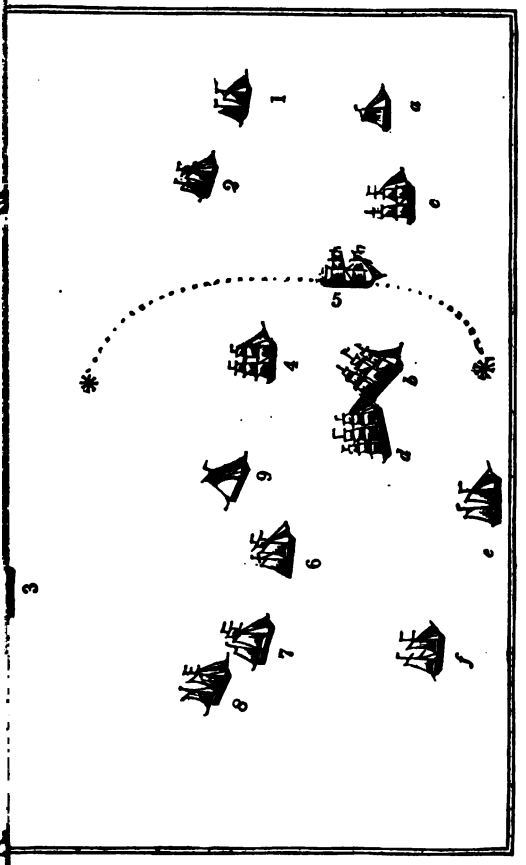
The American squadron beat out up the bay against a light breeze from the southwest, with a view to obtain the weather-gauge. For three or four hours they strove, making slow progress, until Perry gave orders to wear ship and run to leeward of the islands. To the remark of his sailing-master, who was working ship, that he would then have to fight to leeward, he replied, "To windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day." The wind changing to southeast, Perry was enabled to gain the weather-gauge which he desired.

At ten o'clock everything was in readiness: shot collected, pistols and cutlasses in their places, and decks sanded. Every one waited in silence for the fateful moment to come.

Perry's bearing impressed all who saw him. He went about the deck to see that everything was ready, making a personal examination, he spoke encouragingly to some Newport boys whom he had brought with him. To some men of the *Constitution*, he remarked, "I need not say anything to you; you know how to beat those fellows."

Grog was served and refreshments, as the noon meal-time would find stern work for them. The day was the most perfect of autumn days, — a cloudless sky, a light breeze, a smooth sea; conditions most to be desired.

DIAGRAM, NO. 3.



Explanation of Diagram No. 3.

, diagram represents the position of the vessels of both fleets the close of the action, while Perry, in the "Niagara," ssing through the enemy's line, pouring one broadside into unter," on his larboard side, and the other into the "De nd "Queen Charlotte," from the starboard guns.

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The British squadron presented a handsome appearance as they came into action. The ships had been freshly painted; everything was trig and taut in true British fashion. There was an atmosphere of rejoicing and exultation about them. The red cross of England streamed from the masthead. Upon their decks were men who knew how to do their duty. Observing the American squadron approaching, they hove to in order of battle, heading to the southward and westward.

The American line was formed originally with the *Niagara* in the van. But desirous of placing his vessels so that he might equalize the contest ship for ship, Perry brought the *Lawrence* where she would meet the *Detroit*, and placed in advance the *Scorpion* with her two long guns, and the *Ariel* with her short 12's on the weather bow, so as partly to protect her, as she had no bulwarks. Next came the *Caledonia* to take care of the *Hunter*, the *Niagara* to meet the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Somers* next to attack the *Porcupine*, the *Tigress* to pay attention to the *Lady Prevost*, and the *Trippe* to make the acquaintance of the *Little Belt*. The disposition of his forces was admirable.

As the squadron moved steadily but slowly toward the British line, steering on a course of about half a right angle with the head of his line at the rate of about two and a half or three knots an hour, the excitement, though suppressed, was intense; it even extended to the sick. Three, who were able to move, begged of the captain to be allowed to help on deck in this hour when every man was needed.

Perry went to his cabin, arranged the ship's papers and log for throwing overboard in case of necessity, looked over his wife's letters as if for the last time, destroyed them, then turning to an officer who stood

by, made the remark, "This is the most important day of my life."

The squadrons were nearing each other; the long suspense was ending. Suddenly there came over the water the clear notes of a bugle, followed by long cheers in concert through the British fleet.

In a short time, at a quarter before twelve, the first shot was fired from the *Detroit*, a battle signal. It came rushing over the water, but fell short, the distance then being about a mile and a half. The commanders of the vessels of Perry's fleet had followed instructions, and kept at half a cable's length; but having three more vessels than the British, the line overlapped theirs by a thousand feet. The rear vessels were slow sailers, so that the line was disjointed. An important advantage thus accrued necessarily to Perry's antagonist. He could bring to bear a heavier battery upon a small number of ships.

After an interval of five minutes a second shot from the *Detroit* came rushing over the lake; it crashed through both bulwarks of the *Lawrence* as she glided toward her foe. This was the signal for a volley all along the even British line. Sailing-master Champlin of the *Scorpion* replied to this with the first shot of the battle from his long 32-pounder. Immediately Lieutenant Packett, who had been a midshipman on board the *Constitution* in the fight with the *Java*, sent a shot from one of the long 12-pounders. Then the *Queen Charlotte*, taking her turn, pierced the mainmast of the *Lawrence* by skilful marksmanship and succeeded in sending a shot into her side at the water line. Barclay was determined that his long guns should get in their work. The excitement aboard the *Lawrence* was intense. She began to suffer from the enemy's fire.

For five long minutes she waited; then Perry opened with his long 12-pounder. The schooners on the weather bow were ordered to commence action by trumpet; then the *Caledonia* and *Niagara* began their fire, and the vessels astern, who were indeed at too great a distance to do effective work. The battle waged fiercely.

The fire of the British, neglecting the two smaller vessels, was now concentrated on the *Lawrence*. This was wisely planned, as the event proved. Perry had brought the *Lawrence* steadily up to the *Detroit* to within three hundred and fifty yards. Only within that distance could he make use of his carronades. He had been suffering, meanwhile, from the advantage which the British had in their long guns. They were determined to destroy the flagship, and that being accomplished, they conjectured that the surrender of the fleet would follow. To accomplish this they made every effort. The fire that the *Lawrence* endured was terrific. The situation was desperate. The *Detroit*, the *Hunter*, and the *Queen Charlotte* had formed themselves in an arc about her. The *Hunter* was situated where she could rake her fore and aft.

When at noon Perry had decided for close action, he passed the word by trumpet down the line to engage the enemy as had been planned. Each ship knew her own foe. Every captain received this order — Elliott, in the *Niagara*, as well as the rest. Every vessel complied with it except the *Niagara*, and made way toward the enemy as fast as the light breeze would permit. Why the commander of the *Niagara* failed in his duty remains a mystery. That he did seems to be beyond question. His explanation was only that he was required to keep the line of battle, — that he was obeying

orders. The veriest tyro who has only been a banian day in the service knows that the latest order must be obeyed. It was a pitiful error, his commander making the fight of his life on a ship whose name had become a synonym of unflinching determination and noble-hearted patriotism, while he took refuge for his misconduct in a wretched plea of formal obedience.

For two long hours he was practically out of the contest while the *Queen Charlotte* pounded the *Lawrence* with her heavy guns, and his crew, the best in the squadron, were firing away their ammunition to little effect, by their rapidity of fire nearly exhausting it. Finally, to complete Perry's discomfiture, the *Lady Prevost* joined the attack against the suffering *Lawrence*.

The three American vessels combined had only 7 long guns, with 104 pounds of metal as effective armament, against 32 long guns, throwing a weight of 306 pounds. This concentrated fire fast accomplished a terrible work of destruction. One by one the guns were disabled, until only one on the starboard side could be used.

The noble vessel was in a wretched condition, every brace and bowline shot away, riddled with shot, battered, and torn; crippled in every way, she floated like some wounded thing of life, miserable yet uncomplaining.

Aboard her were heroic souls. Rarely has a ship suffered such a loss of life. Out of the number of 103 men fit for duty 83 had been killed or wounded. Perry's brother, a lad of twelve, was struck down by his side, by a hammock, torn from the nettings. This greatly disturbed him, making his heart to sink. Fortunately, the little fellow soon recovered.

Yarnall, the first lieutenant, was fearfully wounded by a splinter which passed through his nose, swelling it greatly, and making his face a hideous object. He came

to Perry, remarking, "All the officers in my division are cut down; can I have others?" They were sent to him. Soon he returned, bleeding and miserable, with the same despairing statement on his lips. "I have no more officers to furnish you," said Perry; "you must endeavor to make out by yourself." Then he went back to his station. He was three times wounded, yet he kept the deck, directing in person every shot.

Forrest, the second lieutenant, struck in the breast by a spent grape, fell stunned at the captain's feet. Perry tenderly picked him up, and assured him he was not wounded. He found the ball in his clothes. "I am not hurt, sir," he said to the captain, "but this is my shot;" and coolly put it in his pocket.

Lieutenant Brooks of Massachusetts, an officer of great personal comeliness, and an especial favorite, in charge of the marines, while talking with Perry, in cheerful frame of mind, was suddenly struck in the hip by a ball which shattered the bones, causing him intense agony. He was carried below, uttering cries of pain, and begged Perry to shoot him. During the fight he was conscious, until just at the last, asking eagerly concerning its progress. When victory came, the surgeon hastened to tell him, but his ears were forever stopped in death.

Midshipman Lamb, wounded in the arm, had his wound dressed, and then, walking away from the surgeon's table, was hurled against the side of the vessel by a shot, and instantly fell dead.

These incidents are illustrative of the terrible carnage, and the bravery of the men on the *Lawrence*, under circumstances almost without parallel in naval annals. The wounded crawled into nooks and crannies of the brig, only to have some searching ball penetrate into

their hiding-places, to end their lives or to wound them a second or a third time, while defeat seemed to be the fate for which they were all destined, a thought which added poignancy to their sad plight.

In the midst of all this misery the forlorn and dying men, with a strange cheerfulness, noticed every incident that could cause relief to their distressed condition.

Lieutenant Yarnall, although severely wounded, having returned to his post, was again wounded, and with the blood streaming over his head and face, went below. A hammock filled with cat-tails having been burst open by a shot, he was covered with the feathery mask; as he went down to the cockpit he presented such a ludicrously grotesque appearance, with his big nose, that the wounded men burst into loud laughter, and some one cried out, "The devil has come among us!" A ball crashing into a closet of the brig where the crockery was stored, made a terrible shattering, and roused a dog shut up there, who barked furiously at the disturbance. This brought a smile to many a wan face. A shot went through the brig into the light room, and the snuff of the candle was sent into the magazine; but the gunner grasped it quickly and extinguished it, otherwise there would have been a different story to tell. These and other incidents were rehearsed as episodes in a series of terrible happenings, when the fight was done.

The ward-room was occupied by the surgeon and his assistants. The vessel being shallow, it was above the water line and, therefore, in an exposed situation. Six round shot penetrated it during the action. The circumstances were trying to the strongest nerves. The surgeon narrated afterward the difficulties of his task. The deck planks overhead, through which the sounds of battle easily penetrated, served only to add a weirdness

to sounds many of them, familiar: tramping of feet, rolling of guns, shrieks and cries of the wounded, thunder of the ordnance, crashing of spars, hoarse voices of officers giving orders, while through the seams of the deck, the blood flowed "in many a crimson rill."

The battle had continued half an hour. One by one the guns' crews were depleted. Without men the fight cannot go on, no matter how brave the hearts of seamen are. Perry called from the skylight to the surgeon to send up one of his assistants; in five minutes it was repeated, another assistant was sent; the call was again and again repeated, and finally the surgeon was left alone amid the dying and dead, and then came the inquiry, Can any of the wounded pull a rope? when two or three brave fellows crawled on deck and helped in getting the last gun into position. The brave defenders of the *Lawrence* had come to the end of their means of resistance when the commander summoned to his side the chaplain Breeze and the purser Hambleton to aid him in loading, training, and firing the last gun, when the wounded had crawled upon the deck. In response to the captain's last call, a man named Wilson May, unable to go on deck, begged to be given something to do. "But what can you do?" he was asked, and he answered, "I can sound the pump, and let a strong man go to the guns." So he sat down at the pump, and they found him at the end of the fight still there at his post, but — with a ball through his heart.

For an interminable time — two hours and forty-five minutes — the *Lawrence*, the *Serapis*, and the *Ariel* had endured the concentrated fire of the largest vessels of the British squadron, with the result that the *Lawrence* was left a hopeless wreck, having only fourteen of her crew

upon deck, only nine of whom were seamen. So ended the first phase of the fight.

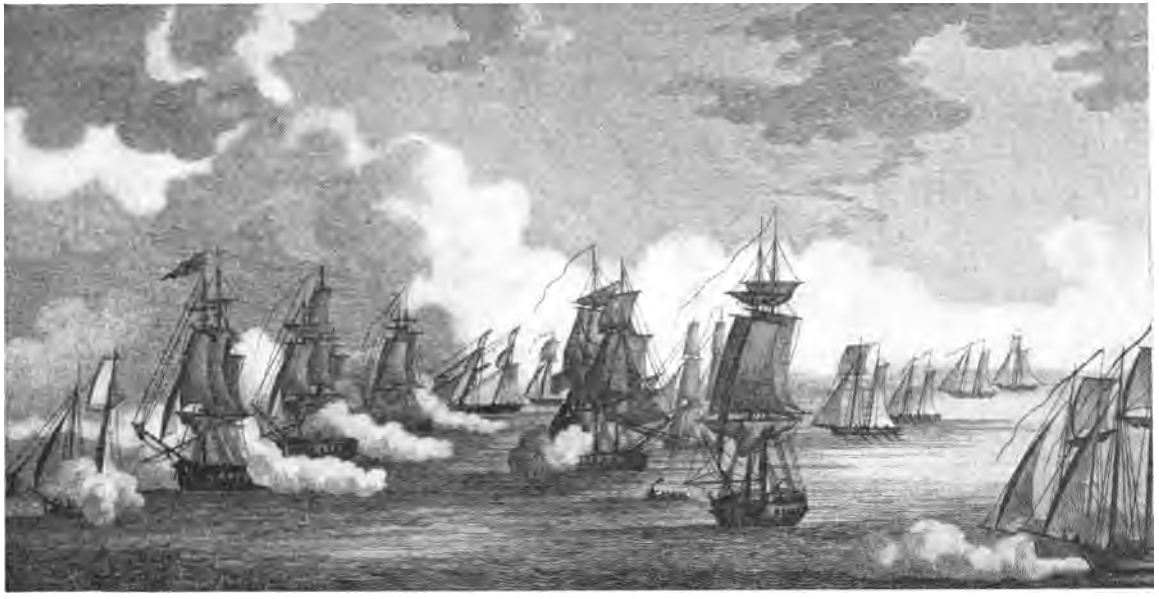
The *Niagara*, under command of Elliott, had failed to come to close quarters and assist the *Lawrence* in her terrible strait. To him had been assigned the *Queen Charlotte*, but the latter vessel had been allowed unmolested to participate in the defeat of the flagship.

The officers and crew of the *Lawrence* sent back many a glance toward the stanch and well-manned ship which refused to come to their aid. Many an inquiry passed from lip to lip concerning her whereabouts mingled with the bitterness of disappointment.

But now Elliott, not seeing any signal from the flagship, noticing that her guns were silenced, doubtless supposing that her commander was slain, and that he was in command, hailed the *Caledonia* and ordered Lieutenant Turner to proceed to attack the *Hunter*, which he did in gallant style. The *Niagara* then forged ahead, passing the *Lawrence* on her port side, while the *Caledonia*, on the other side, was sheltering the *Lawrence* from the enemy's fire. Perry noticed the strange actions of the *Niagara*, his attention having been called thereto by Midshipman Forrest, who said: "That brig will not help us; see how he keeps off; he will not come to close action." "I'll fetch him up," was the captain's reply.

With the quick insight of military genius he saw his opportunity to take the *Niagara*, in excellent condition as she was, with only three men injured, sail boldly into the enemy's line, and if possible wrest victory from the midst of defeat.

He resigned the command to Lieutenant Yarnall, ordered his boat manned, and stepped into it accompanied by four seamen and his little brother. As he



BATTLE OF ERIE.

went over the side he remarked, "If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it!" He had taken off his nankeen coat and put on his uniform, as though conscious that in official dress he was to receive the surrender of the enemy. The blue banner with the great words of Lawrence had been hauled down and was thrown after him into the boat. The smoke had settled down over the British squadron so that his movements for a time were unobserved. He stood up in the boat, a fearless and heroic figure, while the hostile shot fell thick and fast about him. He stood erect, unobserved, with his pennant, and the banner half folded about it, a conspicuous target for his foes. To destroy him would have given them a great chance of victory. The men who were pulling rapidly toward the *Niagara* suddenly rested upon their oars, and in a spirit of sympathy which excused their insubordination, insisted that their beloved commander should sit down in the boat, which he accordingly did. It was a fearful peril to which the boatload of brave fellows were exposed. One shot penetrated the boat, and Perry prevented its sinking by stuffing his coat into the aperture made by the ball. After fifteen minutes of anxiety to the fleet, he was observed to ascend the *Niagara's* side.

Yarnall had been left with discretionary orders to hold out or surrender, as he thought best. They had nothing to do, these brave fellows, but to wait anxiously. They watched Perry's passage, and rejoiced when they saw him safe aboard the *Niagara*, when they cheered and cheered again. The *Lawrence* was still subject to a galling fire. After a time the three wounded officers consulted together and determined that to hold out longer would be to risk life unnecessarily. So they hauled down their colors. With "unspeakable pain," Perry from

the *Niagara* saw the flag come down. A great cheer went up immediately from the British squadron. The wounded men on the deck of the *Lawrence* were scornfully indignant at this action. They refused to permit the young surgeons to attend them, and with the spirit which animated their English ancestors at Flores two centuries before, they cried out "Sink the ship! Sink the ship! Let us all sink together!" Of such stuff were made the men who fought with Perry on Lake Erie.

Captain Elliott met Captain Perry on the deck of the *Niagara* and asked him how the day was going. Perry replied, "Badly"; he had lost nearly all his men, and the ship was a wreck; he then asked what the gunboats were doing so far astern. Elliott then offered to go and bring them up; this was assented to, so he sprang into the boat, and rowed away astern to bring up the rest of the vessels. Perry, taking a rapid glance around, saw that the crew were in excellent condition, and the vessel uninjured, and knew that the *Niagara* was like a reënforcement of his fleet. "From that moment," he is reported to have said, "I was confident of victory."

It is impossible not to admire the resoluteness of the conduct of the young commander which immediately followed his stepping aboard the *Niagara*. His fight aboard the *Lawrence* had been conspicuous in its bravery. His command of the *Niagara* was especially brilliant. The second phase of the battle was short, sharp, and decisive.

Without delay he gave orders to back the maintopsail, — the ship had been running out of the action, — to brail up the maintopsail, put the helm up, square yards, and bear down before the wind, which had freshened at the same time, topgallantsails were set, and the signal made for close action.

The *Niagara* in seven or eight minutes traversed the half mile between her and the enemy. This enabled the British to pour in a raking fire as she approached. Nothing daunted, she proceeded on her course, reserving her own fire. The *Detroit* endeavored to wear to present her starboard broadside. The *Queen Charlotte* at the same time was running under her lee, and being slow in her movements ran her bowsprit and head booms into the mizzen rigging of the *Detroit*. This was extremely unfortunate for the British ships. Up to this time they had encountered none of the misfortunes of battle.

It was the supreme opportunity of the engagement for Perry. Both broadsides had been manned. He was within half pistol shot of the *Detroit*, under whose bows he passed. Then belched forth an awful fire of grape and canister upon the entangled vessels. The port guns were equally murderous in their fire upon the sterns of the two ships, which had passed to the head of the line, the *Lady Prevost* and the *Little Belt*. The marines at the same time were pouring a deadly fire upon the decks of the unfortunate vessels, from which issued shrieks and groans of many brave fellows mortally wounded. The real agony of the fight was here: Barclay now battling desperately to prevent defeat, Perry fighting furiously to ensure success.

The ships being under-way, Perry passed under the lee of the entangled ships, now separated, and bringing up by the wind on the starboard tack, heading northward and eastward, he backed the maintopsail, thus deadening her headway, and poured his starboard broadside into the vessels astern, the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Hunter*. A few shots passed through the *Queen Charlotte's* ports into the *Detroit*.

In the meanwhile the rest of the American squadron had been actively engaged. The *Lawrence* having drifted away, the *Caledonia*, Captain Turner, came up opposite to the *Detroit*, and the *Trippe*, Lieutenant Holdup, commanding, ranged herself alongside the *Hunter*. Before the *Niagara* headed for the British line, these two young officers had signalled each other with reference to boarding the *Detroit*. Turner followed the *Niagara* closely, and the other vessels, aided by the freshening breeze, came up, and for the first time engaged in the conflict.

An observer could have seen but little of what was going on at this crisis. The vessels were in the midst of volumes of smoke which shut them out of sight. From this smoke and flame and thundering noise of cannon arose the shrieks of wounded men, the hoarse voices of the officers, the shouts of men who fought under intense excitement. The fire was so constant, so strong, and well directed, that in eight minutes after Perry rushed through the British line the *Detroit* lowered her colors, and all the other vessels likewise surrendered except the *Little Belt* and *Chippewa*, which attempted to escape to leeward. The *Scorpion* and *Trippe* made after them and captured them. But it took Captain Champlin of the *Scorpion* until ten o'clock that evening to bring the *Little Belt* to anchor under the stern of the *Lawrence*, so nearly did she escape.

At three o'clock the *Detroit* lowered her flag. The flag of the *Lawrence* was struck, but the enemy had not taken possession of her. The few survivors on that vessel, with a feeble cheer, sent the colors again up to the masthead. The ship had not been given up. The glory of her name had not been tarnished. That was matter of great rejoicing.

Perry decided to receive the surrender aboard the *Lawrence*. One by one the British officers came aft to where he stood on deck and offered their swords, which he requested them to retain. His crew and a few officers received them in solemn silence, for the dead and dying were all around on deck. He made sympathetic inquiries with respect to Barclay and the other officers who were wounded. As soon as the victory was assured, Perry wrote his famous despatch to General Harrison on the back of an old letter which he rested on his navy cap: —

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem." This was despatched post haste by the hands of Midshipman Forrest, of the *Lawrence*.

At the same time he reported the victory to the Secretary of the Navy in words which give evidence of a religious nature and his sense of "wonderful preservation in the midst of great and long-continued danger." "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, a schooner, and a sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after sharp conflict." James characterizes this despatch as "puritanical," but compare Nelson's Nile despatch and Collingwood's after Trafalgar.

Perry's first remark upon reaching the deck of the *Lawrence* on his return was, "The prayers of my wife have prevailed in saving us." After the necessary orders had been given to the fleet the young commander, wearied by illness, excitement, and the long

day's work, laid himself down upon the deck, amid the dead and wounded, and fell profoundly asleep like a little child.

The American seamen fought during this battle with vivid consciousness of their wrongs, and with a feeling of resentment against an enemy who were employing the tomahawk and scalping knife in warfare by means of their Indian allies. Elliott came into the engagement on the little *Somers*, with its two guns. He tells this story: —

"I was directing the forward gun, — the schooner having but two, — and after the enemy had struck ordered to cease firing, but the man at the after gun, having lost his fire by the intervening rigging, was in the act of firing again. I struck him with the flat of my sword, saying, —

"'You scoundrel, do you mean to fire at him after he has struck?'

"'Just once more, Captain Elliott,' said he.

"'What do you want to fire for?'

"'I want a little satisfaction just for myself. I was pressed nine times in their service.'"

The Americans lost many men. In addition to those killed and wounded on the *Lawrence* before mentioned, Sailing-master Taylor, Purser Hambleton, and Midshipmen Swartout and Claxton were wounded. The *Niagara* lost two killed and twenty-five wounded, her second lieutenant, Edwards, and Midshipman Cummings among the latter. The *Caledonia* had three men wounded, the *Somers* and *Trippe* each two, the *Ariel* one killed and three wounded, the *Scorpion* two killed, making a total of 123, of whom 27 were killed and 96 wounded. Three of the latter died.

The British vessels, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*,

suffered most. The first and second in command on each vessel were slain or wounded. Captains Garden and Finnis of the royal navy were killed. There were 94 wounded, among them Captain Barclay, Lieutenants Stokes, Buchan, Roulette, and Bignall. There were killed in all 41, making a total of 135. These figures show the sanguinary nature of this desperate conflict.

In excess of generosity in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy after the action, in which he gave full particulars, Perry complimented the second in command.[1] He was desirous that nothing should tarnish the glory of the event. Here he was in error; the events were too conspicuous in the eyes of the fleet. Barclay even speaks of the *Niagara* at his court-martial as a vessel "which had not been engaged, and was making away."[2] Perry afterward preferred charges against Elliott, but he was never brought to trial.

The desperate defence of the British was worthy of their fame. On the *Detroit* they were obliged to discharge the great guns by flashing pistols at the touch-holes.

The weight of metal was with Perry's squadron in long guns as 3 is to 2, and in carronades greater than 2 to 1. The victory, in the supposition that the arms were equally effective, should have gone as it did. The number of men, considering the sickness in Perry's squadron, was about equal on either side as far as can be ascertained.[3]

The tonnage of the American squadron was 1671; of

[1] "In the action evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment."

[2] *Niles's Register*, Vol. VIII., p 29.

[3] Though Roosevelt, who thinks the "glory" of the victory has been overestimated, makes Perry's total 532 with only 416 effectives, and Barclay's "certainly more than 440, and effectives somewhat less than Perry's." pp. 260, 261.

the British, 1460. This, however, was a factor of comparatively slight importance.

Barclay kept his line together, Perry's was broken, the gunboats not being able to come to closer action. But Barclay chose his position and waited, when his line was compact — the advantage which belongs to a leeward position.

"When possession was taken of the *Detroit*, the boarding officer went into the cabin, where he found Captain Barclay suffering under his wound, but still flushed and excited. 'You are sent for my sword, sir,' he cried. 'No, sir; I have come to take possession of the ship.' 'Well, sir,' continued Captain Barclay, 'I would not have given sixpence for your squadron when I left the deck.'"[1]

There was great rejoicing through the country. Dinners, orations, speeches everywhere. Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to both Perry and Elliott; Pennsylvania, thanks and a gold medal to Perry, and a silver medal to every one engaged in the battle. The city of New York illuminated the City Hall in honor of the victory. In later years Rhode Island erected a statue to Perry. Year after year the battle was celebrated. As late as the year 1860 a statue was erected at Cleveland, Ohio, to the hero of Lake Erie.

The enthusiasm was national. The strategic value of the battle was very important. It put an end to British domination in the Lakes and prevented the accomplishment of a great purpose to get command of the western rivers, and divide the dominion of the vast territory through which the Ohio and Mississippi rivers make a natural boundary.

[1] Cooper's *Naval History*, p. 203.

The patriotic joy of victory which filled the hearts of the American people was increased through exultation at the prowess of Perry and his men.

It does not detract from the significance of the victory to speak of Perry's force as a flotilla, and not a squadron. The size of a ship or the number of ships lessen not at all the credit due the individual for bravery, nor the far-reaching results of a victory.

It was the first time that an American squadron had encountered a foe in line of battle. Never before had England in all her glorious annals suffered defeat of such a nature — her whole force destroyed or captured.

The people recalled the fine character and genial personality of the young commander, his administrative skill in equipping his fleet, his indomitable pluck under trying circumstances of illness on the day of battle, his bravery in the defence of the *Lawrence*, his Nelson-like skill in breaking the British line with the *Niagara*, — similar to that of the redoubtable hero off St. Vincent in the *Captain* when he threw his little seventy-four against the Spanish van, — his ability to command and inspire his men, his laconic despatch, his youth, and the youth of his captains, all younger than himself. Then came his early death by fever at the age of thirty-four. All these united h[illegible]e given to Perry's name a secure place in the affections of his fellow-countrymen, and to his victory a lasting significance.

MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

MARCH 9, 1862.

"Greene fired the guns." — STIMERS.

"I am one of the admirers of the *Monitor* and of Ericsson. He is a great genius." — LIEUTENANT T. AP R. CATESBY JONES.

Whereas we had available for immediate purposes one hundred and forty-nine first-class war-ships, we have now two, these two being the *Warrior* and her sister *Ironside*. There is not now a ship in the English Navy, apart from these two, that it would not be madness to think of an engagement with that little *Monitor*. — *London Times*.

So of the *Monitor*, — "Minotaur," old Mr. Quincy said to me, "it should have been" — its appearance in front of the great megalosaurus or deinotherium, which came out in its scaly armor that no one could pierce, breathing fire and smoke from its nostrils; is it not the age of fable and of heroes and demigods over again? — O. W. HOLMES, *letter to* J. L. MOTLEY.

The *Monitor* remained in the battle field near the ships she had just saved; but the service she had rendered them was but a small matter compared with the other results of her victory. All the fears that had sprung up in consequence of the previous day's battle were dissipated. The *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) was not able to come out of the James River. . . . The battle of Hampton Roads will continue to be one of the most remarkable events in modern warfare. — COMTE DE PARIS.

The advocates of each of these vessels, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, have claimed them as a revolutionary type in naval architecture. There was, however, less of novelty in the *Merrimac*. The form was still that of a broadside fighting vessel, iron clad, the sharp slope being distinctive, however; while the turret and the low freeboard of the *Monitor* made her practically new to naval construction. It is as yet an open question which type will survive. The modern battleship combines both ideas, and is therefore a symbol of what the genius of the American people when united can accomplish. The battleship of to-day is a double-turreted vessel with a high freeboard and ironclad sides. The broadside has vanished. The turrets sweep the circle of the horizon.

MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

MARCH 9, 1862.

THE United States, in endeavoring to overcome the rebellion of the years 1861–1865, had made considerable progress by March 9, 1862, the date of the encounter between the ironclads *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. The blockade on the part of the navy, although extending to three thousand miles of coast line, was maintained with great efficiency, and, while frequently broken, was yet of serious disadvantage to the Confederates.

The navy on the Atlantic coast in the capture of Newberne and Roanoke Island in conjunction with the army, and on the Cumberland in Tennessee in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, as the ally of the army under General Grant, had demonstrated its usefulness by its activity and success. The speedy cessation of the conflict, after a year of varying fortunes, seemed more doubtful than ever. The energies and resources of each side were unexhausted.

The Confederates, however, as far as a navy was concerned, were in very narrow circumstances. The South were not a manufacturing people. There were only three rolling mills in the country, two in Tennessee and one in Atlanta. These were not adequate to the pressing need. One foundry at Richmond, the Tredegar Iron Works, was the main reliance of the insurgents in ordnance. This was worked to its utmost capacity in

the casting of heavy guns. Nothing has shown more fully the conspicuous readiness of the American people to meet unforeseen emergencies with inventive talent and enterprise than the development of the Confederate navy. Apart from the romantic career of their cruisers there is no more remarkable story of achievement and success under difficulties than that of the *Virginia*, formerly and better known as the *Merrimac*.

Its very existence, however, was an accident, dependent upon one of the most unfortunate failures in our naval history, — the abandonment of the Norfolk Navy Yard. The commandant of the yard, Captain McCauley, refused to permit the United States steamship *Merrimac*, which was stationed there, to proceed to Hampton Roads, in obedience to direct orders from the Navy Department. The ship had been put in readiness, after a few days of extraordinary energy, on April 17. Chief Engineer Isherwood reported to the commandant "that Chief Engineer Danby, the assistant engineers, the firemen, and the coal-heavers were all on board, with steam up, and the engines working at the wharf. The only thing wanting was his order to cast loose and go." This was refused. Isherwood had been ordered especially from Washington to prepare her for departure; he emphasized the fact that his orders were peremptory. This was at 9 A.M. of the 18th of April, 1861. About 2 P.M. he returned to the commandant, and received the same answer as in the morning, "to retain the vessel and to draw fires." Obstructions had been placed in the river to prevent her egress. The officers surrounding the commandant were, with few exceptions, disloyal. McCauley not understanding the situation, and irresolute in the extreme, gave the order to destroy the yard, and scuttle and burn the ships, to prevent their falling into

the hands of the Confederates. There had been a hesitancy in Washington of proceed to active measures, in the hope that Virginia might still remain loyal. But on the 17th she had passed the ordinance of secession, and ranged herself with the enemy. McCauley's course was then plain to defend the government property at all hazards, and to use his force to the utmost. The cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth were at the mercy of his great guns. This would have prevented any hostile demonstration. On Saturday he informed the department in his report that he already knew that "the insurgents were throwing up batteries immediately in front of the yard." He sent Lieutenant Selfridge to General Taliaferro, commanding the Virginia troops, saying that if they continued to menace him he would consider it an act of war, and fire upon them. Word was returned that the general "disclaimed all knowledge of such batteries." He then commenced scuttling the fine ships, *Germantown*, *Plymouth*, *Dolphin*, and *Merrimac*, destroying the engine and machinery of the latter, cutting away the large shears, spiking all the guns in the yard and on board the ships in ordinary, including the *Pennsylvania*, and, in short, making the destruction of other things, with the exception of the public buildings, as complete as possible.[1]

Captain Wright of the engineer corps of the army and Commander Rodgers of the navy volunteered for the destruction of the dry dock. This was not accomplished, although apparently carefully planned. The mine, which contained two thousand pounds of powder, for some unaccountable reason failed to accomplish the desired result. There does not seem to be any evidence that the Washington authorities failed in promptness,

[1] Naval War Records, Vol. IV., p. 289.

as soon as the condition of affairs was made known to them. That the preceding administration had knowledge of the exact state of affairs seems evident from the testimony of the former Secretary of the Navy, Toucey, who testified before a Senate committee, in reply to the question, Was the condition of the Norfolk Navy Yard, or the necessity of taking measures for its protection, ever the subject of Cabinet discussion while you were Secretary of the Navy? as follows, "I have no personal objection to answering that question, but I think I am not at liberty to do so."

On Friday, the 19th, Commodore Paulding was directed to take the *Pawnee* to Norfolk. President Lincoln, informed of the suspected disloyalty of the officers at the yard, said they should be relieved by Northern men. Before new orders could be issued, word came of their resignation, and when the *Pawnee* arrived, at eight o'clock Saturday evening, the destruction had begun, and could not be stayed.

It seems inexplicable in the first place that the yard should have been abandoned without a struggle, and secondly that its destruction should not have been more thoroughly accomplished. The uninjured dry dock was made available, the shells thrown into the river were fished up, the *Germantown's* battery was rescued, over a thousand guns were captured which were of inestimable value, dispersed as they were thereafter into all parts of the Confederacy, thousands of barrels of powder were obtained, and what proved more than all else of value to the Confederacy, the *Merrimac* was found in condition to be made serviceable.

A new era in naval warfare was at hand. The galley period with the long sweeping oars in row upon row, the motive power being the backs and arms of living

men, had passed into the high-towered and gilded castles afloat, cumbrous and huge, yet with masts and sails to catch each favoring breeze. These had given way to the trim frigate with tall masts and completer sail power, less cumbrous, more easily handled, and a better fighting machine. These model vessels had been improved, sharpened, and curved, until it seemed as though the limit of effectiveness in speed and strength had been secured. The complexity of mast and spar and rope, the bulkiness and decoration, pennons fluttering in the breeze, ornamented prows and sterns, windowed quarters on the stern, deck upon deck at the bow, — all these were to vanish, and while formerly the men who fought stripped themselves of all superfluous clothing, now the ships themselves were to be divested of every ornament, decoration, and useless appendage, and, like gladiators, were to meet in a simplicity of strength and speed.

The idea of an ironclad vessel was not a new one in the year 1861; there had been intimations of its practicability and usefulness through the designs of shipbuilders in Europe and in the United States. It remained, however, for the Confederacy to take the initiative and to bring into actual conflict the first of the ironclads, which was called the *Virginia*, the old *Merrimac*, raised, cut down to the berthdeck, and remodeled.

The credit for the reconstruction of this vessel is a matter of controversy. It seems, however, not to have been confined to a single individual. The idea appears to have been originated by Commander Brooke in conjunction with the Secretary of the Navy, and to have been developed and made successful by Chief Engineer Williamson and Naval Constructor John L. Porter. To the latter was assigned the duty of constructing the

hull; careful designs of the structure were made by him, and the work came under his immediate supervision, while Williamson superintended the machinery, and Brooke the ordnance. The repair and reconstruction of the *Merrimac*, changing her into an effective fighting machine, is an illustration of what may be done under difficulties. From a condition of uselessness the *Merrimac* arose to efficiency like a phœnix from the ashes — from a helpless hull to be an engine of devastation.

Knowledge of these events had reached the Navy Department at Washington and had carried with them much alarm. Rumors of the power of the vessel, the order for whose construction was dated July 11, 1861, began to awaken the Federal authorities to the danger of the situation.

As early as June 24, however, by a joint resolution, Congress had directed the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a board to examine and report upon a battery known from its inventor as the Stevens battery. The report of the board at the end of the year was adverse to its completion. The subject was in the mind of the Secretary of the Navy, and very early, on his recommendation, the act of Congress was passed and approved, August 3, 1861, which constituted a board of naval officers to examine plans for iron or steel clad ships or steam batteries. One million and a half of dollars was appropriated for this purpose and for building the vessels whose plans should be approved. Commodores Joseph Smith and Paulding and Davis constituted the Board, upon whose recommendation three vessels were afterward constructed, the *Galena*, the *New Ironsides*, and the vessel which has become historic, the *Monitor*.

The construction of the *Monitor*, its inception and

building alike, was due to the perseverance and genius of John Ericsson, a Swede by birth, who possessed great mechanical skill united with large inventive power and thorough scientific education. Its adoption by the Department was due to a series of circumstances which were very discouraging to the inventor, but which illustrate the difficulties which may be expected when novelty comes into contact with routine. A bureau or department asks assured results. The story of its building is worth retelling.

In 1846 Ericsson forwarded a plan, for a twelve hundred ton iron vessel, with a letter in which he contended against the practicability of protecting a wooden vessel against shot. During succeeding years, until 1861, he had been busy as a civil engineer and designer, bringing a mind always fertile in expedients to the solution of the difficulties pertaining to steam engineering, securing patents for his inventions and wrestling with difficult problems of engineering and physics with great zeal and enthusiasm. When, therefore, the opportunity came to him, he was, perhaps, of all men the best fitted for a novel task.

Mr. Cornelius S. Bushnell, of New Haven, Connecticut, was shown the model and plan of the new vessel by Ericsson.[1] He explained how quickly and powerfully she could be built, and exhibited to him a congratulatory letter of Napoleon III., to whom he had offered it seven years previously. Ericsson "had invented the battery during the Franco-Russian War, and out of hostility to Russia had presented it to France, hoping thus to aid in the defeat of Sweden's hereditary foe. The invention, however, came too late to be of service, and was preserved for another issue."

[1] Church's *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 249.

Bushnell was delighted with it. He showed it to Secretary Welles, and it was examined at the Navy Department by President Lincoln and members of the Naval Board. Lincoln, commenting on the rotating turret, which pleased him, said, "It strikes me there's something in it." Notwithstanding this initial success, there was much doubt and hesitancy about accepting the model. Bushnell used all his powers of persuasion with the two older officers of the Board, but was told by them that they would sign the report for its acceptance provided the junior member, Davis, would join with them. Bushnell was told by him that he might "take the little thing home and worship it, as it would not be idolatry, because it was in the image of nothing in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." This was discouraging, but he determined to let Ericsson fight his own battle.

Bushnell, having returned to New York, sought Ericsson with a view of urging him to visit Washington, which he was thoroughly disinclined to do, having often said "he would never set foot in Washington again." He thus describes his interview: "Nevertheless I appeared at his house the next morning precisely at nine o'clock, and heard his sharp greeting. 'Well! How is it?' 'Glorious,' said I. 'Go on, go on,' said he, with much impatience. 'What did they say?' 'Admiral Smith says "it is worthy of the genius of an Ericsson."' The pride fairly gleamed in his eyes. 'But Paulding — what did he say of it?' 'He said, "It's just the thing to clear the 'Rebs' out of Charleston with."' 'How about Davis?' he inquired, and appeared to hesitate a moment. 'Oh, Davis,' said I, 'he wanted two or three explanations in detail which I couldn't give him, and so Secretary Welles proposed that I should come

and get you to come to Washington and explain these few points to the entire Board in his room to-morrow.' 'Well, I'll go — I'll go to-night.'"[1] Once there, he was assured that the cause was won, for Ericsson most eloquently and clearly presented the merits of his model, explaining how it could be finished in ninety days, combating the idea of its instability, which was the reason urged for its rejection; and then, as Ericsson said afterwards, "my blood being well up, I finished my demonstrations by thus addressing the Board: 'Gentlemen, after what I have said, I deem it your duty to the country to give me an order to build the vessel before I leave the room.'" At last he was successful.

The *Merrimac*, with all the appliances of the Norfolk yard to aid, had been already four months building. There was no time to be lost. "Before the contract was completed the keel-plate of the intended vessel had already passed through the rollers of the mill." The vessel was to cost $275,000; and, much to Ericsson's surprise, the contract stipulated that if the agreement with reference to invulnerability was not carried out the money advanced by the Department during the progress of the work should be refunded.

A Frenchman, General Paixhans, had made a shell gun in 1824 which henceforward rendered comparatively useless all vessels constructed of wood whenever it should come into general use, but it was not until 1858 that a man-of-war was iron-armored. This was accomplished by France in the building of the steam frigate *La Gloire*. Without delay the English naval architects designed the *Warrior*, an ironclad steam frigate, the first of a long line of powerful successors, 380

[1] *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I., p. 749. Century Co.

feet long, 58 feet beam, 20 feet draught, and 9200 tons' displacement. "In 1855–56, during the Crimean War, England had built three ironclad floating batteries of 2000 tons' burden and 300 horse power, — the *Thunderbolt*, *Erebus*, and *Terror*."[1] Like most great inventions the new vessel which Ericsson had designed had predecessors. Simply stated, it was an iron raft with a revolving gun turret.

A plan of a floating circular citadel of somewhat similar construction had been presented to the French Directory in 1798. The design had a series of wheels attached to its elliptical deck, which was very near the water's edge. These wheels were to be moved by windmills on the deck above them.

In 1807, in New York, Abraham Bloodgood designed a floating revolving circular tower. It does not appear, however, that Ericsson was acquainted with these devices, which were never put to practical use. The credit of the new vessel which he was under contract to build for the Navy Department belonged to him. It was the product of his own genius.

The idea came to him from his remembrance of the rafts on the lakes of Sweden which he observed in his boyhood, "the raftsman in his cabin experiencing very little motion, the seas breaking over his nearly submerged craft; these seas at the same time worked the sailing vessels nearly on their beam ends." The idea was developed through study of the naval needs rendered necessary by the formidable nature of the shell gun.

Now there began a race. The operations of the Confederates at Norfolk and of the Federals at New York were mutually known. It was realized that great re-

[1] Church, *Life of John Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 260.

sults might hinge upon a greater degree of energy on either side.

The hammers at Norfolk were answered by the hammers at Greenpoint. Night and day they rang, and Ericsson worked with excessive energy to complete his vessel in time. It was his own, the child of his brain. Not only was his reputation at stake, not only must he prove to the satisfaction of the incredulous Navy Department the truth of his assertions, he must do more; he must give to his country, in a fierce struggle, all his energy, for which in his patriotism he would willingly have given his life.

Every morning Ericsson was at Greenpoint superintending the process of construction, every night far into the night he drew the plans, which were not retraced, but sent immediately to the builders. He sent a hundred plans, he corresponded with the Navy Department constantly. Time was more than precious. Unnecessary delays were criminal. The man who alone knew what ought to be done was the man under the most sacred obligations to do it. His mind, fertile in expedients, was alive to the novel conditions which presented themselves. "At least forty patentable contrivances," said Mr. Newton, the first engineer of the vessel, were used in her construction.

It was the first vessel of its kind in the world.[1]

The inventor had to construct a vessel shot proof; so it was made of iron. Its service was to be in shallow waters; it must therefore be of light draught. Of light draught, the propeller and rudder would necessarily be near the surface of the water, they were therefore protected; the light draught required also a hull as low as possible. It was so low that a slight roll caused the sea

[1] Ericsson named it the *Monitor*.

to flow over the decks. The engine and the quarters of the men were to be shielded, so the armor was extended over the sides. The anchor at the bow had its well, where it could be hoisted by machinery unmolested. It was necessary to protect the gun and the gunners; so a turret was devised, armored, cylindrical, revolving, which could turn on a vertical axis, thus securing a fire in all directions while the vessel remained stationary. With one exception the vessel proved perfect of its kind. It lacked the pilot house, which was afterward placed upon the top of the revolving turret. This was not done for want of time.[1]

The anxiety of the country, and especially of the Navy Department, was increasing. Incredulous and discouraging letters were written to Ericsson from the Department, begotten of half faith in his project. Commodore Smith, who had given his adherence to the plan, wrote on October 15, "Excuse me for being so troublesome, but my great anxiety must plead my excuse. I have been urging the Ordnance Department to furnish the guns for your vessel, but the knowing ones say that the guns will never be used on her." October 17, he fears that in a heavy sea the roll of the battery "will knock the people on board off their feet," on the 19th he informs Ericsson that "the Government will fall back on the contract in case of failure." On the 21st he is fearful of the efficiency of the battery and the overhang, and that the iron plating would settle the sides of the wooden vessel beneath, breaking her deck. The ventilation caused him much apprehension. "Sailors do not fancy living under water without breathing the sunshine occasionally." On December 5 he wrote: "I beg of you to push up the work. I shall demand heavy

[1] See Church, *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 263.

forfeiture for delay over the stipulated time of completion. You have only thirty-nine days left."[1]

Discouragement did not daunt him. It may be, however, that the Department's anxiety may have stimulated him to renewed exertion, and that to it, therefore, is due some of the credit for the extraordinary rapidity with which this work was done, unexampled in the records of mechanical engineering. January 23, the vessel was ready for launching. February 19, she was turned over to the government. The vessel had been Ericsson's pet child. He had lived for it and with it. When the trial trip was made, the rudder would not work, — a difficulty easily remedied. He resented a suggestion that the naval authorities would put the vessel in the dry dock for the purpose of fitting a new rudder. He was indignant. "The hot Scandinavian blood flushed his cheek, his eyes gleamed, his brow darkened; and this time the storm broke forth in all its fury. With the full volume of his tremendous voice and with a mighty oath, he thundered: 'The *Monitor* is *mine*, and I say it shall not be done!' Presently he added, in a tone of supreme contempt: 'Put in a new rudder! They would waste a month in doing that; I will make her steer just as easily in three days.' Considering how precious were the moments then, the suggestion of a new rudder might well excite his indignation and disgust."[2] His treatment by the Department, moreover, had not tended to cultivate his friendliness.

As completed the *Monitor* was a vessel "of 776 tons. Her length was 172 feet; breadth, 41½ feet; depth of hold, 11⅛ feet; draught of water, 10½ feet; inside

[1] Church, Vol. I., Chap. XVI.

[2] Professor MacCord, quoted in Church, *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 206.

diameter of turret, 20 feet; height of turret, 9 feet; thickness of turret, 8 inches; side armor, 5 inches; deck plating, 1 inch; diameter of propeller (two), 9 feet; diameter of cylinders, 36 inches; length of stroke, 26 inches."

Such was the *Monitor*, destined to revolutionize the navies of the world, to introduce a new era into naval warfare.

At the Norfolk yard the hammering and riveting had continued, and the *Virginia*, as the vessel was named, grew daily into huge proportions and apparent invulnerability. She was a vessel of 3500 tons and forty guns before reconstruction. She was cut down to the old berth-deck. "Both ends for seventy feet were covered over, and when the ship was in fighting trim were just awash. On the midship section, 170 feet in length, was built at an angle of forty-five[1] degrees a roof of pitch pine and oak twenty-four inches thick, extending from the water-line to a height over the gun-deck of seven feet. Both ends of the shield were rounded, so that the pivot-guns could be used as bow and stern chasers, or quartering. Over the gun-deck was a light grating, making a promenade about thirty feet wide. The wood backing was covered with iron plates, rolled at the Tredegar works, two inches thick and eight wide. The first tier was put on horizontally, the second up and down, — in all to the thickness of four inches, bolted through the wood work and clinched. The prow was of cast iron and badly secured, as events proved. The rudder and propeller were entirely unprotected. The pilot-house was forward of the smoke-stack and covered with the same thickness of iron as

[1] Naval Constructor Porter makes the angle thirty-five degrees, which is confirmed by the drawings.

the sides. The motive power was the same that had always been in the ship. Both of the engines and boilers had been condemned on her return from her last cruise, and were radically defective."[1] Her draught was twenty-one feet forward and twenty-two feet aft.[2] The *Merrimac* had in all ten guns. On the bow and stern were two seven-inch rifles, two six-inch rifles, and six smooth-bore guns as a broadside.

The appearance of the *Merrimac*, as she was most frequently called, was formidable. She was a monster which appeared one day in the stillness of the river waters. The black, sloping sides, like the roof of a house, passed through the water moved by an invisible power. Her guns, of heavy caliber, showed their muzzles menacingly. She was felt to be powerful. The masters of sailing craft, the fishermen, the steamboatmen, the sailors and officers of the foreign men-of-war, looked at her with curiosity mingled with awe when she first glided slowly down the river. Finally the *Merrimac* appeared.

At 9 A.M., March 8, 1862, the officers of the U. S. S. *Cumberland* at Newport News discovered two steamers at anchor off Smithfield Point. At 12 M. three vessels were discovered under steam standing down Elizabeth River toward Sewell's Point. Lieutenant George U. Morris, who was in command, "beat to quarters, double-breeched the guns on the main deck, and cleared the ship for action."

At 1 P.M. the enemy were in sight.

There was plentiful energy and brave anticipation to meet the unknown power of the huge craft which every

[1] Article by Colonel John Taylor Wood in *Battles and Leaders of the War*, Vol. I., p. 693.

[2] For names of officers see Appendix K.

soul on board knew to be the old *Merrimac* metamorphosed into this fighting machine. As she neared, the *Cumberland* opened fire on her, which was not returned, but she stood steadily on her way, as if conscious of her strength. On she came more swiftly now and struck the wooden ship with her iron bow "under the starboard fore channels; she delivered her fire at the same time." The wound to the *Cumberland* made her shiver from stem to stern. A great hole was torn in her side, but the fire was returned "with solid shot with great alacrity." The blows caused her to sink. The fighting was desperate. The men kicked off their shoes and stripped to the waist. The engagement lasted until 3.35 P.M., when the water had risen to the main hatchway and the ship canted to port, and as she sank the men at the guns delivered a parting fire, then jumped overboard to swim ashore, and the *Cumberland* was buried in the waves. It had been a gallant but hopeless defence. She sank "with the American flag at her peak."

It was a heroic fight worthy of all praise.

An incident of pathetic devotion and friendship among many has been recorded. A seaman, terribly wounded, was carried below to the surgeon's care in the cockpit. While there, his particular friend, a shipmate, his chum, came down to have his hand dressed, intending to return. "Tom," said the dying man, "are you going to leave me?" Tom said, "No, I will not," then he sat down on deck, took his friend's head tenderly in his lap, and went down with him. The cockpit sentry, standing by, also went down at his post.

After sinking the *Cumberland*, the "ugly monster," uninjured except by reason of the loosening of her iron prow, turned toward the U. S. S. *Congress*.

The small gunboats which had convoyed the *Merrimac* had annoyed the *Congress* considerably, killing and wounding her men. Her captain, seeing her peril, with the help of the tugboat *Zouave*, ran her ashore. The steamers *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown* approached and opened fire, which did great damage. At 3.30 the *Merrimac* took position astern of the helpless craft at the close range of 150 yards and raked the ship fore and aft with shells, a murderous fire which nothing could withstand. One of the smaller steamers kept up a constant fire on the starboard quarter. The *Congress* had only two stern guns for defence. Soon these were disabled, one dismounted and the other had its muzzle knocked away. The men were swept away from the guns under this fire as the grass blades fall under the mower's scythe.

The vessel was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, a son of the Commodore Smith whose patriotic impatience worried Ericsson so greatly. He was killed at four o'clock. The *Minnesota*, to whom they had looked for relief, had run aground. They were not able to bring a single gun to bear upon the enemy, and to avoid further loss of life the colors were hauled down. Secretary Welles tells of his return to his home from the Navy Department the next day, Sunday, having learned the news of the loss of the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and of his stopping in front of Saint John's Church to call out Commodore Smith, who was attending service there. "He briefly related what had taken place, and finally said that the *Congress*, commanded by Smith's son, Joseph, had surrendered. 'What!' exclaimed the veteran, 'the *Congress* surrendered; then Joe is dead.' The Secretary tried to calm his deep emotion, and told him that perhaps his son was saved. 'Oh, no,' he ex-

claimed, 'you don't know Joe as I do — he never would surrender his ship.' And he did not. He was killed early in the action, and his flag was struck by other hands. To such a father of such a son much more might be forgiven."[1]

Of the ship's company on board the *Cumberland*, consisting of 376 souls, 121 were killed or drowned. The loss aboard the *Congress* was 120, including the missing. The defence was equally gallant with that of the *Cumberland*. The ship was on fire in places almost from the beginning of the action, and at night was burning until two o'clock — an amazing sight. Meanwhile the forts and the ships had watched the burning ship and heard the deep reverberations of her explosions through the hours. At that time, with a great noise, the ill-fated vessel blew up, her fragments strewing the quiet waters far and wide.

A sharp fire had been kept up by the batteries ashore and with musketry, on the *Merrimac*. Brigadier General Mansfield, who commanded, reported that his shot made no impression on her. After the *Congress* hoisted a white flag "and ceased action," he reports that "the enemy sent two steamers with Confederate flags flying and made fast on either side of her with a view to haul her off or burn her." He thereupon ordered two rifle companies and two rifled guns to enter into action on the beach; by this fire the vessels were driven off. "They endeavored to approach her again with a steamer and a rowboat, but were beaten off with loss, till finally the *Merrimac*, finding her prize retaken, approached and fired three shots into her and set her on fire." For this conduct, Mansfield has been much criticised. It is a difficult point to decide. The vessel was ashore under his batteries when the *Congress* went out of action. It

[1] Church's *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 272.

would have been asking a great deal of the shore batteries to refrain from firing and permit her either to be towed away or to be burned before their eyes. The vessel had ceased to take part in the action, but the commanding general evidently did not consider that he was thereby obliged to discontinue his efforts to drive the enemy away.[1]

The losses of the Confederates were but slight,—two killed and eight wounded. But she had caused the loss of two large frigates and many lives. Consternation filled the minds of the Federal fleet. In imagination they saw her passing the forts and the Capes, and laying the Northern cities under contribution. Secretary Welles feared for Washington itself. With a small fleet of 21 guns, the Confederates had engaged "the *Cumberland* of 24 guns, the *Congress* of 50 guns, the *St. Lawrence* of 50 guns, and the steam frigates *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, each of 40 guns"—a total of 204 guns.

When the officers and crew of the *Merrimac* withdrew from the first day's fighting, wearied with excitement and constant effort, the ship had received no serious damage; her prow had been broken off in the ramming of the *Cumberland*, and left in that vessel. This ram or beak was of cast iron, wedge-shaped, about fifteen hundred pounds in weight, two feet under water, and projecting two and a half feet from the stem. Her stanchions and iron railings had been destroyed and the muzzles of two guns had been broken off.

On the evening of the 8th, the *Merrimac*, turning from the destruction of the two frigates, steamed toward the *Minnesota* with her consorts, the *Jamestown* and *Patrick Henry*. The latter were forced to withdraw, according to Captain Van Brunt, who commanded the

[1] See for full accounts, *Naval War Records*, Vol. VII., Ser. 1.

Minnesota, by reason of the effective fire of his 10-inch pivot gun. The *Merrimac* was unable to get nearer than a mile from the stranded frigate. The *Minnesota*, however, was struck by the shot from the two smaller vessels, which killed and wounded some of her crew.

About 7 P.M. the huge vessel steamed toward Norfolk. It had been a day of great success. The Confederates were elated, while gloom settled down upon the Federal fleet, which saw no way of relief from the ravages of the powerful ironclad.

During this day's fighting, Admiral Buchanan, a fine officer of the old type, was incapacitated. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant T. Catesby Ap R. Jones, who, like Buchanan, had his schooling in the United States Navy. The next day's fighting was to demonstrate his skill as a commander. It seemed impossible to stay this giant of destruction—a superhuman task to destroy her.

But the hammers had not rung in vain at Greenpoint.

On the afternoon of March 6, 1862, the *Monitor* was towed out of New York harbor. Her officers were Lieutenants John L. Worden and Samuel Dana Greene; —[1] Masters Louis N. Stodder and John N. Webber; Assistant Surgeon Daniel C. Logue, Paymaster W. F. Keeler,—First Assistant Engineer Isaac Newton, Second Assistant Engineer Albert B. Campbell, Third Assistant Engineers R. W. Hands, M. T. Sunstrum, with a crew of fifty-three men who volunteered. Chief Engineer Alban C. Stimers, U. S. N., was aboard as a passenger.

The passage was an extremely stormy one. The waves rose high and forced the water into the vessel through the hawse pipes, under the turret, broke six feet high over the smoke-pipe and the blower pipe, which rose only four feet above the deck. The engine rooms became full of gas, and the engineers were so nearly

[1] Acting.

suffocated that one by one they were carried into the top of the turret for fresh air, almost lifeless. The sea was so high, according to the chief engineer, Mr. Stimers, that "the gunboats acting as convoys rolled so much that when they careened in one direction he could see under the bilge, and when the deck was toward him he could look down into the main hold, and yet in the captain's cabin, down below, a glass inkstand stood upon a polished mahogany case on the table during the entire voyage without slipping." [1]

It is difficult to realize what this unknown voyage meant in the way of daring. To man the *Monitor*, a floating coffin, and to sail out upon a wintry sea, was courage itself. The men had to resort to pumping with the hand-pumps, until finally, the storm having abated, and smoother water reached, the untried vessel behaved better. Slight defects, easily remedied, and the entire novelty of the vessel were responsible for these mishaps. The experience of the passage, however, with its anxieties — the deck so often entirely covered with water, the deadly gas, the leaks, the strangeness of it all — was calculated to daunt any but the stoutest of hearts.

At four o'clock of the 8th of March the *Monitor* passed within the Capes and made her way to Fortress Monroe. The tired officers and crew heard the guns off Newport News, which they rightly interpreted to be an engagement with the much-feared ironclad. Their enthusiasm arose. They forgot their fatigue. Soon they learned of the terrible catastrophe which had befallen the great frigates sometime after midnight. The *Monitor* anchored near the *Minnesota*, and Lieutenant Worden reported to Captain Van Brunt, her commanding officer. The approach of night and the shallowness of the water

[1] Church's *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 281.

had prevented the *Merrimac* from continuing her work of destruction on that vessel, with the hope, however, of making her an easy prey on the following morning.

From their anchorage at Sewell's Point the Confederate squadron began to move at early dawn. Narrowly viewing the *Minnesota* aground in a helpless position, they were astonished to see a craft near her such as never before had met their eyes. "An immense shingle floating on the water, with a gigantic cheese box rising from its centre; no sails, no wheels, no smokestacks, no guns."

It was Sunday, a beautiful day, with "a slight breeze from the east, very fine weather, light fog." At 2 A.M. the *Monitor* had appeared alongside the *Minnesota*, and her commander, Lieutenant Worden, reported for duty, much to the joy of Captain Van Brunt, the commander of the great frigate. At 6 A.M. the lookouts on the *Minnesota* reported the dreaded *Merrimac* as appearing off Craney Island. At 8 o'clock the fog disappeared. She ran down near to the Rip Raps, and then, turning, steamed slowly toward the *Minnesota* to capture or destroy her. Van Brunt opened upon her with his stern guns, and made signal for the *Monitor* to attack. "She immediately ran down in my wake," says Van Brunt, in his report, "right within the range of the *Merrimac*, completely covering my ship, as far as possible with her dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the *Merrimac*, and the contrast was that of a pygmy to a giant."

The extraordinary contest was about to begin — the great trial which had been anticipated for months. With the *Merrimac* was the prestige of success. With the *Monitor* the doubt and dismay of the inexperienced and untried in the presence of peril, coupled, however,

with the confidence which the genius of Ericsson had inspired in the fighting qualities of the novel structure.

The discrepancy in the size of the vessels caused a feeling of great uncertainty to fill the minds of the Union fleet, as they saw her stand boldly up toward the *Merrimac*.

She soon, however, began to give a good account of herself, surprising the onlookers with the exhibition of fearlessness with which she seemed to be inspired. "The small black mass, surmounted by a cloud of smoke," which the Confederates had seen in the distance in the early morning, was now instinct with energy.

The action was imminent. Worden was in the pilot-house; Greene, with sixteen men, in the turret; Stodder, at the turret-turning gear; Webber, with the powder division on the berth deck — men with the full consciousness of the danger and the death which might await them, standing bravely at their posts. The *Merrimac* proceeded slowly toward the *Minnesota*, firing at her and "occasionally at the iron battery."

The *Monitor* now placed herself between these two antagonists, steaming at right angles to the *Merrimac*. The consorts of the latter left her to fight the battle alone. The crew, as well as the officers, were ready and determined; they had been chosen in New York from many volunteers for what was known to be a hazardous enterprise. Of this crew Worden said, "A better one no naval commander ever had the honor to command."

As the *Monitor* approached, the *Merrimac* commenced firing. Still she kept on her way until within closer range, when, changing his course, Worden brought her alongside her great adversary, and, in response to Worden's order, at 8.45 A.M. Greene fired the first gun.

The ironclads were now parallel to each other, headed

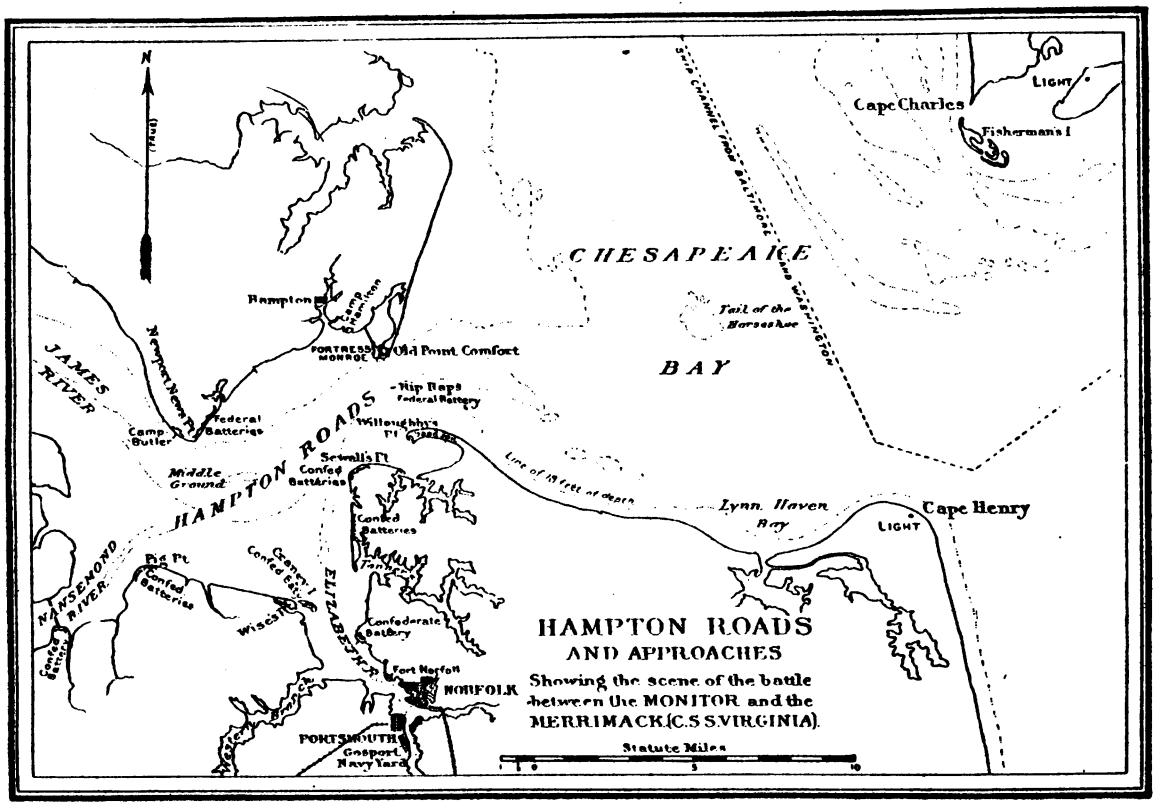
in different directions. The *Merrimac* immediately replied to the *Monitor's* fire with her tremendous broadside of ten guns. The shock was terrific, but the little vessel resisted firmly, and as they perceived that the turret continued to turn, and that the shot did not penetrate, a gleam of joyous confidence came into every eye, and smiles flitted over powder-begrimed faces, as they knew that the "iron-crowned diadem of the South," as the *Merrimac* had been called, had met her match at last.

The vessels were now within the closest range, separated by a few yards only. The *Monitor's* shots ripped up the iron plates of the *Merrimac*, yet her armor was not penetrated. The return fire only stunned and disturbed the men in the turret by reason of its terrible impact as it thundered against the sides.

They were fighting it out alone, these representatives of a navy yet to be, while the great frigates which had breasted the high waves of far-away oceans, stranded in the shallow waters, were forced to stand idly by with silent guns, while with keenest interest the seamen watched the various phases of the conflict.

The *Monitor* now attempted to disable the *Merrimac's* propeller, going astern of her, but she missed it by about two feet. Stodder, casually leaning against the turret, stunned and rendered helpless, went below, and Stimers, the chief engineer, who was on board as an inspector, took his place.

Now it was grim and earnest work. The *Monitor* manœuvred better than her larger adversary. Broadside after broadside was skilfully sent against her, but, owing to the smallness of the target, many of the shot flew over, and those which struck her turret and pilot-house glanced off without producing more than slight



HAMPTON ROADS
AND APPROACHES
Showing the scene of the battle between the MONITOR and the MERRIMACK (C.S.S. VIRGINIA).

indentations. The defect of the vessel now became apparent. The pilot-house was in the way of her own effective attack. Greene could not fire ahead within several points of the bow, since the blast from the guns would have injured his own people, a few yards off. The distance between the turret and the pilot-house rendered necessary the carrying of messages by word of mouth through the vessel, which caused great uncertainty and inconvenience to the executive officer. He was, moreover, hampered by the working of the novel turret, which was difficult to start revolving, or to stop after a revolution had begun. The target, said Greene, had to be taken "on the fly."

The *Merrimac*, now adopting the tactics of her adversary, attempted to ram, manœuvring for an hour and finally succeeding; but Worden, with a skilful use of his helm, caused the blow to be a glancing one, and the *Monitor* received no injury. The great black hulk as it steadily pushed toward the smaller vessel seemed to overshadow it and by its mass alone to be able to sink it. Greene, at the moment of impact, "planted a solid shot fair and square upon the forward part of her casemate." The charge of powder being limited to fifteen pounds by peremptory orders of the Navy Department, it did not accomplish its object, although the force of the blow shook the *Merrimac* from stem to stern.

The battle continued. The firing was incessant. Both the vessels, however, were seemingly uninjured. Apparently the *Merrimac* was irresistible, the *Monitor* immovable. The latter now withdrew to replenish the ammunition in the turret. This had to be lifted up slowly and tediously through the scuttles of the berth deck and turret, which had to be kept in line. Worden now came out upon the deck to get a clearer view of the

situation, and at 11.30 he renewed the contest. Toward the close of the engagement the *Merrimac* seemed unable to move. Signal flags were hoisted, but the signal was with difficulty made out upon the *Patrick Henry*. Finally it was read, "Disabled my propeller is," but shortly it was put in working order again, and she was yet able to manœuvre. During the entire engagement the *Merrimac* was at a great disadvantage, owing to her great length and the shallowness of the water.

The two vessels pounded away at each other with no change in their situation until nearly noon, when a shell from the *Merrimac* struck the pilot-house of the *Monitor* near the lookout hole, where a moment before Worden had been scanning the enemy. It was a marvellous escape; a moment longer of looking would have meant instant death; as it was, the blow shattered one of the legs of iron of which the pilot-house was composed, partly stunning and blinding him, filling his face and eyes with powder, and lifting the top of the pilot-house by the concussion until daylight could be seen in the intervening space. Worden immediately ordered the helm to starboard and "sheer off" to ascertain the injuries received. Greene was summoned from the turret to take command; Stimers was left in the turret. Greene, to whose knowledge and skill great credit is due, in his account writes of Worden that "he was a ghastly sight, with his eyes closed and the blood apparently rushing from every pore in the upper part of his face. He told me that he was seriously wounded and directed me to take command. I assisted in leading him to a sofa in his cabin, where he was tenderly cared for by Doctor Logue, and then I assumed command. Blind and suffering as he was, Worden's fortitude never forsook him; he frequently asked from the bed

of pain of the progress of affairs, and when told that the *Minnesota* was saved, he said, 'Then I can die happy.'"[1]

In the meantime the *Monitor* drifted aimlessly, without orders. Van Brunt on the *Minnesota*, supposing that his valiant defender had been totally disabled, proposed to destroy his ship. At this time, after waiting, the *Merrimac* withdrew toward Norfolk, and the great object which the *Monitor* had in view was accomplished — the *Minnesota* was saved. "A few shots," says Greene, "were fired at the retreating vessel, and she continued on to Norfolk."[2]

When the *Merrimac* withdrew she seemed to the observers on the *Roanoke* to be headed for Newport News. On the way she grounded, which led them to think she was going down. They thereupon cheered, but she soon righted and went to Norfolk.[3] The situation has been described as follows: —

"Making no further effort to shell the *Minnesota*, which still lay aground within easy reach of her guns, she quit the waters of Hampton Roads at noon, three hours before high water, and steamed back to Norfolk, whence she had come."[4]

Commodore Buchanan reported that "the *Monitor* having to run into shoal water, which prevented her doing any farther injury, we ceased from firing at twelve and proceeded to Norfolk."

[1] *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I., p. 727.

[2] "Two or three guns which Stimers fired." — Bennet's *Steam Navy*.

Later Greene wrote: "Turning the vessel's head in the direction of the *Merrimac*, I saw that she was all ready to retreat. A few shots were fired at the retiring vessel, and she continued to Norfolk." — Century Company, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

From the point of view of a technical victory, the significance of the situation gathers itself around these "three guns" fired at the withdrawing vessel.

[3] Statement of Acting Master Abner West.

[4] Hay and Nicolay, *Life of Lincoln*, Vol. V., p. 231.

"The *Monitor* is all ready for her to-morrow," said Assistant Secretary Fox, "but I think the *Merrimac* may be obliged to lay up for a few days."

The *Merrimac* was found to have had ninety-seven indentations after her two days' engagement. Twenty of these shots were from the 11-inch guns of the *Monitor*. During the engagement the *Monitor* fired forty-one shots, about one in six minutes. These shots were fired too high, according to Naval Constructor Porter's account. "Six of her top-layers of plates were broken by the *Monitor's* shots, and none by those of the wooden vessels. None of the lower plates were injured." At one time the *Monitor* placed herself, according to a Confederate authority, in a position where the *Merrimac* could not bring a single gun to bear upon her, and he asks: "Why did she not with common sense keep it?"[1] This is apparently a good criticism, but it fails to take into account two facts: first, that the conditions of sight, the view of the enemy, were not those of the ordinary ship with its numerous opportunities on either side, — an advantage which the *Merrimac* had for observing every movement of the enemy, — while, as Greene explains, his revolving turret shut out completely, at intervals, all sight of his opponent; and second, he had to depend upon a message brought from the pilot-house as to the position of the enemy, to learn her exact whereabouts. He thus fought in the dark, and the evident superiority in manœuvring power counted but little, therefore, in the engagement.

A fair criticism, however, is that which judges the authorities at fault who sent powerful guns aboard the *Monitor* without proper testing as to their strength.

[1] William Norris, in *Southern Magazine*, November, 1874, quoted in Church's *Life of Ericsson*, Vol. I., p. 286.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC."

The *Monitor* was therefore unable to put forth her whole energy. The result would not then have been in question, although it might still be a question whether the *Merrimac*, with solid shot in her hold instead of shell, would have destroyed Ericsson's ironclad battery.

According to Engineer Stimers the *Monitor* was struck twenty-two times, pilot house twice, turret nine times, deck three times, sides three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house.

The battle thus ended with no decisive victory on either side. Each vessel was able to manœuvre. Each had a crew almost complete at the end of the day. Each felt able to cope with her adversary. It was not a duel; there were no laws or code carefully decided upon which the combatants were obliged to obey. There could have been no seconds strong enough to rush in between the parties to the contest. It was rather a gladiatorial contest, the principals being the strongest of their time, with a vast concourse of spectators, which included the maritime nations of the world, watching the result — at the end of the contest stopping to breathe as it were by mutual consent, and then deciding not to resume for reasons best known to themselves.[1]

The moral victory, however, was with the Federal vessel. She had stayed a terrible foe in her path of destruction. She had saved her ships and the Northern ports from possible destruction. Henceforth, whatever might be the fighting efficiency of either vessel, the Federals had no fear except that of uselessly risking their precious defender in unnecessary conflict. The *Monitor* was comparatively uninjured.

Of this conflict Captain Jones, referring to the *Monitor*, said, "The destruction of those wooden vessels was

[1] See Appendix K.

a matter of course, but in not capturing that ironclad I feel as if we had done nothing, and yet," he added, "give me that vessel, and I would sink this one in twenty minutes." It is charged that "she was fought with a pitiful lack of judgment and common sense and ordnance sense."[1] That was from the point of view of the adversary, knowing his own weakness. Lieutenant Greene explains the difficulty under which he labored in not being able to see his adversary, in the slow revolving of the turret, by the fact that the crew had no time for drill previous to the engagement, that the officers and men did not know their own ship, as it was entirely novel to them, and, above all, in the fact that the charge of powder was but half that which the guns could have sustained.

The *Merrimac* after two days' fighting was considerably crippled. "Her plated sides were broken in, the iron plating rent and broken, the massive timbers of her sides crushed, and the officers themselves stated that she could not have withstood the effect of the *Monitor's* guns any longer, and that they barely escaped in time from her."[2]

Lieutenant Jones in his report says: "Had there been any sign of the *Monitor's* willingness to renew the contest, we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on the way to Norfolk."

Worden, in his report written in 1868,[3] affirms that Greene "turned the vessel's head again in the direction

[1] *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XL., p. 21.

[2] Article of Captain James Rogers; "The First Monitor," Buffalo Historical Society.

[3] Captains' Letters, Navy Department, January–July, 1868.

of the enemy to continue the engagement, but before he could get at close quarters with her she retired." Apparently each party to the conflict was content to let matters stand as they were, while each, if the other had made a move that way, was able to renew the conflict.

In Washington the news was received with the greatest interest. A few days after a Cabinet meeting was being held, when it was told the President that the wounded commander of the *Monitor* was in the city. He instantly rose, took his hat, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I must see this fellow," and went immediately to his room. Worden was on the sofa, his eyes bandaged, his face swollen and bloody. The President was announced, and he took his hand in silence. "Mr. President," said the wounded officer, "you do me great honor by this visit." "Sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I am the one who is honored in this interview."[1]

Some weeks afterward, on April 10, having her injuries repaired, the *Merrimac* again appeared and sailed around defiantly, but no effort was made to attack her, nor did she venture within range of the guns of the forts. On May 8 the Federals attacked the batteries at Sewell's Point, and the *Merrimac* offered the gage of battle; but wise counsels seem to have prevailed on the part of the United States authorities, who, withdrawing, planned to avoid battle except in positions chosen by themselves, which were such as would enable the fleet to run her down. "Nor did she," says Commander Goldsborough, "place herself where she could have been assailed by our rams to any advantage."

The battle had been fought—the beginning of battles of the new era. Looking at it now, after the lapse of

[1] Boynton, *History of the Navy*, Vol. I., p. 373.

years, it is seen as having a reputation out of all relation to its immediate effects, for there was no loss of life, and the military situation was unchanged. Its chief significance lies in the fact that it was the first fight of ironclads, its interest in the fact that it gave heart and great rejoicing to the Union forces, and was evidence on the part of the Confederates of enterprise, ability, and courage under difficulties. For Ericsson it was a great victory. His name was on every lip. Much was made of the *Monitor's* having arrived in the very nick of time. It was considered Providential. That the *Monitor* was the better type of vessel is now generally conceded.

Worden received the thanks of Congress and promotion.

On May 10, the date of the evacuation of Norfolk, the *Merrimac* having been set on fire was destroyed near Craney Island. At 4.30 A.M. the next day her magazines exploded, and her career was ended. She was an illustration of the fact that in warfare the unusual and the impossible compel success.

The *Monitor* was lost at sea, in a fearful gale off Cape Hatteras, December 31, 1862. The water rushed in through hawse pipe and turret and could not be stayed. Greene, who was on board, was saved, and forty-nine others of the officers and crew; four officers and twelve men, brave fellows, met their fate in the all-engulfing sea.

In the meantime her success and example had won the admiration of both hemispheres. Her commander's courage was universally recognized, while Ericsson's hammers and Worden's guns set the navy yards of Europe and America busily at work in this new era of naval architecture.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

JUNE 19, 1864.

The effect of the training of our men was evident. — *Winslow's Report.*

Semmes's verbal and written utterances manifest a bitterness of feeling toward his foes which is calculated to greatly mislead one respecting his real character. — SINCLAIR, *Two Years on the Alabama.*

The best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns. — FARRAGUT.

An atmosphere of romantic interest surrounds the action between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama.* It was the first single frigate action on the broad seas under steam as a motor power which arrested the attention of the civilized world. The *Alabama* had been a highwayman of the pathless seas, a predatory freebooter. Like a comet she shot from horizon to horizon, scattering her wrecks far and wide. The ever-natural interest in the pursued attached to her. This was heightened as the number of her law-abiding pursuers increased. She was the last of a long line of ships of the buccaneer type of dark reputation to commerce. She met her adversary, who at last had ferreted her out, with conscious strength and courage. The fight took place in the theatre of many famous naval actions, in the English Channel. It was finished in a short hour of desperate fighting by the deliberate, steady, and well-aimed fire of the *Kearsarge.* Then the *Alabama's* commander and officers stole away on the English yacht in the custom of his irregular life on the ocean, thus taking the especial éclat of victory from his brave opponents — a matter of congratulation in the years to come.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

JUNE 19, 1864.

THE engagement between the United States steamer *Kearsarge* and the Confederate States steamer *Alabama*, which took place off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864, possesses not only the interest attaching to single actions at sea, but has an added interest because of the questions of international law connected with it.

The *Alabama* had been built by the English shipbuilders, Laird & Co., of Liverpool, for the use of the Confederacy. While building, she was known as the 290, the number of ships which up to that time had been built by the firm. Confederate agents in Liverpool watched her progress. Protestations were made by the United States minister, who was aware of her building, to the English government. The utmost secrecy was observed, however, with regard to her. She finally steamed out of the harbor, July 29, 1862, supposedly on a trial trip, and anchored at Anglesea. As a ruse, a large party of ladies and gentlemen, invited guests, were on board, ostensibly for an excursion, and to give the occasion éclat.

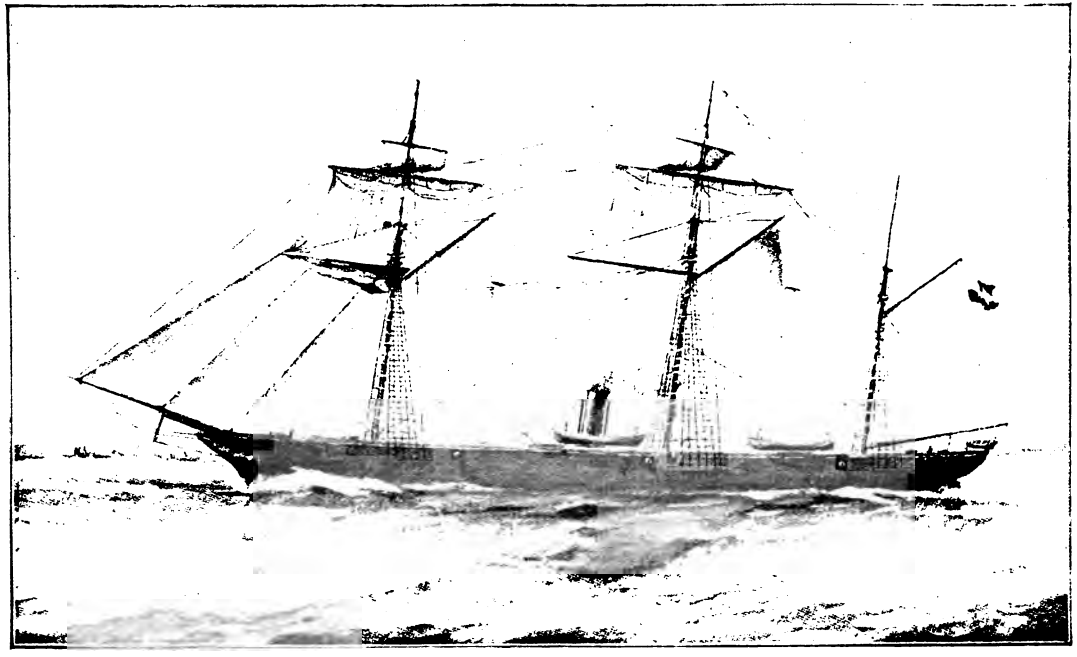
She received her crew at Porto Praya, at the island of Terceira, one of the Azores. Captain Raphael Semmes had already sent a transport there with munitions of war. The British ship *Bahama* brought him and his officers, and the transfer was made outside of the marine league.

Sunday, August 24, the vessel went into commis-

sion with a crew made up from the various ships. Eighty men signed, and the full crew was made up from the crews of the prizes which were thereafter taken.

She was built with the purpose of preying on the commerce of the United States, was manned by English seamen, and armed with English guns. Her officers had seen service in the United States navy and were men well qualified for daring adventure. Semmes had commanded the brig *Somers*, which was lost in the blockade of Vera Cruz; he himself barely escaped being drowned. Lieutenant Kell, his executive officer, had been twenty years in the service and had participated in the Mexican War, the Japan expedition, and the expedition to Paraguay. The other officers were also well qualified for their positions.

It was the fact of her English origin taken in connection with her depredations for a period of twenty-two months which made her career to the United States authorities a constant source of irritation. The case against the English government, for violation of neutrality, seemed to the people of the United States very plain. The protests of their dignified and able representative, Mr. Adams, had been ignored or set aside. It was impossible to resist the impression that the sympathies of the English government had been wrought upon by Confederate agencies, to the detriment of a friendly power. There was great gratification throughout the Confederacy in the success of the deception by which she had been built and launched and put into commission. She then started upon a career unparalleled in the history of maritime warfare, capturing sixty-six prizes, — fifty-two of which were burned, ten released on bond, one — the *Hatteras* — sunk in action, one converted into a cruiser, one sold, and one released.



THE "ALABAMA."

Previous to the engagement with the *Kearsarge*, she had only encountered one armed vessel of the United States, namely, the *Hatteras*, off the coast of Texas.

The *Hatteras* stood bravely out from the fleet by the orders of Commodore Bell, who was in command, to ascertain the nature of the sail in the offing. She was commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Blake, and was decidedly unequal to the formidable stranger, who on approaching was discovered to be the *Alabama*. In his report Blake says:[1] "When within about four miles of the vessel, I observed that she had ceased to steam and was lying broadside on, awaiting us. . . . Being able to work but four guns upon one side of the *Hatteras*, — two short 32-pounders, one 30-pounder rifled Parrott gun, and one 20-pounder rifled gun, — I concluded to close with her, in order that my guns might be effective, if necessary. I came within easy speaking range, — about seventy-five yards, — and upon asking, 'What steamer is that?' received the answer, 'Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vixen*.' I replied that I would send a boat aboard, and immediately gave the order. In the meantime both vessels were changing their positions, the stranger endeavoring to gain a desirable position for a raking fire. Almost simultaneously with the piping away of the boat, the strange craft again replied: 'We are the Confederate steamer *Alabama*,' which was accompanied by a broadside. I at the same moment returned the fire. Being well aware of the many vulnerable points of the *Hatteras*, I hoped by closing with the *Alabama* to be able to board her, and thus rid the seas of this piratical craft.

"I steamed directly for the *Alabama;* but she was enabled by her great speed and the foulness of the bottom of the *Hatteras*, and consequently her diminished

[1] Naval War Records, Ser. 1, Vol. II., p. 18.

speed, to thwart my attempt when I had gained a distance of but thirty yards from her. At this range, musket and pistol shots were exchanged."

Semmes, in his journal of January 11, 1863, after giving the armament of the two ships, states that it was "a great disparity in weight of metal in our favor, but we equalized this, to a considerable extent, by the fair fight which we showed the enemy in approaching him so very near as to render his small guns almost as efficient as larger ones."[1] It would seem that Blake was entitled to the credit of the initiative and to commendation for the "approaching" done in this affair, and that he fought his vessel gallantly against superior odds, the fleet being at the time twenty to twenty-eight miles distant. It will be seen, therefore, that the *Alabama* had no sufficient test of her fighting qualities, and that when she met the *Kearsarge*, her confidence was largely made up of trust in her armament and a fancied superiority arising from the capture of multitudes of unarmed merchantmen. The *Hatteras* had been a river excursion boat, and was lightly armed. "Her heaviest rifle was a 30-pounder and her heaviest smoothbore a 32-pounder." She made a brave fight, but was sunk in thirteen minutes by her more powerful adversary. The *Alabama* rescued all hands. "Ten minutes after leaving the *Hatteras*," says Blake in his report, "she went down bow first, with her pennant at her masthead, with all her muskets and stores of every character, the enemy not being able, owing to her rapid sinking, to obtain a single weapon." The casualties were slight; none were killed on either side.

Thereafter Semmes ran down to the fortieth degree south latitude, then due east, driven by westerly gales,

[1] Naval War Records, Ser. 1, Vol. II., p. 722.

until a course was made for the straits of Java. Suddenly the swift cruiser swooped down upon the merchantmen in the China seas.[1] In a few weeks she had so terrorized the commerce of the United States "that their ships were absolutely locked up in port, and neutrals were doing all the carrying trade." Coaling ship at Singapore, she turned westward by the Straits of Malacca, pursuing her course to India. She next appeared on the eastern coast of Africa. Through the Mozambique Channel she reached the Cape of Good Hope, and then made straightway for the coast of Brazil. Finding the ship much in need of docking, Semmes sailed for the port of Cherbourg, where he arrived on the 11th of June, 1864. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining the requisite permission, owing to the fact that the docks were under the control of the government, and permission had to be obtained from the Emperor at Paris.

Previous to her arrival at Cherbourg, the *Alabama* had been making a reputation for audacity and enterprise which rendered her name obnoxious to the maritime interests of the United States. The New York Chamber of Commerce held a meeting October 21, 1862, to consider "the burning of the ship *Brilliant* by the Rebel Pirate *Alabama*," which voiced the feeling of the Federal authorities, and the people of the Northern States. Complaint was made in strongest terms of the destruction of the hundred light-houses along the

[1] His treatment of the innocent merchantmen was often harsh and high-handed. "The prisoners," his first lieutenant, Kell, admits, "of the first half dozen prizes were put in irons, including the captain and mates, at which the captains were very indignant." And justly so. The excuse was that it was in retaliation for the manacling of the purser of the Confederate steamer *Sumter* by the United States consul at Tangier, a neutral territory. A commissioned officer, however, is a belligerent; these men were non-combatants.

southern coasts as a "wrong against the race of men who go down to the sea in ships," an act which failed to excite any special condemnation abroad against the Confederacy; while the "stone blockade," as it was called, was thought of sufficient importance to call forth the protest of Great Britain as an offence against the commercial world, when "it may be justly said that it was an innocent imitation of a method steadily but more effectually pursued by the rebels to shut out from their ports the people to whom they rightfully belong." The address, which was forwarded to Washington, contained the following words in conclusion: "And because the law of nations, more careful, it seems, of personal interests than the interests of humanity, has so shut these pirates out from the ports of every civilized country, that they cannot take in their prizes for condemnation in the rightful way of law, they must, therefore, condemn them by fire on the seas."

Whatever the status of the *Alabama* under the law of nations might have been, she was considered to have been fraudulently launched by a friendly power, whose connivance rendered her career a source of irritation more bitter than the doubtful acts of that vessel would otherwise have been.

The United States had many swift cruisers searching for the Confederate ship, which, however, eluded their closest vigilance.

On Sunday, June 12, the *Kearsarge*, which was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, at Flushing, Holland, received a telegram through Mr. Dayton, the minister of the United States, resident at Paris, that the *Alabama* had arrived the day before at Cherbourg. Suddenly "the cornet appeared at the fore," an unexpected signal, which brought back officers and crew to the ship. Prepara-

tions were immediately made for departure, and when Captain Winslow informed the ship's company of the situation, the prospect of meeting the *Alabama* was welcomed by the crew with cheers. The second day after she appeared off Cherbourg breakwater. All eyes were turned upon the *Alabama*, whose beautiful lines and condition were a credit to her builder and to her commander. The policy of the *Alabama* had been to avoid an engagement. It could not be believed at first that she proposed to take advantage of this opportunity. The *Kearsarge* did not anchor in the port, to avoid the rule of international law which forbids a vessel from following its enemy from a neutral port until the lapse of twenty-four hours.

The *Kearsarge* kept vigilant watch at each entrance of the harbor, lest her foe should escape. Wednesday, July 15, the captain of the *Kearsarge* went ashore officially to visit the admiral commanding the maritime district, and also the United States commercial agent. At that time he received through Mr. Liais, the United States commercial agent, a copy of a letter sent by Mr. Bonfils, the so-called challenge of Captain Semmes.[1]

[1] C. S. S. ALABAMA, CHERBOURG,
June 14th, 1864.

To A. BONFILS, ESQ., Cherbourg, —

Sir: I hear that you were informed by the United States consul, that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the United States consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope this will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after the morrow morning at farthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. SEMMES, *Captain.*

In response to this Captain Winslow informed Captain Semmes, through Mr. Liais, that he had come to Cherbourg with the intention to engage the *Alabama*, and that he had no idea of leaving without a fight.

It was looked upon with incredulity by the officers of the *Kearsarge;* nevertheless a strict watch was kept up to the moment of the engagement.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed in anxious waiting. In the meantime the *Alabama* was making preparations. Valuables were sent ashore in anticipation of possible defeat. Every effort was made by Mr. Dayton, son of the minister who had brought despatches from Paris, to communicate to the *Kearsarge* the news which he learned from the admiral of the port, that the engagement would take place Sunday, but without avail.

The French in all this matter preserved a strict regard for neutrality, although it was known that the Emperor, Napoleon III., was friendly to the Confederacy. Communication was forbidden to either ship except officially. The night before the battle, Saturday, several of the officers of the *Alabama* met their sympathizing French friends at a supper in Cherbourg. The talk was of the coming fight which was to occur on the morrow. Confidence was expressed that they would sink the Federal vessel or make another capture. "They rose with promise to meet the following night to repeat the festivity as victors, were escorted to the boat, and departed with cheers and best wishes for a successful return." Thus did the "sound of revelry" usher in the sound of guns on that eventful Sunday morning.

The fortunes of war had brought to the *Kearsarge* the opportunity so much longed for by various other vessels of the United States which had been searching the seas for long months, — vessels swifter and better armed. The success of the *Alabama* in eluding her pursuers is another illustration of the fact that the ocean is wide and trackless, and that in every case the

THE "KEARSARGE."

pursuers are at a disadvantage, the pursued having one purpose, the pursuers troubled by many conjectures, from the multitude of which a choice is difficult.

The *Kearsarge* was in perfect condition. At 10 A.M., Sunday, the 19th of July, when the captain and executive officer inspected the crew at quarters, they looked upon a crew, almost to a man, of native-born Americans. Out of one hundred and sixty-three, officers and crew, there were only eleven foreign born — a goodly sight to men who were to put their manhood to the test for the honor of the nation. The daily routine, discipline, and especially the gun practice of the ship were soon to demonstrate their utility in actual conflict. They knew for what they were about to fight, a land for which their fathers fought, a Union which they felt should be maintained at all hazards; and in the harbor yonder were their foes of equal strength and speed, of reputation for daring deeds, for audacity far beyond their own. In the heart of every man, however, was an exultant thrill that the opportunity had come to him to do his duty on a great occasion, with the world for spectators.

The crew of the *Kearsarge*, when the roll of the drum dismissed them from their quarters, to meet again at eleven o'clock for divine service were ready and alert; but instead of praying they fought, or as they fought they prayed — for themselves, for victory, — in the very act of fighting they prayed. For what is a battle for a worthy cause other than the utmost expression of the whole man in strenuous energy of will power and supplication that he may be and do his best?

The *Alabama*, having made ready, steamed out of the harbor between nine and ten o'clock. The day was bright and beautiful, with little sea and a moderate westerly wind.

The two ships were as nearly matched as it is possible to imagine ships flying different flags and casually meeting on the broad ocean. The equality of the contestants is seen at a glance as far as the ships themselves are concerned.[1]

In armament there was a small disproportion in favor of the *Kearsarge*.[2]

At ten o'clock the *Kearsarge* was a little to the eastward of Cherbourg, distant about three miles. "At 10.20," says Surgeon Browne, in his narrative, "the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg — a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, 'She's coming, and heading straight for us!' Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy, and shouted, 'The *Alabama!*' and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, 'The *Alabama!*' The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-

	[1] *Alabama.*	*Kearsarge.*
Length over all	220 ft.	232 ft.
Length of keel	210	198½
Beam	32	33
Depth	17	16½
Horse power, two engines of 300 each		400
Tonnage	1040	1031

The *Kearsarge* had a four-bladed screw, of 12 ft. diameter, its pitch being 20 ft.

[2] *Alabama.*	*Kearsarge.*
One 7-inch Blakely rifle	Two 11-inch smooth-bore guns
One 8-inch smooth-bore (68-pounder)	One 30-pounder rifle
Six 32-pounders	Four 32-pounders

The *Alabama* had the greater number of guns, while the weight of the broadside of the *Kearsarge* was about 20 per cent greater than that of the Confederate vessel.

The ship's company of the *Alabama*, as nearly as can be ascertained, numbered one hundred and fifty persons. She was barkentine rigged, carrying a large spread of lower canvas.

book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about, and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard."

In order to avoid complications Captain Winslow had told the French authorities that he would not engage except when safely outside of the marine league. At first the situation seemed to convey the idea of a pursuit by the *Alabama*, but when the proper distance, between six and seven miles, had been reached, at 10.50, the *Kearsarge* turned and made directly toward her adversary.

The *Alabama* had been escorted out of the harbor by the ironclad frigate *Couronne*. The English yacht *Deerhound* had preceded her. This yacht, flying the flag of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, had been built in the yard of the Lairds at the same time with the *Alabama*. Her opportune appearance during the fight, and her subsequent conduct, occasioned suspicion of collusion on the part of the Confederates and the owner of the yacht. The *Couronne*, having convoyed the *Alabama* three miles from the shore, scrupulously returned to the harbor, lest she should by appearance violate the strict code of international law with reference to neutrals.

Captain Semmes, just before the action, mounted a gun carriage, and made the following address: "Officers and seamen of the *Alabama:* You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy — the first that has been presented to you since you sank the *Hatteras!* In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful

country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends! Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young republic which bids defiance to her enemies whenever and wherever found! Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."[1]

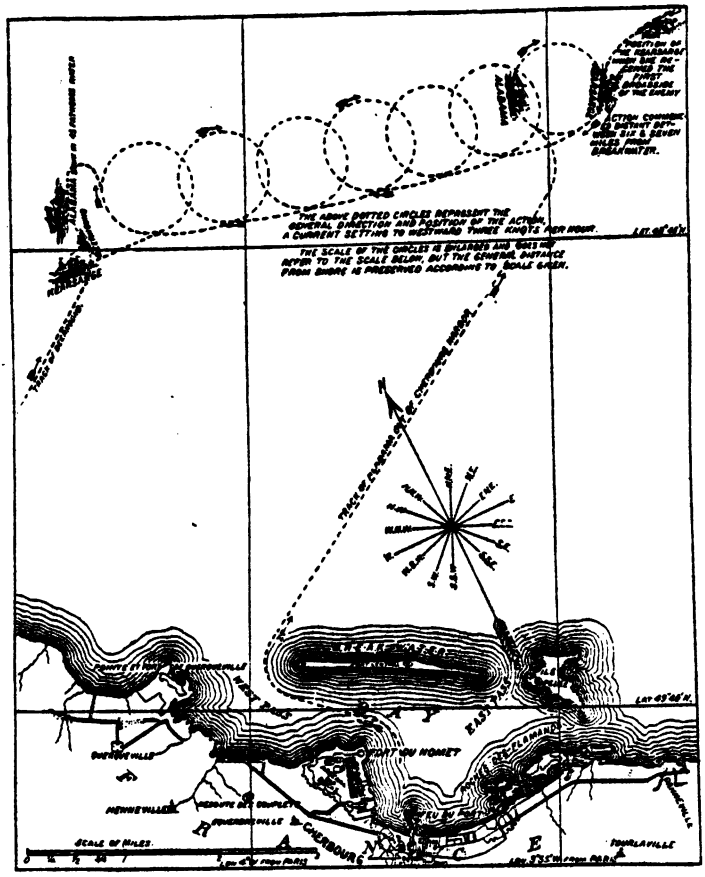
Then the battle began. The *Kearsarge* made rapidly toward the enemy, with the idea of closing with her or running her down, presenting her starboard battery. The *Alabama* sheered, and likewise presented her battery on the starboard side.

The *Kearsarge* increased her speed, and at 10.57 she saw the *Alabama's* guns open fire upon her with a broadside of solid shot, which tore through her rigging, the distance being about eighteen hundred yards.[2] Little damage was done, however, the larger part of the shot falling short. The *Kearsarge* increased her speed; a second broadside came whistling over the water. Her men stood impatient at the guns. A third broadside came hurtling over the sea, without injury to the *Kearsarge*. The distance had now diminished to nine hundred yards.

The intention of the commander of the *Kearsarge* was to approach as closely as possible to make his five-second

[1] *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. IV., p. 600.

[2] In his *Century* article, Lieutenant Kell, the executive officer of the *Alabama*, affirms that the action was opened with shell, but Semmes's report reads, "By this time we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot." — *Naval War Records*, Vol. III., p. 649.


THE ABOVE DOTTED CIRCLES REPRESENT THE GENERAL DIRECTION AND POSITION OF THE ACTION, A CURRENT SETTING TO WESTWARD THREE KNOTS PER HOUR.
THE SCALE OF THE CIRCLES IS SHADED AND DOES NOT REFER TO THE SCALE BELOW, BUT THE GENERAL DISTANCE FROM SHORE IS PRESERVED ACCORDING TO SCALE GIVEN.
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shell available. Both ships were now under a full head of steam.

Winslow, fearing a raking fire from the *Alabama*, now gave the first order to fire, when out from the starboard battery rushed the great shell, and the men of the *Kearsarge* at last began to fight. All the pent-up eagerness of the days of watching outside the harbor mouth, all the tantalization of those minutes of waiting under attack, were relieved by the thunder of the guns.

Winslow, thinking that the enemy, in the event of being crippled, might make for the shore, put his helm hard-aport, with the endeavor to run under the *Alabama's* stern and rake her, but the Confederate commander perceived his purpose, and sheering kept the *Alabama's* broadside to the *Kearsarge*. The result was that the fighting was forced into a circular track, each combatant keeping his helm hard-aport and speeding round a common centre at a distance of a quarter to half a mile. A current was setting to the westward at the rate of three knots an hour.

The crews of each ship were realizing that the best work must be done now or never. Under such circumstances long months of discipline have their fruitage; it was seen in the regular, steady, well-aimed fire of the *Kearsarge*. The fire of the *Alabama* was more rapid, but not so well directed. She changed from solid shot to shell.

One of the first broadsides of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker gaff of the enemy, and the ensign came down by the run. This was regarded as a favorable omen; the men looked at each other with delight beaming in their faces. They cheered vociferously, and with alacrity sprang to their work. All through the ship was machine-like work, swift and unceasing. This

came partly from the fact that, through misdirected fire, the *Kearsarge* was so rarely struck. The men had the courage of safety, but especially through the better discipline of the crew, for it is impossible that a ship whose prime motive has been pillage and depredation on an enemy's commerce, whose crew is mostly alien, can have that *esprit de corps* and consciousness of patriotism which inspires a homogeneous ship's company subject to a man-of-war's discipline.

The *Alabama* had run riot the world over. She was very confident in her ability, and she had good reason to be. She was well constructed, well equipped, and built especially for her career. She had defeated the *Hatteras*, she was manned with English guns. Certain of her gunners were from the *Excellent*, the English gunnery ship, and some of her crew were members of the English Naval Reserve.

Semmes fired rapidly at the beginning of the action, "in order to frighten the Yankees," but as the battle continued, and he observed the excellent gunnery of the *Kearsarge*, his experienced judgment told him that his foe was keeping herself well in hand, and he remarked, "Confound them; they've been fighting twenty minutes, and they're cool as posts." Semmes in his report says, "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."[1] The orders to the gunners on the *Kearsarge* had been to direct their aim with the heavy guns, below rather than above the water line: the lighter guns were to sweep the decks.

[1] On board the *Alabama*, "a poor wretch paralyzed by fear" left his station. He pleaded indisposition. Ordered to return to his station, he disobeyed. A pistol shot from his division officer killed him on the spot.

The crew of the *Kearsarge*, seeing victory ahead by reason of the effectiveness of their projectiles, went wild with enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer arose from the decks and made interlude to the heavy booming of the guns. Exclamations of joy and urgency were rife from bow to stern. "That is a good one!" "Down, boys!" "Give her another like the last!" "Now we have her." And this was continued until the last shot was fired.

The effect of the 11-inch shell was especially disastrous to the *Alabama*. Three shots one after another entered the 8-inch pivot-gun port. "The first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun carriage and spun around on the deck till one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard."[1]

After about eighteen minutes of fighting a shell from the 68-pound Blakely passed through the starboard bulwarks of the *Kearsarge*, below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew who were working with great efficiency the after pivot-gun. These were the only casualties upon the Union vessel. The men were immediately carried below, and with so much quickness that it was not known by many at the end of the action that any one had been injured. But there were remarkable escapes. Two shots came through the ports where the 32-pounders were situated, but strange to say, not a man was hit. One shell exploded in the hammock netting, but the resulting fire was soon extinguished by a part of the crew especially detailed for such a possibility.

[1] Kell's account, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. IV., p. 609.

The *Alabama* now presented an ominous spectacle. She was careening heavily to starboard, owing to the multitude of shots which had reached their destination at the water-line. Her decks were filled with dead and wounded men. Captain Semmes perceiving that the after pivot-gun of the *Kearsarge* was doing such terrible damage to his vessel, offered a reward to any one who would effectually silence it. His battery was turned on this particular offender, but to no purpose. The great shell came flying toward his vessel with deadly precision. It now became apparent to him that he was beaten.

He sent his first lieutenant, Kell, below to see how long the ship could float. Kell in his narrative tells of the appalling sight which met his gaze as he entered the ward-room of the doomed ship. There stood the assistant surgeon, Llewellyn, a Scotchman, at his post, but the table and his patient had been swept away before his eyes, by an 11-inch shell which came crashing through the side of the ship, making an aperture through which the water was flowing rapidly. The thoughts which must have crowded upon the mind of any man witnessing such a sight are soul-saddening in the extreme. The ward-room is the home of the ship's officers. Every chair and table, bulkhead and stanchion, were engraven on his mind; the rush of reminiscence as he was about to bid it farewell after two years of vivid life, if he had time to think at all, must have touched him with a deep feeling of melancholy as of a last farewell. Rest, companionship, laughter, narrative, excitement, a large range of hopes and fears, all were there before him. In a moment all would be gone forever, and he too, perhaps,—who could know? for death was staring him in the face.

After a moment he returned, saying that the ship could not float ten minutes. Semmes replied, according to Kell's account, "Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors; it will never do in this nineteenth century to go down, and the decks covered with our gallant wounded;" but doubtless the remark was more laconic and sailor-like than that.

Winslow now observed, as they had completed the seventh rotation in the circular track, that Semmes was trying to escape, setting two jibs and a fore-trysail, and heading for Cherbourg.

Immediately he endeavored to cross the *Alabama's* bows. In winding, the port battery was presented, showing great holes in her sides, through which the sea rushed in.

The *Kearsarge*, pursuing, fired a few shots which hastened her sinking. The *Alabama*, perceiving that there was no possibility of escape, struck her colors, and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing.

Surgeon Browne of the *Kearsarge*, in his narrative says: "I was told by our prisoners that two of the junior officers swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge*." But Kell affirms that the "idle report that junior officers had taken upon themselves to continue the action after the order had been given to cease firing, is not worthy of notice. I did not hear the firing of a gun, and the discipline of the *Alabama* would not have permitted it." It is a difficult point to clear up.[1] Semmes says in his report to Barron, the flag officer at Paris, that "for some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam and

[1] See Winslow's report, on next page.

set such of the fore and aft sails as were available. [And apparently continued the action.] The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had made much progress the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking." At this moment of the action, Winslow says:[1] "Her speed was now retarded, and by winding, her port broadside was now presented to us with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether they had been hauled down or shot away, but a white flag having been displayed over the stern, our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead, and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us that the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time the *Alabama* went down, her mainmast, which had been shot, breaking near the head as she sank, and her bow rising high out of the water as her stern rapidly settled."

It seems apparent that there could not have been a possible motive for Winslow to continue firing had not the port guns continued the action, after the lowering of the flag. The desire to capture the ship and crew rather than to destroy her in her crippled condition would have been a paramount motive in the mind of

[1] Supplementary Report to Secretary Welles, Naval War Records, Ser. 1, Vol. III., p. 80.

any naval officer in like situation. Semmes, in his official report, speaks of his having hopes "for some few minutes of being able to reach the French coast"; after that he affirms, "I now hauled down my colors." With his ship headed in flight, the action was apparently continued, probably not by his orders, until, perceiving that further resistance was hopeless, owing to the condition of his vessel, he lowered his boats and sent his master's mate, an Englishman, with a request for assistance. He had fought with desperation until the bitter end. He would have been justified in surrender at any time during the last fifteen minutes of the action.

There could have been no question of his professional bearing under trying circumstances had not after events and his own words in palliation of his defeat lent a color to the whole affair. "Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other," Semmes continues in his report, "the enemy fired upon me five times, after my colors had been struck, dangerously wounding several of my men. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." Surgeon Browne says in regard to this matter: "Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, 'He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside.'" Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides, and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister. And further, "He [Semmes] is silent as to the renewal by the *Alabama* of the fight after his surrender — an act which in Christian warfare would have justified the *Kearsarge* in continuing the fire until the *Alabama* had sunk beneath the waters."

The *Alabama's* guns had been fired with extraordinary rapidity, but, as the result proved, with insufficient accuracy. She expended 370 shot and shell, while the *Kearsarge's* total was 173 only — less than half the number of her enemy. Of the *Alabama's* shots, 28 struck the *Kearsarge*, one-half lodging in the hull. It is impossible to tell the number of the *Kearsarge's* shot which lodged in the *Alabama*. The shortness of the engagement is proof of accurate gunnery.

The fight had lasted one hour and two minutes. The boats of the *Alabama* were lowered, her master's mate, Fullam, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported that the ship was disabled and sinking, and requested assistance. Captain Winslow then inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam begged the privilege of returning, after leaving the wounded, to help in the rescue of the drowning men. Through an excess of generosity this was permitted, although Winslow might have retained them all as prisoners and substituted a crew of his own. His pledged word to return was treacherously broken; and, reserving a few of the officers, he went to the yacht *Deerhound*, leaving his boat adrift with his shipmates desperately struggling for life in the cruel sea.

The people of the *Kearsarge* now saw that the *Alabama* was sinking. The quarter boats were rapidly lowered, the waist boats having been destroyed, and into them were placed the wounded and others who could not swim. Semmes was seen to drop his sword into the sea at the last and jump overboard, and thus at 12.24, the *Alabama*, which had been the terror of the seas, dreaded by all merchantmen, went down by the stern. At the very last the mainmast, broken by a shot

near the head, went overboard, and the great guns and shot falling rapidly brought her bow perpendicular in the air, and as straight as a plumb line she sank in forty-five fathoms of water about four and a half miles from the western entrance of Cherbourg harbor.

As the yacht *Deerhound* saw that the *Alabama* was sinking, she steamed rapidly toward her. When passing under the stern of the *Kearsarge* she was hailed and requested by Captain Winslow to assist the drowning men. According to Mr. Lancaster's account, the owner of the yacht, who was on board, he shouted, "For God's sake, do what you can to save them," "and that was my warrant," Lancaster continues, "for interfering in any way for the aid and succor of his enemies." Semmes in his report charges Winslow with inhumanity, a second time, saying, "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy until after the ship went down," and again, after his rescue, being picked up by the boats from the *Deerhound*, together with his first lieutenant, twelve officers, and twenty-six men, he wrote: "About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then, tardily, another boat." But the inference cannot be drawn that Winslow was in any sense influenced by unworthy motives. That the boats were lowered, such of them as were serviceable, with all the rapidity possible under the circumstances, is beyond all question; the discipline of the crew which had given such evidence of its character in the engagement witnesses to that. Sailormen are not vindictive. The numbers they saved demonstrates that they worked with a will.

The *Deerhound* steamed away in hot haste, leaving a part of the *Alabama's* crew struggling for their lives. "The remainder," writes Semmes from Southampton on the 21st, "there is reason to hope were picked up

by the enemy and by a couple of French pilot boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action." He did not wait to assure himself of the fact, but with Fullam, who broke his pledge, and Kell the first lieutenant and the forty others, steamed swiftly away for Southampton.

This proceeding was viewed with great astonishment and indignation on board the *Kearsarge*. Captain Winslow was urged by one of his officers to fire a shot across her bows and bring her to, but, as he says in his report, "I could not believe that the commander of that vessel could be guilty of so disgraceful an act as taking our prisoners off, and therefore took no means to prevent it, but continued to keep our boats at work rescuing the men in the water. I am sorry to say that I was mistaken." At the time Winslow made the remark that "it was impossible that the yacht was in flight; it was simply coming round." Another officer in a few minutes made a like appeal, and yet a third, and Winslow replied that "no Englishman who carried the flag of the Royal Yacht squadron could so act."

The chagrin of the brave men who saw the éclat of the victory thus taken away was great, and it was increased by the fact that the rescuer was an Englishman, aiding the captain and crew of a vessel that had been built in contradiction of the laws of neutrality in an English dockyard, and whose career had been such as to exasperate all her enemies.

It was held by the Navy Department that Semmes violated the usages of war in escaping while an officer sent by him was surrendering his ship. From the moment that he sent an officer to make the surrender his sword was no longer his own. He was a prisoner of the United States. Lieutenant Wilson of the *Alabama* refused to go on board the *Deerhound*, delivered up his

sword to Captain Winslow, who, because of his honorable conduct, on accepting his parole gave him a highly commendatory letter.

When the *Kearsarge* made ready for the fight, "every man on the sick-list went to his station." Of the three wounded, one only died in the hospital ashore a few days after the fight. His name was William Gowin, an ordinary seaman. He displayed a fortitude and cheerfulness which won praises on all sides. His post was at the after pivot-gun, now become famous. He was severely wounded in the leg by the explosion of a shell. Refusing aid, he crawled aft to the hatch with difficulty, and was lowered to the surgeon's care. The pain caused him to faint; and as he recovered, he said: "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you, but it is all right; I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*," and afterward, "I will willingly lose my leg or my life, if it is necessary." Then when the cheers came from the deck as the fight progressed, keeping knowledge by the noises overhead of what was going on, he would lift his feeble hand over his head and in a faint voice cheer in unison with his comrades at the guns. And with the same spirit which animated Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, when the wounded of the enemy were brought aboard he requested the surgeon to cease to attend to him, saying that he was "doing well," and that he should assist "the poor fellows of the *Alabama*," which the surgeon did unaided with all the professional skill at his command. Then on shore at the hospital, the sweet cheerfulness of the man won the admiration of the French surgeon in chief, who wrote: "This man, so very interesting by his courage and resignation, received general sympathy; all desired his recovery and lamented his death." A few days later, at

a dinner given by loyal Americans in Paris to Captain Winslow and two of his officers, a telegram was received announcing the death of Gowin. His name was honorably mentioned, his behavior eulogized, and his memory drunk in silence.

At ten minutes after three on the day of the fight, the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor. The prisoners, except four officers, were paroled and sent ashore. This action on the part of Winslow was disapproved by the Secretary of the Navy.

It will be remembered that at the beginning of the action the ensign of the *Alabama* was lowered by a shot from the *Kearsarge*. At the close of the action, when the *Alabama* fired her last broadside, a shot passing high over the *Kearsarge* carried away the halyards of the colors, which had been stopped at the mizzen, and at the same time the stop gave way, which unfurled to the breeze the triumphant flag — a striking coincidence.

So little was the *Kearsarge* injured that, with the exception of the assistance of one boilermaker from the shore to repair the smokestack, every repair was made by her own force.

The first lieutenants of each ship — Kell of the *Alabama* and Thornton of the *Kearsarge* — were both highly praised by their respective captains and recommended for promotion, Thornton especially receiving credit very generally throughout the service for his efficiency and professional ability during the engagement.

The battle was witnessed by some fifteen thousand spectators gathered on the heights about Cherbourg, at every vantage point. The pleasure-seekers and excursionists from Paris were informed by boatmen on their arrival of the proposed fight, and offers made to take them out to witness the novel spectacle.

Perhaps the persons who exulted most in the victory were the captains, their families, and crews, of two merchantmen whose ships had been burnt by the *Alabama* a few days before, and who had reached Cherbourg in a destitute condition.

Semmes reported 9 killed and 21 wounded. The *Kearsarge* threw 173 projectiles; the *Alabama*, 370. The firing of the *Alabama* Winslow considered much better toward the close of the action.

This memorable contest has been the subject of much discussion and acrimonious controversy. It is strange that in a civil war of such length there was not more of it. Early in the conflict, however, both participants learned to respect the bravery of their opponents. No nation in the world holds a monopoly of bravery. Patriotism and despair call forth its expression in every clime. There was no lack of it here. The *Kearsarge* seems to have been fought with judgment, the *Alabama* with exceeding spirit. It was a fair victory, and throughout the Northern States the news was received with great rejoicing. The New York Chamber of Commerce testified its appreciation of the event in a letter, signed by A. A. Low as president, to Captain Winslow. They were "heartily glad that the *Kearsarge* has sent this pest of the ocean to her merited doom, and would that all the bad feelings she has engendered had gone down with her." This letter was accompanied by a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars to officers and crew, ten thousand of which was assigned to the commanding officer.

When the paroled officers of the *Alabama* reached Cherbourg, there was no ill feeling toward them on the part of the people of the *Kearsarge*. Were they not countrymen, after all? The crews of the two ships

were very friendly. The officers "frequented the same hotel in the town (curiously enough—'The Eagle'), played billiards at the same café, and bought their pipes, cigars, and tobacco from the same pretty little brunette on the Quai du Pont."[1] An Englishman who visited the hospital at Cherbourg a few days after the fight wrote: "The wounded men of the sunken privateer were unmistakably English in physiognomy, and I failed to discover any who were not countrymen of ours. I conversed with all of them, stating at the outset that I was an Englishman like themselves, and the information seemed to open their hearts to me. Condoling with one poor fellow who had his leg carried away by a shell, he remarked to me: 'Ah! it serves me right. They won't catch me fighting again without knowing what I'm fighting for.' 'That's me, too,' said another poor Englishman alongside of him."

Semmes, in palliation of his defeat, affirmed, June 21, in his report to Barron, that "the enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew."[2] Just a week before, June 14, he wrote to Barron: "As we are about equally matched, I shall go out to engage her as soon as I can make the necessary preparations." It is impossible to reconcile these statements. Again, he says: "I did not know until the action was over that she was ironclad." The statement is misleading. At Thornton's suggestion a year previous, 120 fathoms of sheet chains of one and seven-tenths inch iron had been placed amidships for about fifty feet, secured by iron dogs, stopped up and down to eye-bolts with marlines, to protect the engines when the upper part of the coal bunkers was empty. This had been done at the

[1] Frederick Milnes Edge, *The Alabama and the Kearsarge*, London, 1864, pp. 37, 38. [2] Naval War Records, Ser. I., Vol. III., p. 651.

small cost of seventy-five dollars. The chains were covered with one-inch boards, for the sake of appearance, and painted the color of the ship. This device might easily have been employed by Semmes himself. It was generally known and had been much commented on, having been employed by Farragut in the Gulf.[1] As an offset to this, from 250 to 300 tons of coal had been put on board the *Alabama* at Cherbourg, which brought her down in the water, while the *Kearsarge* was 70 tons short. But, as the engagement shows, the iron covering was struck only twice, — by a shot and a shell from the 32-pounders, — without serious damage. If the 100-pounder had struck the same places, more serious damage would have been inflicted; but as the shots were five feet above the water-line, and their direction such as to clear the boilers and engine, the final result would not have been affected. The Englishman, — Mr. Edge, — however, who visited Cherbourg, was told by the *Alabama* men that Semmes knew of the device which Winslow employed, and said that "the chains were only attached to each other by rope yarns and would drop into the water at the first shot."[2] The defeat was also attributed by Semmes to his fuses, which had been seriously impaired by his long cruise; but it is not generally considered that the *Kearsarge* had been cruising a longer time than the *Alabama*,[3] and had made no special preparation for the engagement other than was possible to any commanding officer at sea.

Years after, he claimed again that, having lodged a rifled percussion shell near the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* which failed to explode, he lost the battle. "On

[1] At the suggestion of Chief Engineer John W. Moore.

[2] Edge, *The Alabama and the Kearsarge*, *id.*, *supra*, p. 13.

[3] The *Kearsarge's* cruise began February 4, 1862; the *Alabama's*, the end of the following July.

so slight an incident — the defect of a percussion cap — did the battle hinge." It is an important "if." Battles turn on a multitude of little things, but the fact remains that the poor ammunition and the defective gunnery are evidences of lack of care and drill and discipline on the part of the commander. The shell in the stern-post would have done serious damage, no doubt, but that, at the stage of the conflict when it struck, it would have made any change in the final result is difficult to believe.[1] "It was fired after the *Alabama* had been hopelessly beaten."[2]

Semmes fought well, showed sufficient pluck, but was outfought. Palliations and excuses were unnecessary. The engagement evinced a desperate courage, but better judgment would have caused him to strike while there was a possibility of saving his officers and crew from drowning. Winslow, in the excitement of the time, and annoyed by the action of the *Deerhound*, committed a grave mistake by not steaming up to the midst of the drowning men. His whole attitude shows that this could not have been a failure from the point of view of regard for their safety. Semmes generously says: "Before he [Winslow] could recover from his bewilderment and make up his mind that we were really beaten, my ship went down. I acquit him, therefore, entirely of any intention of permitting my men to drown, or even of gross negligence, which would be almost as criminal. It was the judgment which was entirely at fault."[3]

[1] "The truth is, however, that this shell struck the counter of the *Kearsarge* at least twenty feet from the stern-post and would have exploded there, where the damage would have been slight, had it possessed any explosive power, for it was a percussion shell." — BENNETT, F. M., *Steam Navy of the United States*, p. 435.

[2] Hay and Nicolay, *Life of Lincoln*, p. 156. [3] Semmes, *Memoirs*, p. 370.

England, by the Tribunal of Arbitration in 1871 at Geneva, was obliged to pay $15,000,000 damages to the United States for the injuries inflicted by the *Alabama* and the other Confederate cruisers.[1]

Certain difficult questions have arisen with reference to the engagement which are important enough to merit brief consideration. First, as to the status of the *Alabama*. Was she a pirate? Secretary Welles so spoke of her in a letter to Winslow of date July 6, "the piratical craft *Alabama* or 290." It seems, however, that such a term cannot with propriety be applied to her. A pirate by definition is a vessel at war with all mankind. Pirates are *hostes humani generis*. The *Alabama* is not charged with preying upon any other commerce than that of the United States. The circumstances do not therefore warrant the designation from the naval point of view.

From the political standpoint the Confederate States were in rebellion, their acts in levying war against the Union were treasonable, they were therefore traitors; but in time of war this was changed by force of circumstances. With the recognition of belligerency, in the exchange of prisoners, the relation of the Confederate States to the Union was modified. Semmes could not be put in the category of the man whose hand is against every man, with every man's hand against him. The recognition of belligerency, however, does not involve the recognition of sovereignty. The sovereignty of the Confederate States was never acknowledged by the United States. The *Alabama* was termed a privateer by the foreign press, and that appellation more nearly expressed her status, a privateer being an armed private vessel commissioned by a state to prey upon the

[1] See Appendix L.

commerce of the enemy. Yet the *Alabama* was not a private vessel in the strict sense of the term. She was built by the Confederate government in an English dockyard, under false pretences, to carry on a war against the Federal authorities, alike against her merchantmen and her men-of-war. From the Confederate point of view she was as much a man-of-war as the *Kearsarge*. On the other hand, from the point of view of international law her title to be designated a man-of-war was defective; only such vessels as are commissioned by authority of a government and issue from a belligerent port can be so considered. The seal to her misdoing is, however, made final by the fact that her prizes were never taken into port for adjudication, Semmes himself assuming this prerogative. It is apart from this question to state that owing to the blockade such adjudication was impossible. Her career was in violation of the customs and usages of war. She therefore forfeited consideration by her acts of a piratical nature.

She was commissioned on the high seas, without precedent in naval history. She violated the rules of international warfare. But she was a man-of-war, from the belligerent point of view, although her commission was irregular and her acts were more nearly those of a piratical craft than of a well-accredited man-of-war. The *Alabama* was an ocean rebel, and entitled to the same consideration, no more and no less, as the regiment on shore, except in so far as her conduct failed to conform to the usages of war of civilized nations.

A second question presents itself of especial interest. Under what obligation was the commander of the *Alabama* subsequent to his surrender? In a letter to Captain Winslow, of date July 12, 1864, Secretary Welles wrote

these words: "That the wretched commander of the sunken corsair should have resorted to any dishonorable means to escape after his surrender, that he should have thrown overboard the sword that was no longer his, that before encountering an armed antagonist the mercenary rover should have removed the chronometers and other plunder stolen from peaceful commerce, are not matters of surprise, for each act is characteristic of one who has been false to his country and flag." The words are severe. Were they merited as far as they refer to dishonorable means of escape? It is by no means a question easily answered. The ship had been surrendered. At the moment of surrender officers and men were self-constituted prisoners of war. What, then, were the obligations of their condition? Were they actual prisoners of war, until held in safe keeping by their opponents? Semmes afterward claimed that they were not. "A person to become a prisoner must be brought within the power of his captor. There must be a manucaption, if even for a moment. I never was at any time, during the engagement or after, in the power of the enemy. I had struck my flag, it is true, but that did not make me a prisoner. It was merely an *offer* of a surrender."[1]

Is not this a disingenuous plea? Coupled with the surrender was a request for assistance from men who were in imminent danger of drowning. They had not only surrendered; they begged for help. This is not only given them by means of the boats of the *Kearsarge;* it is supplemented by the urgent request of Winslow to the owner of the *Deerhound.* By reason of this permitted help their lives were saved by a neutral. Does this fact exculpate them from the moral obligations of

[1] Semmes's *Memoirs of Service Afloat*, Baltimore, 1869, p. 767.

surrender? They had not escaped to neutral territory. Through principles of humanity the neutral had rescued them, by permission of the captain of the *Kearsarge*. From the moment of their surrender, made in good faith, they were prisoners of war, and therefore liable to be shot while attempting to escape while on water or on land; the location can make no difference. They had not only surrendered, but were in *articulo mortis*, and were, therefore, doubly in the ethical sense under obligation of honor to act as did Lieutenant Wilson, and surrender in person to the men whose mercy they had begged.[1]

Considerations of honor would have induced Semmes to request to be put alongside the *Kearsarge* as a prisoner of war in a fair fight. This might have been refused by the master of the *Deerhound*, but it would have saved the situation for the commander of the *Alabama*. Beyond that he was under no obligation. The worst aspect of the case is the abandoning, on the part of the *Deerhound*, of poor wretches struggling in the water for their lives, a number of officers of the sunken ship on board seemingly making no protest. Semmes claimed "that a ship is never a prize, or the persons on board of her prisoners, until she has actually been taken possession of by the enemy."[2] This seems to be an evasion; the question is not of a prize. A

[1] A similar instance is that of the Spanish Admiral Alava, at the battle of Trafalgar. He sent his sword by his captain, when he was supposed to be at the point of death, but he recovered and escaped to Cadiz. Admiral Collingwood, to whom he thus surrendered, having learned this fact, in writing to him said, "I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to be in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war until you shall be regularly exchanged by cartel." — Brenton, *Naval History of Great Britain*, Vol. II., p. 90.

[2] Semmes's *Memoirs of Service Afloat*, p. 769.

sunken ship is nobody's prize, but the men thereof being in the power of the enemy are prisoners of war, for nothing could have been easier for Winslow than to have allowed them all to drown. The inhumanity of it is another question; they were in his power. That Semmes availed himself of the assistance of the *Deerhound* is not objected to, it was natural; but his life having been saved, the obligation to consider himself a prisoner was paramount. If the *Alabama* had gone down with colors flying, then the case would have been different. Semmes seemed to forget that destruction is more than possession, considered from the point of view of power over the enemy. If a crew are prisoners, by possession of a ship, much more are they when the ship is destroyed. Granting, however, that they were prisoners, was not the escape proper? No, for when an enemy saves your life to take you prisoner, you are at least to consider yourself a prisoner and under the obligation which that condition imposes.

A third question presents itself as to the *Deerhound.* Her presence near the scene of conflict was thought at the time to be premeditated. There does not seem to be sufficient evidence of the fact, although many circumstances confirm that view of the case. It was, however, within her right to be anywhere on the broad ocean outside of the marine league. Steaming up to the midst of the combatants, she was requested by Winslow to save lives. As a neutral Mr. Lancaster might have declined. Humanity, however, or sympathy with the Confederates led him to give aid for a short time to the drowning crew. Having done that, however, his duty ended, and by taking away prisoners of war he violated the law of nations. His plea that it would have been dishonorable to have handed "these brave men over to their enemies

for imprisonment, ill treatment, and perhaps execution"[1] is not valid. What would have become of them was no concern of his. A state of war existed. He could have refused the offices of humanity, but his ship was, as far as he was concerned, simply a Red Cross ship to perform a humanitarian office. "English ship" and "English territory" undoubtedly it was, but Englishmen became participants in the conflict as they received belligerents and carried them away from their captors. Winslow, however, lost his case when he granted this permission. It is useless to speculate upon what would have occurred if Winslow had fired a shot across the bow of the *Deerhound* and brought her to. Doubtless the demand to surrender the *Alabama's* officers would have been refused. If insisted upon, international complications would have resulted which the United States deprecated. It would have been a justifiable but an impolitic act.

Semmes's career on the *Alabama* was productive of one beneficial result. It opened the eyes of the civilized world in the nineteenth century to the barbarism of privateering. More than a quarter of a century later,[2] the United States, remembering the destruction of commerce, the burning merchantmen, and the humiliation and wrong which had been suffered, although not a party to the declaration of Paris of 1856 abolishing privateering, announced to the world that in the conflict with Spain she would not engage in its practice.

[1] Naval War Records, Ser. I., Vol. III., p. 666. [2] 1898.

MOBILE BAY.

AUGUST 5, 1864.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
  Bears a white sail
And God's soft stars to rest
  Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
  Old heart of oak,
Farragut, Farragut,
  Thunderbolt-stroke! — W. T. MEREDITH.

Twenty men in the defences are equal to a hundred that board and enter. — SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

To passe a Fort, some will make both shippe and sayles all black: but if the Fort keepe but a fire on the other side and all their peeces poynt blanke with fire if they discharge, what is betwixt them and the fire, the shot will hit, if the rule be truely observed. — Captain JOHN SMITH, *sometime governour of Virginia and Admiral of New England.*

And ever with steady con
The ship forged slowly by —
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

. . . . . .

Fear? A forgotten form.
Death? A dream of the eyes.
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
One only dread we knew —
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell,
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew —
Would the fleet win through? — H. H. BROWNELL.

This gate to the harbor of Mobile, barred as it was by all the resources of military engineering and modern ordnance, presented a most formidable obstacle. How was it forced? The Union fleet was the key. Farragut held the key in his hand. The unlocking was by twisting and turning and determined pushing. The wards did not give way easily. The man who held the key, however, had brought down through the years the determination of the old navy of 1812 and had coupled with it all the advantage which a long experience and a knowledge of modern science afforded in the new. Having the experience of the old and the resources of the new, with the fire of his youth retained in the vigor and wisdom of age, he won his victory.

MOBILE BAY.

AUGUST 5, 1864.

It is a cardinal principle of warfare that the chief command should be centred in one person. This is an elementary truth so generally admitted that to state it is to state a truism. From one authoritative source commands should proceed. But in this individual source, or ruler in chief, two qualities differentiate the unsuccessful from the successful commander: as he possesses either the quality which relies upon the organization back of or beneath him as though he were the angle man in a phalanx, or the apex of a pyramid; or that quality which inspires and permeates a fleet or an army as the clear spring in the mountain side — the source from which fructifying and enlivening streams proceed — animates all the living forms, high tree and bush and fields of grain, as it descends to the vast plain below.

Admiral David Glasgow Farragut possessed the inspiring genius of a great commander. Like Tromp, he was the soul of his fleet. Like Blake, he devised new methods for new emergencies, and, like him, brought his ships to contemn castles on shore. Like Nelson, he won the confidence of those under him for his professional ability and manliness of character, and endeared himself to them by personal qualities which called forth instant obedience as well as arduous devotion to duty.

He was an admiral whose influence was felt throughout his fleet, and to him, in great degree, seconded by a gallant company, was due the success which came to the fleet of the West Gulf blockading squadron in Mobile Bay on the morning of August 5, 1864.

He had made his own successful precedents under the new conditions of warfare at New Orleans and at Vicksburg, following the mighty Blake who, in Cromwell's time, at Santa Cruz, performed against the Spanish an action of "unparalleled boldness," which a Royalist writer describes as follows: —

"He found the harbour in shape of a crescent, defended by seven forts lying round it, and two castles placed at the points, with seventeen ships riding therein, their heads standing towards the mouth of the harbour, that they might fire with greater certainty upon those that offered to enter; nor could the governor forbear to jeer and flout at the English; Blake, therefore, entering the mouth of the harbour with his frigates, thunders broadsides and small shot against the castles, till the soldiers flying from thence, he manned his boats with seamen and sent them in, who burnt and destroyed all the Spanish ships that were there."

"Of all the desperate enterprises," says Heath, another writer, "that ever were made in the world against an enemy at sea, this of the noble Blake's is not inferior to any."[1]

Farragut repeated Blake's daring three several times. He was the true successor of Blake in plan of warfare, ever ready to attempt the difficult and the impracticable; the equal of Nelson in the spirit of energetic enterprise which always characterized him; and, like Napoleon, was all his life a constant student of his profession. It

[1] Quoted by Dixon, *Life of Admiral Blake*, pref. x.

may be said of him, as it was strangely said of one of his paternal ancestors, Don Pedro Ferragut, one of the conquerors of Majorca, "He was famous for his skill in arms, *and for his great amiability in battle.*"

Mobile Bay is an arm of the sea which reaches thirty-five miles north of the Gulf of Mexico to the city of the same name, which was called by the Indians Maurila. The city has had many changes in its history, considering the youth of America, being held during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by both French and Spanish forces. It became a part of the United States in 1812, and was annexed to the territory of Mississippi; in 1819 it became a part of the state of Alabama.

It was the scene of a sharp engagement on the 15th of September, 1814, when a small fortification called Fort Bowyer was assailed by a British squadron, under Captain Percy, which was bravely repulsed, the *Hermes* lost to them, and a total of two hundred men rendered useless to the British crown.[1] Herald of a greater and more sanguinary engagement when half a century had passed, — an engagement which Captain Percy and the naval men of his day would have watched with keenest interest. Meantime the city grew into commercial importance, and the quiet waters of the bay, formerly knowing only the paddle of the canoe or the flap of the sail, were disturbed by the sound of the shrill steam whistle or the churning of the screws of the craft of heavy tonnage.

The bay, while being very wide, is shallow. It has two entrances; the one leading into it on the west is from Mississippi Sound, which has connection with the river of the same name. To the right of the entrance is Dauphin Island, a long, low stretch of sand. This

[1] Commodore F. A. Parker's *Mobile Bay*, p. 8.

entrance is known as Grant's Pass, and was fortified by the Confederates against approach by Fort Powell and by a line of piles driven down as obstructions, leaving only a narrow passageway for ships of light draught. The other entrance is from the south, the main ship channel. This entrance was also closed, for the greater part of its width of three miles, by similar obstructions running in a transverse direction from northeast to southwest, leaving, however, a passage nearly a mile wide for large ships and blockade runners,— which were called "carrier doves" by the Mobile dames,— and, in spite of the Federal vigilance, had a considerable success.

On the right of the approach from the south or Gulf entrance was Fort Morgan on Mobile Point — a long, narrow point of land lying opposite to Dauphin Island. This was the principal reliance of the Confederates, for it was powerfully armed with the best rifled guns of English manufacture, and was adjacent to the deep-water channel through which ships approaching were obliged to pass, owing to the shoals on either hand. Nearly opposite, on the eastern end of Dauphin Island, was Fort Gaines, the distance intervening being three miles. These forts were built upon the sites of the original Forts Bowyer and Tombigbee, which were seized by the Confederates at the outbreak of the war. A sandbank off Dauphin Island extends south and east to four or five miles of the outer bar. Another shoal extends south from Mobile Point for about the same distance. Not more than twenty-one feet can be carried over the bar. Beyond Fort Morgan to the north the channel widens and gives a depth of twenty to twenty-five feet; farther north the bay shallows considerably, so that only vessels of a light draught could approach

the city of Mobile, in one place the water having a depth of only nine feet.

The natural obstructions of tortuous channel, shoal, and piles were not all that a hostile fleet had to encounter. The forts above mentioned were well fortified, and opposed their defiant guns to every approach. Fort Morgan, at the west end of Mobile Point, was a brick fort of pentagonal shape, whose scarp wall was four feet eight inches thick. Eighty-six guns were held in readiness to "speak her strength," "rifled 32's, 10-inch columbiads, and two 7-inch and 8-inch Brooke's rifles. In each bastion flank were two smooth-bore 24-pounders. In the exterior batteries twenty-nine additional guns were placed; the water battery in particular bearing two rifled 32's, four 10-inch columbiads, and one 8-inch Brooke's rifle." Six hundred and forty officers and men were the defenders of the fort.

To the northwest, three miles distant, lies Fort Gaines, a star-shaped brick fort "with semi-detached scarp of five feet and small works in the angles for flank defence." Thirty guns, three columbiads, the remainder 32's and 24-pounders, made up the armament. Six miles farther to the northwest the Confederates had erected a redoubt at Grant's Pass, on a small island, called Fort Powell, which was nearly completed, and mounted a few guns, one 8-inch columbiad, one $6\frac{4}{10}$, and two 7-inch Brooke's rifles.

An attacking fleet must meet not only circuitous channels, impassable obstructions, shoals, and forts armed to the full, but there lay beyond the fort on the west, about five hundred yards to the north, like a dragon of fable, a low iron craft — a ram of great strength called the *Tennessee*. If by daring or miracle ships of war could pass the lions which lay on either

hand with their tongues of flame, there was the dragon lying in wait to suddenly dart out, pounce upon and devour them.

The building of the *Tennessee* reflected great credit upon the Confederates, shut out almost entirely by the strictness of the blockade from opportunities for obtaining appliances abroad. Having but few manufactories, they yet exhibited in this, as in other instances, the resourcefulness and ingenuity which are marked characteristics of the American people. She was the most powerful ironclad which they had put afloat, and Farragut felt that she was his most dangerous foe.

The *Tennessee* was a vessel modeled on the *Merrimac*, but not exactly like that remarkable ironclad. Her length was 209 feet, beam 48 feet, and her draught 14. Her battery was in a casemate amidships. She was built of oak and yellow pine, and her casemate, which sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees, was eight feet above the deck. This casemate was seventy-eight by twenty-nine feet, and was protected by alternate layers of oak and pine, and faced with plating in two 2-inch courses; on the stern and sides an extra inch was added. Forward, instead of one was placed a plating of two inches. The thickness of the armor, exclusive of the wood backing, which gave great solidity, was from five to six inches. The armor was of great durability, the best that had yet been prepared, and was made at the Atlanta rolling-mills. Two feet above the roof of this casemate forward a pilot-house was placed. Two-inch iron bars protected the roof of the casemate, and two inches of iron the deck. An important feature of this formidable ram was the iron knuckle which was made by prolonging the sloping deck of the casemate two feet below the water-line, and then turning it

inward toward the hull. This projection was fortified by four inches of iron.

The gun ports were ten in number: two forward and astern and three on either side. They were protected by iron shutters four inches thick. For armament there was, both forward and aft, a $7\frac{12}{100}$-inch 110-pounder rifle; and for broadsides there were two $6\frac{4}{10}$-inch 95-pounders.

Her defects were the exposure of her rudder chains, which were carried outside upon her decks in open view; and her weak engines, the best, however, that could be obtained, which limited her speed to six knots. Admiral Buchanan commanded her, who had become celebrated by his handling of the *Merrimac* in the Virginia waters, and was recognized as one of the first officers in the Confederacy. Great things were expected of her under such admirable command. Eighteen officers and one hundred and twenty men made up her complement. Her crew was composed of men who had had little experience on shipboard. She was launched at Selma and towed one hundred and fifty miles to Mobile. Her projection and completion had been kept a secret, and her appearance was intended as a surprise to the Union fleet — when, on some fine day, she should suddenly come into view to create consternation and work havoc among the old-fashioned wooden men-of-war of Farragut's fleet. After two months of delay she was lifted over the bar and then, getting aground at low water, her presence was discovered by the Federals. This was on May 18, and therefore the men of the attacking fleet had every opportunity to plan for the defeat of this extraordinary opponent; but they had no vessel of equal aggressive power, combined with defensive value, to meet her.

Her support consisted of three small gunboats, paddle steamers of apparently little value, destitute of armor

except a small quantity over their boilers. They were the *Gaines*, mounted with one 8-inch rifle and four 32-pounders; the *Morgan*, with two 7-inch rifles and the same number of 32's; and the *Selma*, which was furnished with three 8-inch smooth-bores and one 32-pounder. They were like catfish about a rhinoceros — nevertheless, they gave a good account of themselves in the fight.

Added to all the difficulties which lay in the way of the Union fleet was the circuitous channel, by which the fleet in turning would lose the use of their broadsides, and would be at times bows on to the opposing force of fort and fleet, and, therefore, at a great disadvantage.

The army, under General Granger, was to coöperate in the attack and reduce the forts. Lieutenant-Commander De Krafft, in charge of the *Conemaugh*, was assigned to protect the landing. This was accomplished, and the Confederates were thus led to reënforce Fort Gaines with troops and provisions.

To meet the difficulties of the situation an attacking fleet must needs have force enough to vanquish both fort and fleet, and skill in a commander to overcome difficulties of navigation backed up by obstructions and unseen explosives. A multitude of ironclads would seem to be an indispensable requisite for the accomplishment of this great task.

The Navy Department, after much delay, had granted Farragut the numbers which he desired, without which it seemed to him that success in an attack against forts would be doubtful, if not futile. On August 4 he had made all arrangements for attack, for he had then with him the two double-turreted monitors, *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, commanded by Commander Thomas H.

Stevens and Lieutenant-Commander George H. Perkins respectively. These were vessels of 970 tons, armed with four 11-inch smooth-bore guns in turrets which revolved by steam. These turrets, which were river monitors built by Mr. Eads, had an armor of eight and one-half inches in thickness. In addition to these were two larger monitors, the *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan*, of 1034 tons, carrying in their single turrets two large 15-inch guns. The turrets' plating had a thickness of ten inches. The *Tecumseh* was commanded by Commander T. A. M. Craven, the *Manhattan* by Commander J. W. A. Nicholson.

These monitors were stationed at the right and head of the column in the attack.

Farragut anxiously waited during that day of August 4th for the arrival of the *Tecumseh*, which had been belated. He was apprehensive of the attack of the *Tennessee*, which had come down and anchored under the guns of Fort Morgan. He busied himself during the day in making every preparation and a last reconnaissance, in the afternoon, on the steam tender *Cowslip*, with his commanding officers. She ran in by Sand Island, within range of the forts. Fort Morgan was discovered to be protected by immense piles of sandbags. They saw the gunboats and the *Tennessee*, looking like a huge black turtle, watching their approach. They saw the battlements of the fort standing out in black outline against the blue sky,—massive in resistance,—the dark pines scattered here and there on Mobile Point. This was the path of their destiny.

The arrival of the *Tecumseh* removed all doubt from the admiral's mind as to the propriety of the attack on the morrow. Extemporized torpedoes, a mode of defence which was disagreeable to Farragut, were put

in place. He had written on May 25, "Torpedoes are not so agreeable when used on both sides; therefore I have reluctantly brought myself to it. I have always deemed it unworthy a chivalrous nation, but it does not do to give your enemy such a decided superiority over you." His long suspense was nearly ended, first with reference to the ironclads. In May he had written to his son, "One thing appears to be certain, that I can get none of the ironclads. They want them all for Washington. We will trust in God, as we have always done before." Second, with reference to the *Tennessee*. About May 22 he wrote, "I am lying off here, looking at Buchanan and awaiting his coming out. He has a force of four ironclads and three wooden vessels; I have eight or nine wooden vessels. We'll try to amuse him if he comes." . . .

"We started with few good officers of experience, but shall end with some of the best in the world."

The disastrous and ill-timed Red River campaign had cast a gloom over the fleet. The necessity seemed laid upon them to do great things. Buchanan had not deemed it best to attack the fleet. The initiative was then with Farragut. A man of fine quality of mind, of deep religious sentiments, of thorough professional attainments, he felt the difficulty of the hardest task which he had set himself as yet to accomplish. No man ever made more preparation for emergencies, for possible contingencies, or understood better the exact nature of the opposing obstacles to his success. He studied the situation long and hard, as one might a chess problem, with little wooden models of vessels placed on his cabin table. He consulted in a brotherly way with his commanding officers, whose abilities he respected and for many of whom he entertained the

FARRAGUT.

warmest personal regard. The following letter, written from the flagship *Hartford*, August 4, 1864, in the familiarity of private correspondence, exhibits the character of the man: —

MY DEAREST WIFE: I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will, in that as in all other things. My great mortification is, that my vessels, the ironclads, were not ready to have gone in yesterday. The army landed last night and are in full view of us this morning, and the *Tecumseh* has not yet arrived from Pensacola. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me, and may His blessing also rest upon your dear mother, and all your sisters and their children.

Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for one moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his devoted and best of wives.

D. G. FARRAGUT.

TO MRS. D. G. FARRAGUT,
Hastings on the Hudson.

Such a letter needs no comment.

There were fourteen wooden vessels which Farragut could count on for assistance, beside the monitors. They were mostly armed with smooth-bore guns, but the weight of metal which they carried was 14,246 pounds. This amount, owing to the difficulties of the situation, — the narrow, tortuous channel, — had less offensive power than the figures would seem to imply.

The order of attack for the ironclads was arranged as follows: *Tecumseh*, 2 guns; *Manhattan*, 2 guns; *Winnebago*, 4 guns; *Chickasaw*, 4 guns.

The wooden ships were to enter in double column, lashed together; the stronger vessel on the starboard

or right-hand side, inasmuch as that was the side which was nearest to the strongest fort — Fort Morgan. The order was as follows, the second vessel to starboard: —

Octorara.	Lieut.-Commander Charles H. Green . .	6 guns.
Brooklyn.	Captain James H. Alden	24
Metacomet.	Lieut.-Commander James H. Jouett . .	6
Hartford (flagship).	Fleet Captain Percival Drayton .	21
Port Royal.	Lieut.-Commander Bancroft Gherardi .	6
Richmond.	Captain Thornton A. Jenkins	20
Seminole.	Commander Edward Donaldson . . .	8
Lackawanna.	Captain James B. Marchand	8
Kennebec.	Lieut.-Commander William P. McCann .	5
Monongahela.	Commander James H. Strong	8
Itasca.	Lieut.-Commander George Brown . . .	5
Ossipee.	Commander William E. LeRoy . . .	11
Galena.	Lieut.-Commander Clark H. Wells . .	10
Oneida.	Commander J. R. Madison Mullany . .	9

The total number of guns was 159; 77 of these were the 9-inch Dahlgren smooth-bore. The *Lackawanna* and *Monongahela* carried each a 150-pounder rifled; the *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan* two 15-inch smooth-bores. There were eleven 100-pounder rifled guns in the fleet.

The place of honor was given to the *Brooklyn*, as she was better equipped in the matter of chase guns, having four of them, and also because she had an apparatus for picking up torpedoes.

The decision to put the *Brooklyn* ahead was characterized by Farragut himself after the battle as an error, as will be seen hereafter.

In a celebrated general order No. 10, issued July 12, the admiral had prearranged to the minutest detail the

preparation of the ships. The first paragraph of the order is very explicit and concise: –

"Strip your vessels and prepare for the conflict. Send down all your superfluous spars and rigging. Trice up or remove the whiskers. Put up the splinter nets on the starboard side, and barricade the wheel and steersmen with sails and hammocks. Lay chains or sand-bags on the deck over the machinery to resist a plunging fire. Hang the sheet chains over the side, or make any other arrangement for security that your ingenuity may suggest. Land your starboard boats, or lower and tow them on the port side, and lower the port boats down to the water's edge. Place a leadsman and a pilot in the port-quarter boat, or the one most convenient to the commander."

The vessels were to run past the forts in couples,— to steer as directed, first north by east, then, when abreast of Fort Morgan, northwest half north, until past the middle ground, then north by west; they were to keep clear of each other's broadsides; to keep a very little to the starboard quarter of the next ahead; when abreast of the fort to keep directly astern and, passing the fort, to take the same distance on the port quarter of the next ahead, so that the stern guns of one vessel could fire clear of the next vessel astern.

"It will be the object of the admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire."

If vessels were disabled their partners were to carry them through if possible; if not, the next astern was to render assistance.

The next order, No. 11, requires that a damaged vessel, when her consort cannot aid, should drop out of the line to the westward and take her place in the rear. The following caution was an important one: —

"There are certain black buoys placed by the enemy across the channel, from the piles on the west side of the channel toward Fort Morgan. It being understood that there are torpedoes and other obstructions between the buoys, the vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of all obstructions."

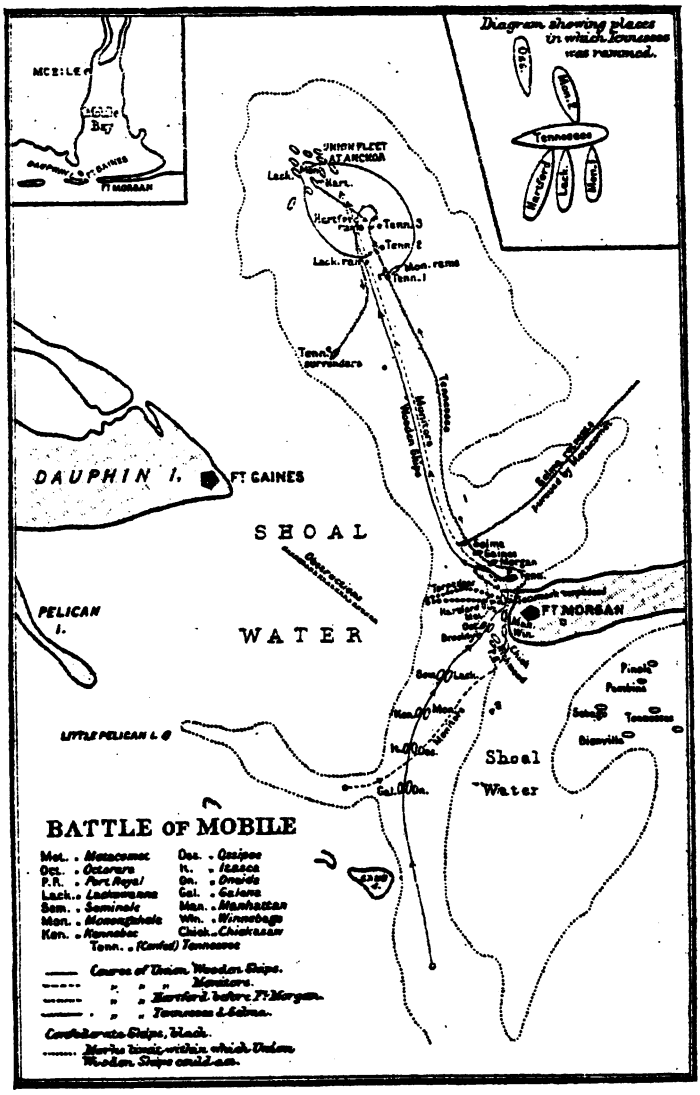
The explicitness of these orders and instructions give evidence of Farragut's painstaking preparation. Nothing was to be left to chance. Emergencies were to be met by the quick brains of men who were wonted to the sea and its perils.

At the end of the order No. 11 were these words:—

"P.S. — Carry low steam. D. G. F."

They were significant of the movement on the morrow, which was to be unhasting and unresting.

The night before the attack was a momentous one in the life of the admiral. Thoughts of what the morrow might bring to him rushed through his mind. His life had been spared thus far. Over half a century of naval service was to his credit on the navy register. In that far-away time, under Porter in the *Essex*, in the War of 1812, as a mere lad, in the harbor of Valparaiso, he had had a first experience of thundering guns, blinding smoke, groans of the wounded, pallid bodies laid out on the quarter-deck, when they fought the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. Since then what a varied life he had led. A long and interesting cruise in the Mediterranean; a cruise in the West Indies against the pirates; at the bombardment of San Juan de Ulloa; a voyage to France in company with the illustrious La Fayette; the Brazilian station; the Mexican War. He remembered his great desire to capture the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and his disappointment at not being allowed by the


BATTLE OF MOBILE
Diagram showing places in which Tennessee was rammed.
Ohio
Tennessee
Hartford
Lack.
Mon.
MOBILE
Mobile Bay
DAUPHIN I.
FT GAINES
FT MORGAN
SHOAL WATER
PELICAN I.
LITTLE PELICAN I.
UNION FLEET AT ANCHOR
Lack.
Hart.
Hartford rams
Tenn. 3
Tenn. 2
Lack. rams
Mon. rams
Tenn. 1
Tenn. surrenders
Monitors
Wooden Ships
Tennessee
Hartford
Mon.
Lack.
Mon.
Oneida
Oneida
Gal.
Gal.
Pinola
Pembina
Sebago
Tennessee
Bienville
Shoal Water
Mat. . Massachusetts
Oct. . Octorara
P.R. . Port Royal
Lack. . Lackawanna
Sem. . Seminole
Mon. . Monongahela
Ken. . Kennebec
Tenn. . (Confed.) Tennessee
Oss. . Ossipee
It. . Itasca
On. . Oneida
Gal. . Galena
Man. . Manhattan
Win. . Winnebago
Chick. . Chickasaw
Courses of Union Wooden Ships.
" " " Monitors.
" " " Hartford before Ft. Morgan.
" " " Tennessee & Selma.
Confederate Ships, black.
Marine limit within which Union Wooden Ships could act.

Navy Department to try; his studies; his California experience; the founding of the Mare Island Navy Yard; his cruise in the *Brooklyn;* and then the Civil War: his great river fight; his passing the frowning batteries at Vicksburg; and yet again at Port Hudson,—all these exiled vicissitudes and home experiences passed in review before him. Next day was to try him as never before. He had already won success. Men praised him. His best efforts would be needed for the coming encounter. But using his best efforts, still there was the uncertainty of battle—defeat for him. Death he could endure. He had faced it too often, under manifold shapes, to dread it. But he could not, would not, brook the thought of failure. If the battle went against him, he would wrest victory from the grasp of Fate itself, but he would not do it in his own strength.

The language of his correspondence shows a trust in a Higher Power and a hopeful, energetic spirit sensitive to the last degree. The reports of bad news to the army or navy made him "right sick." The letters written for private perusal only, abound in such passages as these. He had written before the battle at New Orleans: "As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success; shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest." "I mean to be whipped or to whip my enemy, and not to be scared to death." "I hope for the best results," he had written a week before, "as I am always hopeful; put my shoulder to the wheel with my best judgment, and trust to God for the rest." "The Confederates at Fort Morgan are making great preparations to receive us. That concerns me but

little. — I know they will do all in their power to destroy us, and we will reciprocate the compliment."[1]

The preparations, indeed, concerned him but little, secure in his force and in his ability to use that force to the enemy's detriment or destruction.

It was the last night before the critical day. Farragut slept but little. The sea was almost motionless; a light air rippled over its surface. At sundown it rained hard. At midnight it was clear. Worn out by anxiety and suspense, the admiral slept restlessly. Toward three in the morning he called his steward and asked him to find out the direction of the wind. Having learned it was from the southwest, he said, "Then we will go in the morning." A wind from the southwest was desired by the admiral, for it would carry the smoke of the fleet's guns in the direction of the fort.

"The officers of the *Hartford*, after sunset, when the candles were lighted, sat about the ward-room table in silence, each writing last and loving messages to those dear to them far away. For an hour or more they wrote, and not a sound was uttered. The ship fore and aft was still except for the occasional footfall of the officer of the deck or the sound of the water lapping the ship's sides. This necessary duty done, the spirits of men who were brave and confident arose, and there was a time of unrestrained mirth and merriment, stimulated by the knowledge of the coming struggle."[2] There was no other "stimulation," for the strict naval rules prevented. One by one they then sauntered toward the forecastle, where was the smoking lamp. There they sat quietly conversing in low tones, and then each

[1] Farragut's *Life of Farragut*, p. 253.

[2] Art. by J. C. Kenney, "Farragut at Mobile Bay," *Battles and Leaders*, Vol. IV.

one "turned in" to gain what rest he could for the coming fight. Throughout the fleet the same earnest expectation prevailed.

The admiral had planned to go in on a flood tide, "for two reasons: first, because, as he intended to go in at any cost, it would help a crippled ship into the harbor; and, secondly, he had noticed that the primers of the barrel torpedoes were close together on top, and thought it likely that when the flood tide straightened out their moving lines, the tops would be turned away from the approaching ships."[1]

Everything being ready about 4.30 A.M., the smaller vessels came alongside the larger ones, and they were lashed together.

At daybreak Farragut was breakfasting with his captain, Percival Drayton, and the fleet surgeon, James C. Palmer.

About half-past five the ships were in readiness, when the admiral in an offhand way said, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way." With these words the battle of Mobile began.

He remained at the breakfast table as he spoke them. The big ships loomed up alongside each other through the fog, which exaggerated their outlines to the observers. The busy crews worked rapidly lashing them together with heavy cables. Each commanding officer followed his own best judgment in clearing ship for action and in stationing his men and guns' crews. The *Hartford* and *Brooklyn* kept their topsail yards across; the *Richmond* and *Lackawanna* sent down their topmasts, as did most of the other ships. The *Richmond* had fortified her side with layers of sand-bags,— three thousand in number,— extending from the port bow to

[1] Mahan, *Gulf and Inland Waters*, p. 228.

starboard around the ship to the port quarter, protecting both the berth and spar decks.

At the word of the admiral, Drayton gave orders to signal the fleet: eager eyes were watching for it; it was acknowledged by all. The capstans were quickly manned, and the seamen, knowing their commander-in-chief, felt confident that the man who had led them through the desperate river passage and by the forts at Port Hudson and Vicksburg would now lead them to an equally glorious victory.

It was half-past six when the line of coupled comrades was formed, after some delay, in the order mentioned. The monitors stood down to their station from Sand Island. And then from every masthead, as in jubilant anticipation, the ensign with the blue field, the white stars, the stripes of sunrise, appeared in sight.

The fleet under way moved slowly, while aboard every ship was the stillness which precedes the storm,—men at their posts, officers giving few orders,—a general silence fore and aft.

About 6.45 the *Tecumseh*, which led the monitors, signalled the attack by the discharge of one of her great 15-inch shells, which thundered, ran through the air, and exploded over Fort Morgan.

The tension of many weeks, and especially of the last hour or two, was relieved somewhat; for whatever would happen was beginning to happen, though the result was yet in the uncertain future.

At 6.55 the line of wooden ships had been fully formed in the prescribed battle order. At 7.07 Fort Morgan opened fire with a 300-pounder Armstrong gun—a formidable weapon. The *Brooklyn*, which led, returned the fire with her bow guns.

Five minutes later the firing of the fleet, with bow

guns, became general. The broadsides could not be utilized as yet. The fleet was entering the very portals of death and destruction. Terrific noises abounded, which deafened all minor sounds; each gun's crew knew the single duty of loading and firing according to orders, ignorant of the happenings even on their own ships.

The fleet was now at a great disadvantage. They were running a gauntlet at a slow pace, and the enemy was pounding them, blow upon blow. They were at a disadvantage, for as they came, bows on, the fleet of the enemy raked them fore and aft, and they could not make effective reply.

Farragut had taken his place in the port main rigging in order better to observe the situation. Captain Jouett stood below him, on the wheel-house of the *Metacomet*, to which the *Hartford* was lashed; the pilot was in the maintop. As the clouds of smoke rose higher and higher, Farragut gradually ascended until he braced himself against the futtock shrouds, where he could use his glass to better advantage.

Captain Drayton, in order to prevent any accident to him, ordered Richard Knowles, a seaman, to secure him by a lashing; which he did, although the admiral remonstrated against the necessity.

About 7.35 the wooden vessels, moving faster than the monitors, the *Brooklyn* was nearly alongside of the rear monitor; it was then that the fleet was able to bring its broadsides into play, and all its force of many ships and guns, and stout hearts back of them, was in the thick of battle.

Beyond and above them was the clear blue sky of an August day, with its approaching heat shut out by the clouds of smoke, and forbidden to their gaze by the

stern duties which demanded their severest attention, and which was exacting of the crews the alert strength required to handle heavy 9-inch guns. The three small Confederate gunboats, in their advantageous position, kept up a brisk and deadly fire with their 32-pounders, which greatly annoyed the fleet. The least help in a battle is not to be despised. A weak force may be put in a strong position and multiply its efficiency many fold.

This state of affairs could not last long: the channel was sown thick with peril below, and the great shells were crashing through the wooden sides of the forward ships. The *Tecumseh* reserved her fire after the first shot over the fort, and had loaded with steel shot with the largest charge of powder which the regulations permitted. She felt that the *Tennessee* was her antagonist, and Craven, her commander, longed to try conclusions with her. "I believe," wrote Farragut afterward, unofficially, "that the *Tecumseh* would have gone up and grappled with and captured the *Tennessee;* Craven's heart was bent upon it."

There were two army signal officers aboard the flagship, whose services were required in connection with the army force. One of them heard a voice calling down the hatchway, "Send up an army signal officer immediately; the *Brooklyn* is signalling." The officer ran to the forecastle and read the *Brooklyn's* message, which was, "The monitors are right ahead; we cannot go on without passing them." The admiral immediately said, "Order the monitors ahead, and go on."

The moment was critical. A halt had been made underneath the thundering fort; any shot of a multitude which were raining upon the ships might prove a deathblow to ship and men. They were in the midmost

furnace heat of the action; clouds of smoke, the steady churning of screws, the strong smell of powder,— above all, the terrific din of innumerable iron-throated monsters, as they roared and shook the ships and made them tremble in the excitement of battle as living things,— all these sights and sounds and feelings drove in upon the consciousness of bluejacket and shoulder-strap alike the appalling situation into which they had gone with such high-hearted courage. And now came a terrible catastrophe.

Farragut, in his supplementary order, No. 11, of July 29, had written, "Vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of all obstructions."

There was the red buoy in full view. The *Tennessee* was seen to pass, grim and formidable, behind the torpedo obstructions to the westward of the buoy. Craven, in the *Tecumseh*, leading the column, saw the buoy to the westward, and said to the pilot, "It is impossible that the admiral means us to go inside that buoy. I cannot turn my ship;" and so, influenced by the thought that the easternmost channel was too narrow, and by his own daring nature filled with an eagerness to get at his foe, he gave the fatal order, "Hard-a-starboard!" and made straight for the ram. The *Tennessee* waited her coming imperturbably; the lockstring was held by an officer, Lieutenant Wharton, ready to fire as the vessels should come into contact; when, suddenly, she was seen by both friend and foe to lurch heavily from side to side as if in pain, to "careen violently over," and to go down bow foremost, her screw revolving in the air as she sank beneath the waters which waited to give her quick burial. The torpedoes had done their work.

The ships behind, confident in their success, supposed that the *Tecumseh* had sunk the *Tennessee*. The crew of the *Hartford* sprang upon the hammock rail and gave three cheers; the word was passed along, and other ships took up the joyous shout. It seems a fitting response to the sacrifice of so many brave men that shouts of their comrades, even though mistaken, should have been wafted over their resting-place.

Quickly were they undeceived. Out of the 130 souls of the ship's company who went down, only 17 were saved.

It is told of the gallant Craven, that, in company with the pilot, Mr. John Collins, he stood at the foot of the ladder as the vessel was sinking, waiting to ascend to the top of the turret. "It may be then," wrote Commodore Parker, "that Craven, in the nobility of his soul,— for all know he was one of nature's noblemen,— it may be, I say, that in the nobility of his soul the thought flashed across him that it was through no fault of his pilot that the *Tecumseh* was in this peril: he drew back, 'After you, pilot,' said he, grandly."

"There was nothing after me," relates Mr. Collins, who, fortunately, lived to tell this tale of heroism; "when I reached the upmost round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me."[1]

[1] Another account is somewhat different, but lessens not at all the nobility of the act. Captain Craven already partly out, the pilot grasped him by the leg, and cried, "Let me get out first, Captain, for God's sake. I have five little children." The captain drew back saying, "Go on, sir."

A week afterward, when the divers went down to examine the wreck, they found nearly all the crew at their posts as they sank. The chief engineer, who had been married in New York only two weeks before and who had received from the flagship's mail his letters while the line was forming, stood with hand upon the revolving bar of the turret engine and in the other an open letter from his bride which his dead eyes seemed still to be reading. — HUTCHINSON, *The Bay Fight*.

The courteous grace of the act, its quality of noble consideration, makes it illustrious.

Another brave act immediately followed, taking place even in this midmost stress of difficulty. An acting ensign from the *Metacomet*, Henry Nields, took a boat and crew and rowed to their rescue. It was gallantly done. The boat was obliged to pass around the stern of the *Hartford*, under its broadside, to cross the bows of the *Brooklyn*, between the tremendous cannonading of the fleet and the fort. They started with the flag furled, but, noticing the fact, Nields coolly unfurled it and shipped it, while the fleet wondered. The rescued men were placed aboard the *Winnebago*. In the meantime the *Hartford* was too far away for them to regain their ship, but reaching the *Oneida*, they served there during the remainder of the battle.

When the *Tecumseh* sank, another message came from the *Brooklyn*, telling the admiral of her sinking; another order was given to "go on"; but this order was not obeyed.

While these events were happening, the ships at the head of the column, particularly the *Hartford*, were suffering severely from the rain of shot and shell from the fort and the gunboats, as only their bow guns could be used in reply. They simply had to take it. The sight on the *Hartford's* deck is described as "sickening beyond the power of words to portray." One by one the brave fellows who had given their lives for their country were placed tenderly in a row on the port side of the quarter-deck; and the line lengthened as the minutes went by. The surgeon's quarters below were overflowing with the wounded. A shot severed the head of a gunner from his body as though cut with a knife. Another carried away the legs of a comrade, who threw

up his arms as he was struck, only to lose his arms also before they fell. All the crew on one side of a gun were swept away by a shot through the bulwarks. A shell between the forward guns bursting put fifteen men out of action, killing or wounding. Fortunately for those who followed, the *Hartford* bore the brunt of the attack, for she fought alone some twenty minutes or more; the others suffered less severely.

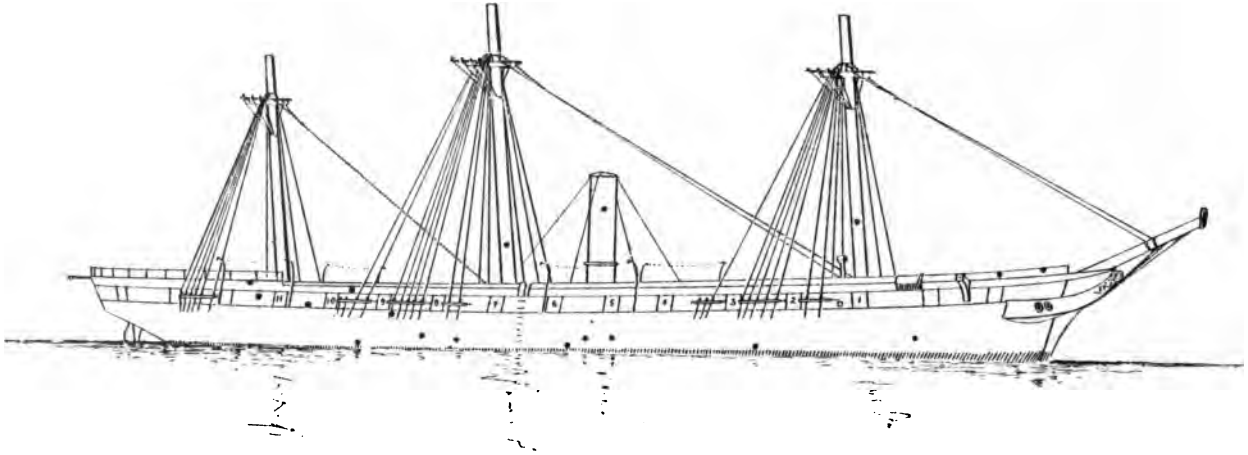
The *Manhattan* went ahead; the two light-draught monitors, the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, drew up. Steadily they passed under the guns of the fort, while Captain Stevens walked from turret to turret of his vessel as unconsciously as though she was in dry dock; and Perkins, the youngest commander in the fleet, about twenty-seven years of age, danced upon the top of his turret in youthful delight and enthusiasm,—to the admiration and astonishment of the flagship's people.[1]

Very rarely in the life of any naval officer, even one experienced in the wars, does there come such a critical time, with so much at stake, as came to Farragut when, the *Tecumseh* having gone down, he saw the *Brooklyn* stop and back, about two hundred yards ahead of him, and fall athwart his course.

As the *Brooklyn* backed, Farragut turned to the pilot, Freeman, just above him in the top, and calmly said, "What is the matter with the *Brooklyn?* she must have plenty of water there." "Plenty and to spare, admiral," Freeman answered.

Captain Alden, deterred by the loss of the *Tecumseh* and the black line of torpedoes ahead, had hesitated, thus throwing the whole line into confusion; the *Hartford* stood still. It was a dread moment of consternation. Everything depended upon the decision of one

[1] Mahan's *Farragut*, p. 276.



DRAWING OF U. S. S. HARTFORD, SHOWING LOCATION OF HITS RECEIVED DURING THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

man; and he stood lashed to the rigging of his flagship calmly viewing the scene! The broadsides from the ships for a moment or more ceased; but from Fort Morgan came sheet after sheet of living flame as her gunners fired as men fire who see that victory is apparently within their grasp.

The *Brooklyn* and the *Octorara* backed and stopped, and lay athwart the channel. The *Hartford* stopped, but drifted dangerously near the *Brooklyn's* stern. The incoming tide was bringing the *Richmond* into the stern of the *Hartford*. Fortunately there was a greater interval between the *Richmond* and the other ships astern.

The crisis of the battle was at hand. The admiral felt the whole dire weight of the situation upon his shoulders.

Something must be done. Fort Morgan was pouring destruction upon them every moment. To go back was suicidal. To go ahead was to meet the fate which befell the *Tecumseh*. The responsibility was upon him,—upon him alone. The decision must be made immediately. It was made quickly, with every outward appearance of coolness and unconcern. It was made with a seaman's promptness as the emergency arose — a decision like Nelson's when he went inside the French line at the battle of the Nile.

The pilot had told him that there was sufficient water to the left of the *Brooklyn*. "I will take the lead," he said. With that decision the battle tide turned full to victory.

Long after that day the admiral told of the conflict in his own mind. Confusion, death, and ruin surrounding him as with a thick cloud, his thoughts went upward instinctively through the habit of a devout life, and he made prayer to Heaven in these words, "O

God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" "And it seemed," said the admiral, "as if in answer a voice commanded, 'Go on.'"[1]

So the *Hartford* steamed ahead. As she passed the *Brooklyn* the question was shouted through a trumpet, "What's the trouble?"

"Torpedoes," came the reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut,[2] probably to those who stood by. "Four bells![3] Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!"

They were going to the westward of the buoy, in the path of the *Tecumseh*,—in the path thickly strewn with torpedoes,—to possible sudden and awful destruction, to a fate which they had seen in spectral prefigurement as the *Tecumseh* vanished from their eyes.

On they went well westward of the red buoy and the *Tecumseh's* resting-place.

With fateful apprehension they heard the torpedo cases knock, knock, at intervals on the copper bottom, and many a primer snapped with a heart-shaking sound; but not a torpedo exploded, and the high-hearted courage of the commander in chief was rewarded as the *Hartford* safely sailed beyond the range of the fort. The gates of the enemy had been entered. What had been attempted was accomplished. The relief upon the flagship was inexpressible. They had passed through unseen dangers, which try the stoutest hearts.

[1] Mahan's *Farragut*, p. 277.

[2] This was spoken in a loud voice but was not heard by the *Brooklyn's* people. Rear Admiral Watson in a letter to the writer says: "It was a disgusted exclamation and could hardly have been heard on board the *Brooklyn*, though it was uttered in a loud tone. I believe he meant it to be heard by the *Hartford's* and *Metacomet's* crews, and this required a loud and distinct tone."

[3] Full speed.

Commenting upon the occurrence, Farragut wrote in his report, with regard to the sunken torpedoes: "Believing that from their having been some time in the water they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion." But this did not change the character of the action in respect to the bravery which it evinced; for he could not possibly know that his conjecture was true, and there was the fate of the *Tecumseh*, over whose sudden wreck the waters had scarcely quieted, to give him pause. Of this critical situation, Farragut afterward wrote: "Allowing the *Brooklyn* to go ahead was a great error. It lost not only the *Tecumseh*, but many valuable lives, by keeping us under the fire of the forts for thirty minutes, whereas, had I led as I intended to, I would have gone inside the buoys, and all would have followed me." In his report he said: "It was only at the urgent request of the captains and commanding officers that I yielded to the *Brooklyn's* being the leading ship at the time, as she had four chase-guns and an ingenious arrangement for picking up torpedoes, and because, in their judgment, the flagship ought not to be too much exposed. This I believe to be an error, for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flagship, and, as it will appear in the sequel, such attempt was very persistently made; but Providence did not permit it to be successful."

Captain Jenkins backed his ship, the *Richmond*, to avoid collision, even to the peril of grounding, having but a foot of water to spare; but the ship's bow falling off to port, opportunity was given to use the starboard batteries, which poured in such a tremendous fire upon the fort that the gunners were driven from their guns.

The protection of the sand-bags made her a floating fort, and the injuries she received were inconsiderable. Her topmasts were lowered, so that by her own smoke she was concealed from the enemy. The Confederate Admiral Buchanan, who knew the commander well, inquired, after the fight, "What became of Jenkins? I saw his vessel go handsomely into action, and then lost sight of her entirely." The *Brooklyn* was bow on, and her tall masts could be seen by the enemy above the smoke; finally getting into position, she contributed her share to the cannonading; and these larger ships kept down the fire of the fort until the others passed by: the result being that the last ship, the *Oneida*, suffered severely, a rifle shell passing into her starboard boiler, scalding the firemen by its explosion and doing other injury; so that the wisdom of coupling the vessels together became apparent, for her consort, the *Galena*, was able to carry her through in her crippled condition.

It was at 7.52 that the *Hartford* took the lead.[1] She met the fire of the gunboats, which retreated as she advanced. "At no period of the action," writes Mahan, "did she suffer as now; and the quarters of her forward division became a slaughter-pen, a single shot killing ten and wounding five men, while the splinters and shreds of bodies were hurled aft and on to the decks of her consort."

After the terrible ordeal of the fort, notwithstanding the injuries which the gunboats inflicted, nothing seemed difficult to overcome — but there was the tremendous might of the ram.

The *Tennessee* lay waiting her adversary. As she approached, two shots were fired by her, which missed, although at a short range, while she stood down for

[1] The times of the action are according to Mahan.

the flagship; but the *Hartford* easily avoided her by a turn of the helm and passed on. The *Tennessee* followed her at less speed until the distance between the *Hartford* and the rest of the ships was about a mile, and then, unaccountably, she turned back toward the fleet, as they came steadily on in close order, following the instructions of the admiral.

Those who were able to see watched the movements of the ram with intense interest, as she fearlessly encountered the oncoming vessels. The hopes of the Confederates were high as she steamed out and down upon them.

The *Brooklyn* first received her attention, apparently intending to ram; but the *Tennessee* fired at her, and sheered off at a distance of less than one hundred yards on the starboard side. The *Brooklyn* fired her broadside at her. Then she took the *Richmond*, next in turn, who met her promptly with a broadside and showered her musketry into her ports; her two shots this time flew high, and the *Richmond* escaped damage.

The *Lackawanna* was next in order, as the ram passed, still on the starboard side.

And then she stood for the *Monongahela*, as if now determined at all events to ram. Captain Strong, anticipating this, put his helm to port and then swung around to strike the ram at right angles. Her consort, the *Kennebec*, made her progress heavy and slow, so that her blow met the *Tennessee* on the port quarter.

Here was warm work at closest quarters. The *Monongahela* only succeeded in swinging the stern of the *Tennessee* around, so that she collided with the *Kennebec* on the port side, damaging her bow. The ramming tore off the bronze beak of the *Monongahela*, but proved

harmless to the *Tennessee*. Apparently, not really, the ram was having its own way. Four times had she attempted to ram and failed, while the injuries to the wooden vessels were slight, and their effective fighting force undiminished by her attack. She fired her guns wildly, as the small-arm fire of the fleet disconcerted her gunners. A fire was started on the *Kennebec* by one of her shells, while another mortally wounded the first lieutenant of the *Monongahela*, striking him on the legs. The *Ossipee* followed the motions of the *Monongahela*, but righted her helm in time, so that the ram passed between the ships, while not neglecting to strike her with two shots abreast the forward pivot gun; she then went steadily toward the *Oneida*, a hundred yards off, and tried to fire her broadsides; but the primers snapped in vain, one gun only was successful: the shot struck the 11-inch pivot which had just been fired at the ram. Then she took position to rake the helpless fellows on the *Oneida;* by this fire Commander Mullany was wounded, losing an arm.

Happily now the Union ironclads, which had been keeping down the fire of the fort, came to the rescue — the *Winnebago* first. The crew of the *Oneida*, who were expecting any moment to be rammed, rushed to the deck and thundered out their cheers long and loud for Captain Stevens, who had left their own ship but a few days before, and who now took his place between the *Oneida* and the ram. Stevens acknowledged the welcome by lifting his hat; for he was still on deck.

Then the solid shot of four guns was poured into the ram, but she retired under the guns of Fort Morgan, having demonstrated her prowess, but by no means having disconcerted the fleet by her attack.

At 8.20 the *Tennessee* had passed the *Oneida*. At

8.05, far to the north, the captain of the *Metacomet*, Jouett, in response to repeated requests, and the signal, "Gunboats, chase enemy's gunboats," cut his lashings and started eagerly in chase.

"Farragut often mentioned with enthusiasm the prompt, 'Ay, ay, sir!' from Jouett as he responded to this order."[1]

Gherardi promptly followed in the *Port Royal*, casting off from the *Richmond;* George Brown, in the *Itasca*, from the *Ossipee.* It was to be a gunboat fight now, and the enthusiasm ran high. The Confederate gunboats had bravely continued the fight, overmatched as they were by the large vessels, while the *Tennessee* had run the gauntlet of the fleet. The *Gaines*, at 8.30, finding herself in a sinking condition, ran for protection under the guns of the fort. A mist and rain coming up obscured everything, and Gherardi, when it cleared, saw only the *Selma* with the *Metacomet*, and followed on. The *Metacomet* had the greater speed and engaged at first the *Morgan.* The squall stopped the firing; the *Morgan* grounded on a shoal near Navy Cove, then backed off and sought the fort as a chicken the wings of a hen; but that night Captain Harrison made a brilliant and hazardous run to Mobile and escaped, although pursued by the Union gunboats.

The *Metacomet*, as though feeling the characteristic energy of her captain, darted forward, pausing once or twice to discharge her bow guns; but this taking too much time, she went on. The water shoaled rapidly until the leadsman called out a foot less than the ship drew; but Jouett perceiving the soft ooze of the bottom, replied, "Call the man in; he is only intimidating me with his soundings."

[1] *Farragut's Life*, by his son, p. 419.

A shot from the *Metacomet* killed the first lieutenant of the *Selma* and some of the crew. Five having been killed and ten wounded in all, the captain, knowing that he was overpowered, surrendered. The disabled *Gaines* was burnt.

The serviceableness of the Confederate gunboats was beyond question, and they were handled with great skill, as were those on the Union side. The *Metacomet* had the advantage in speed and position in this chase.

The great feat had been accomplished. The *Hartford* and her consorts, at 8.35, anchored four miles from Fort Morgan, but Admiral Buchanan, at 8.30, had said to his flag-captain, Johnston, "Follow them up, Johnston; we can't let them off that way." The *Hartford's* crew had gone to breakfast. Drayton went to the admiral, who was walking on the poop, and said, "What we have done has been well done, sir; but it all counts for nothing so long as the *Tennessee* is there under the guns of Fort Morgan." "I know it," said the admiral, "and as soon as the people have had their breakfasts I am going for her."[1]

The crew of the ships had been busy clearing up the battle débris: cleaning the bloodstains and making everything as bright and as shipshape as ordinary.

At 8.50 the *Hartford's* crew having just gone to breakfast, the *Tennessee* was observed to be moving from under the guns of Fort Morgan and heading for the fleet. She was almost intact. Her funnel having been injured, her speed was reduced to five knots at most.

[1] Mahan, quoting Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, refers to Farragut's notebook written after the battle, in which he wrote, "Had Buchanan remained under the fort, I should have attacked him as soon as it became dark with the three monitors." "The statements are easily reconciled, the latter representing the second thought."

Before the battle Buchanan, summoning his officers and people on the gun-deck, had said, "Now, men, the enemy is coming, and I want you to do your duty; and you shall not have it to say when you leave this vessel that you were not near enough to the enemy, for I will meet them, and then you can fight them alongside of their own ships; and if I fall, lay me on one side and go on with the fight, and never mind me; but whip and sink the Yankees or fight until you sink yourselves, but do not surrender." In this spirit the *Tennessee* a second time encountered the Union fleet.

As Buchanan came on, Farragut sent his surgeon, Palmer, with orders to the monitors and ships, "to run down the ram *Tennessee;*" at the same time the signal was made, "Attack the ram, not only with your guns, but bows at full speed."

At 9.30, Strong, in the *Monongahela*, had the honor of ramming the *Tennessee*, which she did in fine style, at full speed; the blow fell amidships on the starboard side. But, protected by her knuckle, the *Tennessee* stood up boldly. The point of contact could not be found after the battle. The impact, however, was tremendous. The two vessels collided. The *Tennessee* sent her answer to this knocking at her door in the shape of solid shot, wounding, however, only three men; while the *Monongahela*, with her guns depressed, sent a great broadside toward the ram, which simply peppered her, as it were, with peas, so invulnerable was she. The *Monongahela* carried away her own iron prow and then cleared the ram.

She was in the midst of her enemies, in the thick of it now; to right, to left, starboard, and port they came at her. There was no lack of courage in the attack on either side.

The *Lackawanna*, Captain Marchand, now took her turn, while every soul on board held himself in uncertainty of apprehension, bracing for the shock.

She struck the huge ram on the port quarter; still no harm was done — a bushman's spear against a rhinoceros hide. The vessels swung side by side. The Union vessel kept up a sharp fire of small arms into the open ports of the ram. They were face to face. One of the *Lackawanna's* gunners in reply to some violent abuse of the Yankees took up a holystone, which lay upon the deck, and hurled it through the port at the Confederate's head. Other means having failed, he would try what virtue there was in stones.

Fire caused by the *Tennessee's* shells broke out on the ship, but it was soon extinguished. The *Lackawanna* could bring to bear only one 9-inch gun, which, however, shattered a shutter on the ram, which flew into fragments of iron.[1]

The *Tennessee* now stood for the *Hartford*, — seeking out her principal foe, — determined to destroy her if possible.

The excitement was intense. To ram was to destroy and sink the *Hartford*. It was, however, to run the risk of being carried down with her in a locked embrace. The other vessels were helpless to aid. Their heaviest guns had done her no injury.

[1] An incident occurring on board the *Lackawanna* became known some time afterward. George Taylor, the armorer of the *Lackawanna*, distinguished himself and received a medal of honor from Congress for the following heroic act. The powder monkeys had dropped the powder in little heaps on the floor of the magazine passage. A shell from the *Tennessee*, a 98-pounder percussion, destroyed nearly all the powder division. Taylor, seeing the awful situation, — there were seventeen tons of powder aboard, — leaped down from the spar deck and extinguished with his own hands the fire which was leaping along like a swift snake from heap to heap. His hands were burned to the bone, but he saved the *Lackawanna* from a terrible catastrophe.

Farragut was eager to ram his adversary. The vessels approach end on. A moment more, and a story of catastrophe will have to be told. They come nearer still. Farragut does not flinch. Buchanan sheers to one side. The *Hartford* grazes the side of the *Tennessee*. The collision bends her anchor; while her heavy broadside at a distance of ten feet rebounds from the sides of the ram like rubber balls.

As yet the ram is having her own way,—fearless in the consciousness of her own strength,—although the landsmen crew are new to the service and the ways of ships and guns.

Unfortunately for the *Tennessee*, when she attempted to return the fire her primers failed—all but one. The gunners on the *Hartford* could hear the ominous clicks. One gun killed five men on the *Hartford*, one wounded eight; so close was the gun that the *Hartford's* sides were blackened by the discharge.

The *Lackawanna*, now circling, rams the *Hartford*, in her second attempt to ram the *Tennessee*, running into her on her starboard side amidships. The fleet during this time are pounding away at the unconcerned ram, which, like a giant, throws aside the puny attacks of pygmies. The *Hartford's* timbers were crushed by the *Lackawanna's* blow. When the collision with the *Tennessee* was apparent, Farragut jumped to the port-quarter rail and held on to the port mizzen rigging. Flag-Lieutenant Watson slipped a rope around him, securing it. Thus the admiral was twice lashed to the rigging. The *Lackawanna's* blow stove two of her ports into one, upsetting a Dahlgren gun and creating much disturbance; the admiral immediately endeavored to ascertain the injury. The vessel was thought to be sinking. A cry arose, "Save the

admiral! Save the admiral!" Farragut saw that the danger was slight, and ordered a renewal of the ramming of the *Tennessee*. Apparently, the *Lackawanna* was about to repeat her unfortunate attack, in her endeavor to do her full duty in ramming; when Farragut, exceedingly annoyed, turned to the army signal officer, and said, "Can you say 'for God's sake,' by signal?'" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then say to the *Lackawanna*, 'For God's sake, get out of our way and anchor.'" Captain Marchand never received more than the first five words of the signal, for the wind furled the large flag around the officer receiving the message, and he could not see the remainder.

Now the monitors came to the rescue of the wooden fleet.[2] The officers of the *Tennessee* knew that they had sterner foes to encounter. Lieutenant Wharton reported, referring to the *Manhattan*, that he saw "a hideous-looking monster creeping up on the port side, whose slowly revolving turret revealed the enormous depth of a mammoth gun;" and that in a moment a "thunderous report" shook them as the immense weight of metal from a 15-inch gun smote them, "admitting daylight" through the side,—injuring no one, however. The *Manhattan* fired six of these projectiles.[1] Then came the *Winnebago* and the *Chickasaw*. The *Chickasaw* had a position astern and fired fifty-two of her projectiles in a half-hour. The exposed rudder chains were destroyed; a gun was disabled; her port shutters were jammed. Buchanan was struck by a piece of metal on the leg, which broke it below the knee. For twenty minutes the ram stood this terrible, unceasing, soul-shattering pounding, until, Johnston reporting that the

[1] Nicholson boldly used sixty-five pounds of powder as a charge when the regulation permitted only thirty-five pounds. [2] See Appendix M.

ship was helpless, Buchanan said, "Well, if you cannot do them any further damage, you had better surrender." From the time the *Hartford* struck her, at 9.35, she had not fired a gun. At ten o'clock she surrendered, and was taken in tow by the *Chickasaw*. There had been great advances in the caliber and effectiveness of ordnance since the early part of the century. So it was that no vessel had ever endured such a powerful attack by such a multitude of guns as the *Tennessee*. It shows her enormous strength. With the *Tennessee's* surrender the battle of Mobile Bay ended.

Just at the time of the surrender the *Ossipee* was about to ram, but could not reverse her engines in time to avoid a collision.

A great victory had been accomplished. The tired crews were not too tired to cheer as the *Tennessee* was taken in tow, a helpless captive. Farragut called it the severest fight since the *Essex* engagement in Valparaiso harbor.

It is generally considered that the tactics of the Confederate admiral should have been to maintain himself at long-distance range under the guns of the fort. His bold attack upon the fleet is spoken of as inconsiderate temerity.

It seems, however, that whatever the result might be, he was justified in his attempt. He had under his command the most formidable vessel that had ever been built. He had proved his prowess in the command of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. He had run the gauntlet of the fleet successfully. Whether ultimate and complete victory could be expected was not his to conjecture. He hoped at least to inflict serious and lasting injury on his foe. One against seven, as it proved, or one against fifteen, as it might have been,

were terrible odds. He knew that "desperate courage" sometimes "makes one a majority," so he took his vessel into battle; and only gave her up when longer resistance was futile.

The same day Fort Powell was evacuated. Fort Gaines surrendered on the 8th to Captain Drayton and Colonel Meyer of the army; and Fort Morgan, on the 23d,—the *Chickasaw* attacking the first two.

The latter fort was besieged by the army, under General Granger. Farragut turned the guns of the captured *Tennessee* upon her. The total number of persons captured was 1464, and of guns 104. The Union loss is placed at 52 killed and 170 wounded;[1] the Confederate, at 10 killed, 16 wounded, with 280 prisoners. The loss in the fort is unknown.

The news of the victory was received at the North with great rejoicing. Farragut was made admiral thereafter, and soon sailed for home to receive the plaudits of his grateful countrymen.

In his report, he wrote that he "had reason to feel proud of the officers, seamen, and marines under his command; for it has never fallen to the lot of an officer to be thus situated and thus sustained."

Truly they were a noble company.[2] Many of them became distinguished and attained highest rank. Among them were J. Crittenden Watson,[3] whom Farragut loved next to his own son; Thornton A. Jenkins, of whom Farragut, speaking of his ability and untiring zeal, said that "he carried out the spirit of one of Lord Collingwood's best sayings: 'Not to be afraid of doing too much; those who are, seldom do as much as they ought.'"

[1] In addition to the 113 drowned on the *Tecumseh*.
[2] See Appendix MM. [3] Now Rear Admiral.

It was a hard-fought battle; a gallant defence. The gallant defence made the victory more glorious. The great admiral, in a private letter written next day, remarked, exultingly yet reverently, "The Almighty has smiled upon me once more: I am in Mobile Bay."

LISSA.

JULY 20, 1866.

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The battle of Lissa is, beyond all bounds, the most important naval occurrence since the great day of Trafalgar. — ADMIRAL COLOMB.

At the supreme moment she [Italy] selected a commander of Chinese dilatoriness and incapacity. — H. W. WILSON.

On va presque à une victoire sûre, quand on peut forcer l'ennemi à changer ses premières dispositions et qu'on dérange le plan de combat qu'il s'était formé. — DESLANDES, *Essai sur la Marine des Anciens*.

Den Feind anlaufen, um ihn zum Sinken zu bringen. — TEGETTHOFF.

Lissa war entsezt, die aufgabe der Flotte erfüllt. — ATTLMAYR.

L'éperon, c'est aujourd'hui l'arme principale des combats de mer, l'ultima ratio de la guerre maritime. — VICE-ADMIRAL TOUCHARD.

While there was individual bravery and skill exhibited on the Italian ships at Lissa, Incompetence like a spectre stalked through the fleet on that summer day and laid her withering hand on the head and heart of the chief officers in command. Against incompetence, victory is sure; a battle wins itself.

LISSA.

JULY 20, 1866.

SCIENTIFIC achievement preëminently characterizes this latter half of the nineteenth century, rendering it illustrious. Emphasis has been laid upon the invariability and universality of natural law,—and rightly. But such stress has been put upon this great truth that the tendency is to minify the part which strong men have hitherto been supposed to take in the moulding of the affairs of nations.

In the year 1866 Germany, in the north, and Italy, in the south, were in the process of unification. A Prussian statesman—a man with an imperial will, a man of "blood and iron"—forced a war with Austria, which ended at Sadowa; the result was united Germany four years later. An Austrian admiral, a man of experience and great resolution, forced the fighting off the island of Lissa against a superior fleet, showing himself master of the situation, though in number, guns and men were against him.

Bismarck and Tegetthoff are illustrations of the power of the human will in the determination of events.

While Bismarck had been plotting and planning for German unity, Cavour had been showing to the world what a patriotic impulse combined with diplomatic skill could accomplish for Italy.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair was the cause of a

rupture between Prussia and Austria. When this was apparent, Italy entered into a treaty of alliance with Prussia, April 8, 1866. Venice was at that time held by Austria. It was for the sake of Venetian territory that Italy embarked on the war.[1] At Custozza, four days after the declaration of war, which was made on June 20, the Italian army was thoroughly beaten by the Austrians.

The plan now projected was to defeat the Austrian fleet and then besiege Venice. This was the plan on paper. Austria was supposed to have enough to do to repel the German army. While thus busy her army and navy were to be attacked, and Italy freed from her yoke.

The Italian army had been defeated. The navy was about to meet a similar fate. The battle of Lissa was merely an episode in the crisis affecting three European peoples. Austria and Italy were about to meet each other on the sea. June 20th war was declared.

Italy's fleet was put under the charge of Admiral Persano more than two months before the declaration of war, for operations in the Adriatic with headquarters at Ancona. Persano was at the naval arsenal at Taranto on May 16, having ten wooden ships and nine ironclads under his command. At Ancona were eight ships, two of them being ironclads.

On May 9th Admiral Tegetthoff had been put in command of the Austrian fleet, with headquarters at Fasana and Pola, at the head of the Adriatic.

Admiral Count Carlo Pellion di Persano was an irresolute man. Contrary to his wishes, he was given command of the Italian fleet. Like the Spaniard, Medina Sidonia, who commanded the Armada, and

[1] "Être reine de l'Adriatique fut le premier rêve de l'Italie." — BULOZ.

Villeneuve, the Frenchman at the battle of Trafalgar, the home authorities compelled him to fight. It is a fatuous policy to place an incompetent, unwilling, or irresolute man in command when a subordinate of lower rank may have qualities which command, or at least give promise of success. Italy made this mistake as Spain and France before her. Persano's naval record had been without especial distinction. He had gone steadily through all the lower grades — had been made admiral and minister of marine and senator. Popular approval, however, followed the choice of the government, — an approval destined to a cruel disappointment.

Italy's fleet was numerous and supposedly powerful.[1] During the six preceding years there had been spent upon her naval armament £12,000,000. The results, it was naturally thought, were commensurate with this large expenditure. As far as ironclads were concerned, they were apparently ready to meet the larger maritime powers. Austria should therefore become an easy prey.

The two largest ships, the *Re d' Italia* and the *Re di Portogallo*, had been built at New York. They were of 5700 tons, having seven inches of armor and most heavily armed; the first had two 150-pounders, with thirty 7-inch guns and four smooth-bores; the second, two 300-pounders, with twenty-six 7-inch guns. They were built, however, of green wood, their scantling was weak, and their rudders exposed.

Next came the *Affondatore*, a ram of 4070 tons, built on the Thames. Her armor was five inches in thickness, and she had in each of her two turrets a 300-pounder Armstrong gun. Her ram extended twenty-six feet. She was held in especially high esteem by Persano and the Italian fleet. She plunged heavily and did not steer well, and was, therefore, a bad sea-boat.

[1] See Appendix N.

Two small rams of 2700 tons, built in France, having four and one-half inch plating and armed with 6-inch rifles, were next in power. They were called the *Terribile* and the *Formidabile*. There were also large broadside ironclads of 4000 tons and over, with a belt of armor on the water-line from stem to stern. They were named the *Maria Pia*, *Castelfiardo*, *Ancona*, *San Martino*, and *Principe Carignano*. Two armored gunboats completed the number of ironclads, the *Palestro* and *Varese*. They carried two 150-pounder Armstrong guns apiece, with smaller ordnance. Nine wooden vessels of obsolete fashion were made ready as an auxiliary fleet.

It was a fleet which had in it great capabilities, if well handled, as far as *materiel* is concerned. The lack was in the officers and seamen, who were not well trained or disciplined in that which only can make victory possible — training in seamanship and gunnery. The fleet was about to fight not knowing how to fight.

It is only through the daily routine, long continued, of administrative drill that a fleet can be made ready for action.

The Italians are a maritime nation. They had a naval history to inspire them, and they were fighting in a good cause. What they needed was a body of fraternal and able officers to make of every man a man-of-war's man, by discipline in obedience, in exercise, in promptness and regularity of drill, by the thousand and one orders which, from morning to night, day after day, impress the minds of men, rendering them able for emergencies, and calm and cool under extraordinary excitements and peril.

A fleet requires an able commander-in-chief who shall regulate the discipline of the several ships under his command, so that every captain shall know and feel the

authority of the admiral; a man to direct the energies of his command to a culminating condition of efficiency, and to inspire them with confidence in his judgment and admiration for his character. Without such leadership fleets are but logs of wood or boxes of iron.

Persano was an irresolute officer in command of a fleet whose personnel was inferior through incompetency and lack of unanimity of feeling.

His evident duty was to begin immediately to reform the fleet, when he took command in May; to put every officer and man on his mettle for the great crisis which was approaching. Instead of doing this in a whole-hearted way, he began to complain of the condition of his vessels. He was dispirited from the outset. On May 22 he wrote, "I fear we shall go down."

"Persano's acts," it is said, "in one continued series, exhibit a true repugnance to taking any decisive step. Now he talks of waiting for steel shot; now he wants to transfer guns from one ship to another; now it is gun-carriages which are lacking; now ammunition for his Armstrong guns; now swift scouts; now store-ships; now doctors; now nurses; now engineers; now lieutenants; now speaking-tubes; now pilots; now marines; and when he has the fleet at last *in perfect order*,— for such was the opinion of all,— and when he might, with success, have attacked the Austrians, he runs back to port to wait for the *Affondatore*."[1]

To the Minister of Marine he wrote, "The fleet is not ready for war. Help me, I earnestly entreat you."

It is rare that a fleet of any nation is thoroughly equipped on the breaking out of hostilities. There is always the preparation of the last days to put the ships on a war footing. Persano undoubtedly had a harder

[1] Amico, p. 120; Wilson, *Ironclads in Action*, Vol. I., p. 215.

task than this, for the fleet was evidently not even in the ordinary condition of a well-disciplined fleet in time of peace. His duty, however, was to put it into the best condition,—which he attempted, but with no energy. He is a poor workman who is always complaining of his tools.

The strangest thing, however, about the lack of harmony in the fleet, and of that deference due from the lower to the higher grades in official rank, is, that it was supposed to be a natural outcome of naval life. "Everybody," says a writer upon this battle, "knows that this poisonous plant takes root and flourishes amongst other seafaring people; and it seems that the compulsory and continual living together renders it difficult to avoid the clashing of individual characters, and makes these differences more acrimonious."[1]

It is refreshing to turn from this condition of complaining, irresolute preparation in the Italian navy to the exact opposite, as manifested by the Austrian navy, under the command of Admiral Wilhelm von Tegetthoff.

Tegetthoff had demonstrated his ability as an officer, especially in command of the Austro-Prussian squadron against the Danes in 1864, and was ordered from the command of a small squadron in the Mediterranean to take charge of the Austrian fleet, which was fitting out at Pola and Fasana in the north of the Adriatic.

The unhappy Archduke Maximilian, whose career in Mexico came to an inglorious end, had established a plant at Pola in which Austria could take care of her own ships. The alliance with Prussia, however, had led her to imagine an indefinite period of peace, and but little had been done to build up her navy. The

[1] From *La Guerra in Italia nel 1866*, Milan, 1867, p. 344; quoted by Laughton, *Studies in Naval History*, p. 167.

war breaking out, it was impossible for her to obtain the Krupp guns from Prussia for which she had contracted. She was thus at a serious disadvantage.

At Pola as at Taranto there was a like chaos of unreadiness, but Tegetthoff was a different man from Persano, and he went to work with a will. The ships were put in order as fast as possible, and from the 9th of May, the day he took command, until the day of the battle, which was hastening on, he did not cease to do everything in his power to inspire his officers and men with confidence in themselves and with trust in him.

The men were drilled constantly, day after day, unceasingly, unremittingly. Inspections were frequent, and everything which the daily routine of a man-of-war's life requires was supervised by the admiral with extreme care. He was determined that his fleet should in no respect lack efficiency if it were possible for him to secure it by a strenuous will.

He endeavored especially to obtain skill in the firing of concentrated broadsides, converging the guns upon a single point and firing them simultaneously.

He had been placed in command because of his merit, not simply on account of seniority. Notwithstanding this, there seems to have been no jealousy, but the best of relations between him and his fleet. His officers were made acquainted with his plans; they felt his authority permeating every stage of preparation, every effort toward better discipline. He was the ideal commander. A man of resolute will, of long experience, determined to do the best with what he had.

The best workman uses the fewest tools.

Persano, on June 25th, brought all his vessels which were in readiness to Ancona. The *Affondatore*, with-

out which he felt helpless, was on her way from Gibraltar.

Tegetthoff gathered such ships as were in any way fit at Fasana, although none of them could be said to be well equipped. He was anxious, however, to get anything that would float and hold a gun. "Only send them," he wrote, "send them as they are; I'll find some use for them." Tegetthoff's effective fleet consisted of seven ironclads thinly armored. Two of these, the *Archduke Ferdinand Max* and the *Habsburg*, were without their Krupp guns. These were vessels of 5000 tons' displacement and a speed of eleven knots. The *Don Juan of Austria* lacked part of her armor forward—a vessel of 3588 tons' displacement with a speed of eight to nine knots. The *Kaiser Max* and the *Prinz Eugen* were of the same size, and a little faster. The *Drache* and *Salamander*, two vessels of 3065 tons' displacement, had a speed of nine to ten knots. These last four were covered with an armor of Styrian iron four and one-half inches in thickness.

In addition, there was a steam line-of-battle ship of ninety-two guns: the *Kaiser*, of 5000 tons' displacement, the frigates *Adria*, *Donau*, *Radetsky*, and *Schwarzenberg*, a corvette, two imperial yachts to be used as despatch boats, seven gunboats, and an Austrian Lloyd steamer for scouting purposes.

The first-class cruisers were armed with smooth-bore guns, 48-pounders; these were the heaviest guns in the fleet. Lacking armor, stout planking was substituted on the *Don Juan*. The *Novara*, which had been set on fire by an incendiary, was made ready to accompany the fleet.

Italy had the great advantage in every respect in the *materiel* of her fleet. As against 300-pounder Arm-

strong guns and 150-pounders, Austria had only 48-pounders. "In ships the Italians had a proportion of 1.99 to the Austrians' 1; in number of guns 1.66 to 1; in tonnage 2.64 to 1; in horse-power 2.57 to 1."[1]

Tegetthoff, believing that in the initiative lies the greater part of success, appeared off Ancona, at daybreak, on the 27th of June, with six ironclads, the *Schwarzenberg*, and four gunboats. It was simply a demonstration in force. He found the Italian fleet at anchor coaling and in a generally disordered state; seemingly without any inclination to come out, although the force was much superior to his,—consisting of eleven ironclads, four frigates, and smaller vessels. The condition of affairs is best illustrated by the fact that the two largest vessels of the Italians, the *Re d' Italia* and the *Re di Portogallo*, were helpless; the first had caught fire in her coal bunkers, and the second had water in her cylinders.

Finally, the fleet came out to the entrance of the harbor and sailed aimlessly around. Tegetthoff, having realized that there was no present danger from Persano's fleet, steamed back to Fasana and went to work again, having stimulated his crews by a sight of the enemy.

Persano had actually steamed out of the harbor in an opposite direction from where the Austrian fleet awaited his coming, although, as he very boldly said, his intention was "to entice the hostile fleet to offer battle, and to annihilate it if it makes the attempt." Yet he went back an hour or two later, with his ten ironclads,—after having held a council of war aboard the *Carignano*, — without having fired a gun, the ships like a pack of dogs, led by a keeper, slinking to the kennel.

The fleet rebelled against this pusillanimity. Mur-

[1] Wilson, *Ironclads in Action*, Vol. I., p. 227.

murs were heard disparaging to the admiral. At home an outcry was made against him. Custozza had been a sore disappointment; the army had failed against Austria. All the hopes of Italy were centred in the navy.

July 2, Persano telegraphed, "I entreat you to send at once the *Affondatore* and gunners."

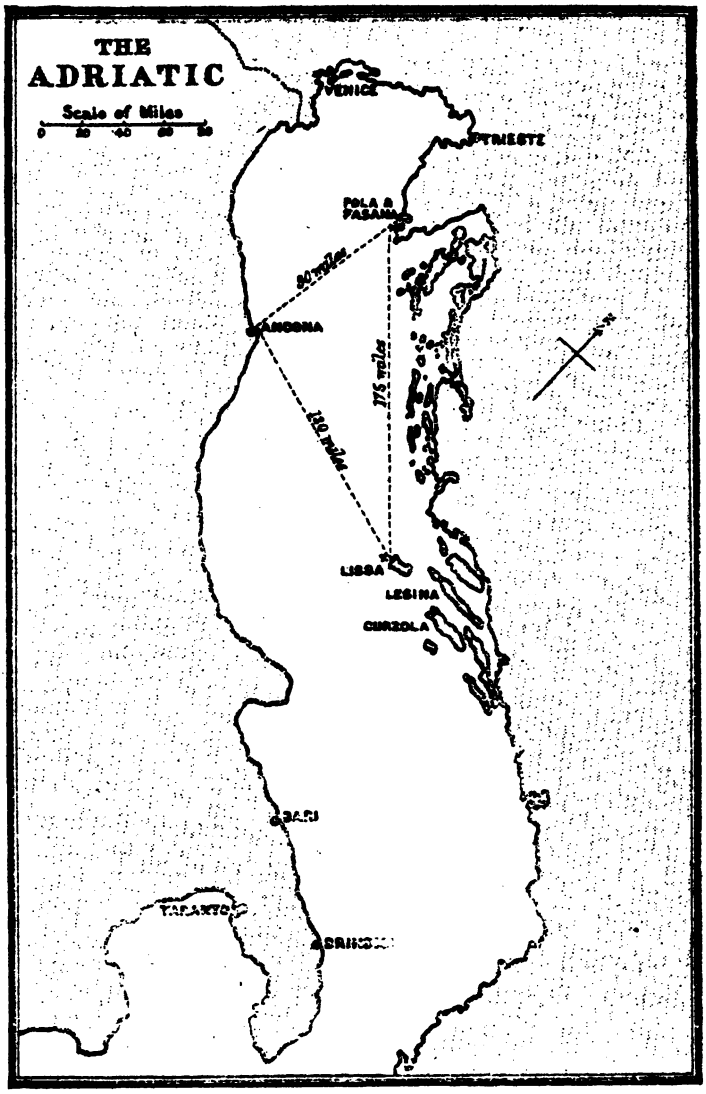
The Minister of Marine besought him now "to do something," — "to sweep the Austrians out of the Adriatic, like a second Tromp, for such was the talk of the Milan *cafés*."[1] On the 5th he wrote, "Hope we shall not make peace without our fighting." On the 7th he telegraphed, "Want two or three days more."

His delays finally exasperated the Minister of Marine, who, out of patience with his "masterly inactivity," sent to him the following despatch: "Would you tell the people," he wrote, "the people who in their mad vanity believe their sailors the best in the world,— that in spite of the twelve millions we have added to their debt, the squadron that we have collected is one incapable of facing the enemy? We should be stoned. And who has ever heard the Austrian fleet mentioned except with contempt?" The whole country was now clamorous for action. Something must be done, they said, and speedily.

On the 7th of July he received instructions to seek and attack the enemy, fighting a decisive battle, or, if the Austrian fleet remained at Pola, to blockade it, keeping out of range of the harbor defences. The main object was to command the Adriatic and drive out the enemy's fleet. There can be no criticism upon the plan of campaign.

Imperative orders came to this dilatory admiral on

[1] Wilson, 217; *Rev. des deux Mondes*, Vol. 66, p. 203.


THE
ADRIATIC
Scale of Miles
0 20 40 60 80
VENICE
TRIESTE
POLA & PASARO
80 miles
ANCONA
175 miles
110 miles
LISSA
LESINA
CURZOLA
BARI
TARANTO
BRINDISI

the same day. "Go out of harbor," they read, "with your fleet; leave behind any of the ships which want guns. Act according to instructions."

On the 8th, accordingly, he put out to sea much against his judgment, for the eagerly desired *Affondatore* had not yet arrived.

The fleet stood to the southeast in open order, a thousand yards apart and in mid-channel, and sailed forward and backward — a senseless proceeding; for no manœuvres were attempted, no targets were fired at, only some exercise was had at the great guns.

Persano had no plan and, apparently, no head for one. He still longed for the *Affondatore;* so he sailed back again to his snug retreat at Ancona on the 13th.

The nation was much wrought up at this display of incapacity. The admiral was derided.

Depretio, the Minister of Marine, had written: "If Tegetthoff declines to meet us, we will effect a landing somewhere on the coast; at Lissa, for instance. Lissa, by its central position, would insure to us the sovereignty of the Adriatic; let us take Lissa."

The feeling of the danger of farther delay was so great that imperative orders came at last from the king and ministry to go to sea and "to attempt against the hostile fortresses or fleet what operations may be thought convenient to obtain a success."

No excuse was now possible. Persano seems to have had no plan of his own.

Lissa had been suggested — he would attack Lissa; so, in a hurry and with much confusion, the fleet moved out, on the 16th of July, in the direction of Lissa, without charts or knowledge of its fortifications, nor even the soldiers which he had been offered for landing.

Lissa is an island about nine miles long and four

broad, situated thirty miles from the Dalmatian coast. It is rough and thickly wooded, and is well placed for defensive purposes. It is noted in naval annals for a brilliant action of the English squadron of Captain Hoste, which took place March 12, 1811, who, with three frigates and a corvette, defeated a Franco-Venetian squadron of six frigates, a brig, and four smaller vessels. Trafalgar was still vivid in men's minds, and Hoste hoisted the signal, "Remember Nelson"; the result proved that his name was yet a name to conjure by.

On the northeast of the island is the harbor of San Giorgio, fortified originally by the English, made formidable by the Austrians. Two smaller harbors are at the extreme west and the southeast corners; namely, Comisa and Manego.

Persano arrived off Lissa on the night of the 17th. On the morning of the 18th he ordered an attack. Rear-Admiral Vacca, with three ironclads, was to engage the forts at Comisa; Vice-Admiral Albini, with the wooden ships, was to shell Manego, while Persano engaged the enemy at San Giorgio with the ironclads. The attempt upon Comisa was a failure, for the forts were some 500 feet above the water, out of the range of the guns. So Vacca purposely drew off and joined Albini at Manego, after an hour or two's waste of ammunition. The forts at Manego were considered to be higher than at Comisa, so these divisions joined the main squadron at San Giorgio.

Persano had taken the precaution to send the *Esploratore* to the north to watch for the Austrian fleet, the *Stella d' Italia* to the west on a similar duty; while Commander Sandri was ordered to take the gunboats and cut the telegraph cable running between Lissa and the adjacent island of Lesina. This latter duty, how-

ever, was delayed so long that the fleet had been seen approaching from the island and reported to Pola; for it was delayed until the action had actually begun, and Tegetthoff had sent in reply the message, "Hold out till the fleet can come to you."

How Persano expected to take the island does not appear; he had asked for five thousand men, fifteen hundred had been offered to him,—but he had sailed without them.

The bombardment was on the whole successful. The forts at the harbor entrance were demolished by the shells which burst in their magazines. The main fort, Madonna, had been silenced; but the Austrians, nothing daunted, renewed their defence, returning to their guns.

Albini might have landed at Manego, it appears, and could have easily carried the forts, which were only armed with two 12-pounder rifles and four 18-pounder smooth-bores, and the small garrison would probably have yielded; this would have put the Austrians at San Giorgio in a predicament. Persano was chagrined at the failure of Albini, who hesitated to carry out his order, and, thereafter, did nothing at San Giorgio. The bombardment drew heavily upon Persano's supply of ammunition: the expenditure of one ship, the *Re d' Italia*, was 1300 shot.

Persano does not seem to have been "at home" aboard ship. "He would have preferred remaining at Ancona, brilliant in a gold coat trimmed with blue cloth."

Signor Boggio, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, had received permission to make the cruise with Persano on board the *Re d' Italia*.

It was interesting to the deputy, and he was ready to praise everything. Standing on the poop-deck, he

watched the bombardment. The next day he wrote to his friend Depretio, the Minister of Marine, "The noise was infernal. Your humble correspondent remained on the poop from eleven o'clock to half-past six, exposed to a storm of shell." He put in a good word for the admiral also. "Persano," he wrote, "is most unjustly accused; he deserves the perfect confidence of the government and the country. The heavy responsibility may have rendered him unduly careful; but now that the time of action has arrived, what a difference is there between him and others!"[1]

One imagines the deputy to have been a type of the enthusiastic landsman to whom war has been what the romances of sea-life have made it, busying himself about the ship, asking questions here and there, and feeling somewhat alarmed at the noise of the great guns, and yet courageous enough to remain on deck during the bombardment. A man doubtless dressed in decorous black broadcloth, having a pale countenance and eyes haloed with gold spectacles, well fed, a man of consequence, who messed with the admiral, and asked questions of the man at the wheel.

It was the event of his life and, in common with all his countrymen, his hopes were high; for had he not, in common with his fellow-deputies, voted the £12,000,000 to make the fleet the best in the world? Therefore Signor Boggio was at ease, and drank the admiral's wine in the admiral's cabin, and regaled himself with his cigars thereafter in placid content — a type of his countrymen on the eve of disaster.

The next day two frigates arrived with 2200 soldiers aboard. This event encouraged Persano to persist in his attempt to reduce the fortifications; but, more than

[1] Laughton, *Studies in Naval History*, p. 173.

all, the *Affondatore* came with them. His confidence in his ability to cope with the situation arose a degree or two.

He sent the *Terribile* and the *Varese* to renew the attack on Comisa. Fort Madonna was to be engaged by the *Formidabile* and the *Affondatore*, with the *Principe di Carignano* to aid them, under Vacca's command; but Vacca found that there was no room for him to enter, the passage being barred by the former ships; so he turned around and came back, having accomplished nothing. At 4.30 P.M. the *Formidabile* engaged the Madonna battery at the near range of three hundred yards. At sunset she returned, having suffered considerably, while having been fought by Captain St. Bon with spirit and bravery. More than fifty of his crew were disabled.

The ship's funnel and her upper works were shot through and through, rigging and bulwarks were demolished, and six port lids had been destroyed. Persano had succeeded in rendering useless one of his most powerful vessels, a conflict with the Austrian fleet being imminent.

Albini had failed to land his troops. Persano, assailing the outer forts, had accomplished nothing, and had lost 16 killed and 114 wounded. Thus far it had been a suicidal campaign.

The same plan, however, was devised for the following day, at Comisa and San Giorgio, with Vacca to cruise to the northward of the island. Albini laid his failure to land to the weather — an excuse not justified by the circumstances. He seems to have been incompetent and disobedient, and to have had no respect for his commander. To be sure, Persano's professional conduct had not been thus far such as would command

respect. It appeared afterward that the officers under him were entirely ignorant of any plans which he had, — if he had any; there were no consultations; no prescribed order of battle in the event of the Austrian fleet appearing; no manœuvres; no orders to meet possible contingencies. All was haphazard disorder. Vacca alone had heard of Tegetthoff's telegram, — and that by accident.

On the morning of the 20th of July preparations were being made to land. Albini, finally getting to work, had all his boats and pile of stores waiting for the signal to go ashore with his force.

The weather was bad; the fog increased the confusion which seems to have reigned through the fleet; when, at 7.50 o'clock, the *Esploratore* appeared in sight, at racing speed, with a signal flying which startled every one like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, — "Suspicious ships in west-northwest." A moment later she was concealed from view by a heavy squall. The densest mind, however, was penetrated by the sudden intelligence, with the sharp conviction that the Austrian ironclads were behind that squall, and would soon be upon them.

The situation could scarcely have been worse. It is bad enough for a well-ordered, well-disciplined fleet to be surprised; but for the Italian fleet under the conditions already described, surprise is well-nigh destruction. Of Persano's small squadron three vessels were three miles away to the northeast of the island; two were nine miles away to the west of the island; and the *Formidabile*, in disabled condition, striving to keep afloat, the swell of the sea coming in through her open ports. Persano immediately signalled: "The suspicious ships are the enemy. Clear for action."

Persano now made signals in rapid succession, ordered the *Terribile* and *Varese* to join him; summoned Albini from the shore, ordering him to form his wooden ships behind the ironclad line,— an order which Albini contended he never received, and therefore did not obey.

The only understanding in the Italian fleet was that Vacca was to command the van, or right wing, and Ribotti, who commanded the *Re di Portogallo*, the rear, or left wing, as the fleet should be in line ahead or abreast.

Vacca's testimony after the battle shows the unreadiness of the situation as nothing else could do. "No council was called," he testified, "nor was the plan of battle discussed, as the regulations direct. I was unable to form any idea of what the commander-in-chief meant to do."[1]

Persano made signal to form line of battle and steered toward the northeast, nearly at right angles to the direction which the Austrians were taking.

On July 6 the Austrian fleet had made a reconnoissance toward Ancona, thus wisely giving the officers and crews another opportunity to become acquainted with each other and their respective duties. So on the morning of July 20 Tegetthoff had a fleet in fairly good shape for a fight. One element of weakness there was in his fleet for which he was not responsible, but which threatened to embarrass him greatly. He had eight hundred Venetians on his ships. On July 5 Venice had been offered to the emperor of France by the Austrian emperor. Tegetthoff would have dismissed these men, thinking them to be Italians, had he not learned positively by telegram that Venice had not yet become a part of Italy. The Dalmatians, moreover, were not

[1] Quoted by Laughton.

altogether trustworthy. Sailors, however, in battle are generally loyal to the ship in which they serve.

The admiral had inspired his men with courage; they felt that he knew his duty thoroughly, and was determined to do it. They saw his thoroughness. They felt that he was making them capable to do whatever was required of them.

Then there came at last a series of brief telegrams, each of which was a stimulus to his imagination and made him eager for action.

On July 17, from Lissa, a despatch came as follows: "Warship reconnoitring the island under the English flag." Next day there followed rapidly the messages: "Nine ships of war, without colors, making for the island." "Ten warships advancing under the French flag." "Ships signalled are moving to the northwest, without colors; are alarming garrison." "Ships moving on Lissa, ten miles distant; the attack imminent." "Comisa attacked by twelve ships; Sardinian flag." "Port of Lissa attacked." "Fierce cannonade of Lissa; no casualties."

These messages, startling as they were, did not disturb Tegetthoff, who suspected that the attack on Lissa was merely a feint to draw him away from his base, where he could defend either Venice or Trieste,—if either were attacked.

On the 19th Tegetthoff learned through a despatch from the governor of Dalmatia, that the attack was about to begin upon Lissa again. He now made every preparation to proceed to the south. Summoning his captains for a final conference, he assembled his fleet outside the harbor, where he joined them at 1.30 o'clock, having received permission from Vienna to commence active hostilities, and having signalled them to "Get

steam up in all boilers," and "As soon as under steam, leave."

The crews cheered. The bands played the stirring national air of Austria. The fleet was in good shape and ready to work together in harmony.

Every captain had received his instructions. To avoid surprise the fleet sailed in fighting order,—in double echelon, a wedge-shaped formation, in three parts. At the apex of the first was the flagship, *Erzherzog Ferdinand Maximilian*, with seven ironclad ships. A thousand yards behind were seven wooden ships, the *Kaiser* leading, Commander Petz in command.

The frigates of fifty guns, the *Schwarzenberg* and *Novara*, covered the right and left wings of the second formation. Still astern of these were the gun-vessels, arranged in the same manner, with the *Hum* leading, and at the rear, despatch-boats and smaller craft. Between these squadrons was a ship whose duty it was to repeat signals. Everything that a careful commander could arrange had been provided. No emergency had been left unthought of. "Thus the formation adopted placed the strongest ships in front, covered in no small degree the weaker vessels, concentrated the maximum of strength in the minimum of space, gave scope for the employment of the ram, and yet did not mask the broadside fire of the ships."[1]

At 6.40 on the morning of the 20th the Italian fleet was descried. The men were at breakfast, and the admiral did not disclose the news to the fleet until the meal hour was over. The squall which immediately thereafter sprang up shut out the Italian fleet from view, and knocked off the speed of the ships to five and a half knots. Tegetthoff doubted whether an attack

[1] Wilson, Vol. I., p. 230.

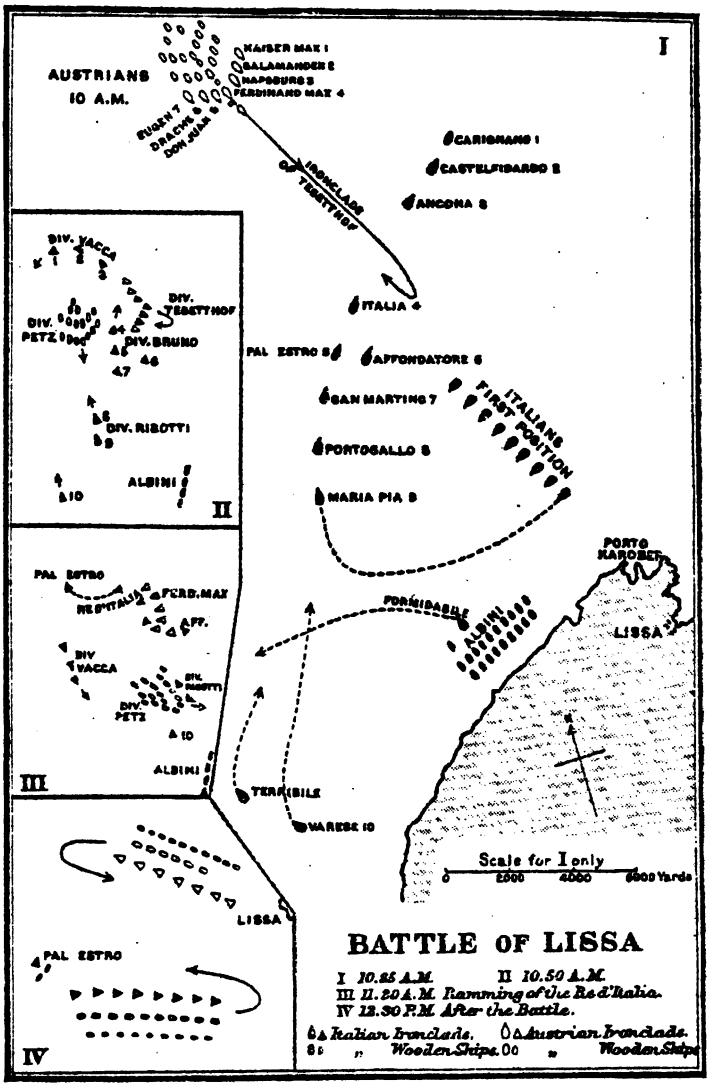
was advisable. At nine the weather cleared. Signals were given to "Clear for action," "Close up," and "Full speed," — laconic signals well understood by the fleet.

The Austrian fleet, under its able admiral, in admirable order, came brilliantly into action. It is impossible not to admire the dispositions which the admiral had made, and the determination back of them. Presage of victory! They came on steadily and silently, as far as noise of gun is concerned; only the churning of the screws and the rushing of the parting sea at their bows being heard.

Never before in the history of the world had such powerful iron monsters forged their way through the sea in battle array. They were nearing the Italian line of battle. At 10.35 the last signal was made, — "Panzerschiffe den Feind anrennen und zum Sinken bringen," — "Ironclads to charge the enemy and sink him."

Persano had formed his fleet in line abreast about nine o'clock. A thought seemed then to occur to him, and he signalled the fleet once more, "Form line ahead." It was in this way, therefore, that he prepared to receive the enemy, changing his formation at the last moment; the Austrian fleet making swift headway toward him. As Tegetthoff approached, the Italian fleet was headed to the northwest, in three small divisions, in the following order: —

The *Carignano*, Vacca's flagship, came first, followed by the *Castelfiardo* and the *Ancona;* then, at an interval, Persano's flagship, the *Re d' Italia*, with the *Affondatore*, *Palestro*, and *San Martino;* and, last, the division of Ribotti with the *Re di Portogallo* and the *Maria Pia*. The second division, that of Faa di Bruno, was supported on the starboard side by the *Affondatore*. The


I
AUSTRIANS
10 A.M.
KAISER MAX 1
SALAMANDER 2
HAPSBURG 3
FERDINAND MAX 4
EUGEN 7
DRACHE 8
DON JUAN 9
IRONCLADS
TERRITTEROP
CARIGNANO 1
CASTELFIDARDO 2
ANCONA 3
ITALIA 4
PAL ESTRO 5
AFFONDATORE 6
SAN MARTINO 7
PORTOGALLO 8
MARIA PIA 9
ITALIANS
FIRST POSITION
PORTO KARORET
LISSA
FORMIDABILE
ALBINI
TERRIBILE
VARESE 10
Scale for I only
0 2000 4000 6000 Yards
DIV. VACCA
DIV. PETZ
DIV. BRUNO
DIV. RIBOTTI
ALBINI
II
PAL ESTRO
RE D'ITALIA
FERD. MAX
FF.
DIV VACCA
DIV. PETZ
ALBINI
III
LISSA
PAL ESTRO
IV
BATTLE OF LISSA
I 10.25 A.M. II 10.50 A.M.
III 11.20 A.M. Ramming of the Re d'Italia.
IV 12.30 P.M. After the Battle.
Italian Ironclads. Austrian Ironclads.
Wooden Ships. Wooden Ships

Varese and *Terribile* were far away to the southward. So that the whole line extended about thirteen miles.

An incident now occurred illustrative of the vacillating mind of this unfortunate admiral. Persano, at the last moment, decided to change his flag to another vessel; having no doubt at last of the proper place for the commander-in-chief in battle. The naval critics suggesting that such place may be properly outside the line in a swift cruiser of observation, he accordingly signalled the *Affondatore*, a slow-going monitor, boarded her, and transferred his flag. The low-decked monitor was a poor place for signalling, but that does not seem to have been taken into account. He had at last got aboard his beloved *Affondatore*, and he was safe; but it afterward appeared that this transfer was not known to the leaders of the two other divisions. They looked to the *Re d' Italia* for signals, and never saw any. There was a distance of a mile between the ships ahead and astern of the *Re d' Italia*. They saw a boat go from one ship to the other, and that was all.

Thereupon the admiral began steaming up and down the line, multiplying signals that nobody saw. Among them, "Diminish distances between ships," "Attack the enemy when within range," — eminently proper signals to be made, but of no earthly use if unseen. Albini's division was some four miles to the southeast with the *Formidabile*,

When the *Re d' Italia* stopped to transfer the admiral, Vacca's division went steadily ahead, thus bringing "a tremendous gap" between the first and second divisions, — an error which renders Persano censurable in the highest degree. The first division was left thus without any support. It was an open door of victory for the Austrian fleet.

At ten o'clock the sea became comparatively smooth, the haze cleared away, and the heat of a summer's day began to be felt.

The Italians had formed not far from the island to the northeast of Fort Karober. The Austrian fleet could see plainly the island which they were to defend, — their own territory, — and there was great rejoicing on the part of the military forces ashore when they made out the fleet which had come to their rescue.

The speed of the Austrian fleet was not great, but it seemed so to the Italians as they came steadily on in compact array.

About 10.35, the enemy's fleet in full view, Persano changed his flag. A quarter of an hour later, the Austrian admiral broke through the line, or rather sailed through it at the gap which the *Re d' Italia* had left, unmolested by his foes, except for a few shots exchanged with Vacca's division, which effected nothing, owing to the swell which rocked the ships, and the poor gunnery of the Italians. The Austrian fleet had now faced the fire of the great Armstrong guns, and had not found them so formidable after all. Their confidence grew. The deputy Boggio, though invited to go with Persano on board the *Affondatore*, decided to remain on the *Re d' Italia*. It was a larger ship and would surely be in the fight. The Austrians had passed through the line at a distance of two hundred yards from the *Re d' Italia*, partly concealed by the smoke of their guns.

They were in the midst of the enemy almost before they were aware, and to their surprise. At 10.50 Vacca turned to port with the intention of flanking the Austrian line while it passed; but, owing to the slowness of his movements, the fleet passed through, and his

intention was then to direct his three ships toward the rear of the Austrian line to destroy the smaller wooden craft. This was a proper manœuvre, and if it had been executed with vigor would have caused the Austrian fleet much damage. As it was, he encircled the rear of the line.

Commodore Petz, commanding the second Austrian squadron, turned to the south, when Tegetthoff slipped through the line, with the intention of attacking the third, or Ribotti's squadron on the Italian side. This squadron had been reënforced by the *Varese*, which had come up in the meantime.

An engagement did not take place immediately between these two squadrons, because Ribotti placed himself between the two divisions of the Austrian fleet, — that of Petz, which was coming to attack him, and that of Tegetthoff.

Albini, at some distance to the rear, should have come to his assistance, but he judged it prudent to remain a silent spectator of what was going on, although his wooden fleet carried 420 guns. This was an opportunity which he threw away.

About this time Petz discovered the *Re di Portogallo* proceeding toward him. The initial stress of the action was at hand. It soon after became a mêlée.

Petz did not flinch when the big ironclad rushed toward him. He illustrated the truth of Admiral Farragut's remark, "Give me iron in the men, and I shall not much mind the iron in the ships." So in the wooden *Kaiser* he encountered the iron *Re di Portogallo*.

On his way he met the *Affondatore*, Persano's flagship; but for some unaccountable reason the *Affondatore* sheered off and passed on, although the ships were headed toward each other for ramming.

For this lost opportunity Persano has been severely condemned. The result would undoubtedly have been to sink the *Kaiser*. In defence of this remarkable conduct, it is said, when the collision seemed to be inevitable, he avoided it, out of pity for the probable loss of life, a sudden impulse seizing him.

A battle, however, is pitiless. There is no excuse. He was not there to save life, but to destroy it. The *Kaiser* proceeded boldly on her way to meet the *Re di Portogallo*. She could not expect a repetition of her good fortune. As she went she fired the concentrated broadside which Tegetthoff had caused to be practised before the battle.

While this was going on, Tegetthoff, having sailed through the line, returned to Persano's division, seeking his enemy. This division was completely in disarray. Upon the *Re d' Italia*, the *Palestro*, and the *San Martino* Tegetthoff concentrated the fire of his seven vessels.

Swiftly turning to starboard, he swooped down upon them with his circling ironclads.

The very best warfare: divide your enemy's line, overwhelm his small detachments.

By this attack the *Re d' Italia* and *Palestro* were badly battered, although it must be remembered that their armament was the heavier. Seven against three is, however, great odds, and it is a wonder that they survived the attack.

What happened now consecutively no one seems to know. The smoke of the guns arose in huge swelling clouds and shut out the combatants from each other.

Persano had taken the precaution to have his vessels painted gray. The Austrian ships were painted black.

It would have been confusion worse confounded if these precautions had not been taken.

The main idea, henceforth, of the Austrian commanders was to follow Tegetthoff's concise instructions, "Ram everything gray." To ram seemed the best warfare. The event proved the Austrian admiral's wisdom. It was, however, getting a glimpse of your enemy, on the Austrians' part, steering boldly for him, only in time to find him anywhere but ahead. Consequently the ships had lookouts on every quarter. Tegetthoff had, however, taken an extra precaution to distinguish his own ships. He had caused their funnels to be colored differently. So the funnel of each vessel, rising up from the smoke, signalled its name. An able commander neglects no slight advantage, knowing that an apparently small device leads often to a large victory.

To return to the *Kaiser*, which was on her way to meet the Italian ironclad, the *Re di Portogallo*. The Italian ironclads had threatened his flank; the *Re di Portogallo*, the *Maria Pia*, and *Varese* were before him.

The *Affondatore* had met her, as has been described, and, hesitating to ram her, passed away into the battle cloud which enveloped the squadrons.

The attack of Commodore Petz, with his wooden squadron, in the *Kaiser*, was most creditable to his bravery and skill.

He had for his flagship an old line-of-battle ship of wood, armed with obsolete smooth-bore guns, and before him was the immense Italian vessel, the *Re di Portogallo*, with her thirty-six rifled guns and two powerful 300-pounder Armstrongs. A David and Goliath combat was imminent. The *Kaiser* poured her concentrated broadsides into the huge ship with fury, but to no purpose. Petz determined to ram.

This showed of what brave stuff the man was made. With a tremendous splintering crash the blow fell. The *Kaiser* suffered severely. Her bowsprit was snapped off. Her figure-head, broken off, was left sticking in the great ship's bulwarks. Down came her foremast; with it the funnel. The sudden alarm of fire added increased sense of peril to the catastrophe. It was bravely done.

While it did not accomplish its immediate object, neither harming or sinking the Italian vessel, it was successful in that it frightened the enemy's gunners out of their wits. They could have easily raked the *Kaiser* from stem to stern with their 300-pounders. The Austrian ship then swung alongside, completely at the mercy of her foe. Under the circumstances she ought to have been blown into the air; that she was not, seems to give color to the surmise that in their consternation the Italians fired blank cartridges. After the collision the *Kaiser* went slowly ahead, her gunners keeping steadily at work, firing volley after volley, — having many wounded men, — when suddenly there loomed up before her again the *Affondatore*, black and very ugly. This time she cannot escape her fate. She will be treated as she endeavored to treat the *Re di Portogallo*.

The *Affondatore* was coming at right angles to her with a spear thirty feet long at her bow. To touch her with that iron spear is to sink her at the touch. A moment more and the poor *Kaiser* is only a name in the annals of the Austrian navy.

The order to ram is given; on board the *Affondatore* the men are ordered to throw themselves flat upon their faces, "*Pancia a terra!*"

And then, to the surprise of all in both ships, the helm of the *Affondatore* was put hard over. She turned

to the right. The *Kaiser* once more was safe! She poured a heavy broadside at her formidable foe and went into the enveloping smoke, the curling flames mounting her rigging. It is impossible to conjecture why Persano failed a second time to ram so weak an enemy. His only excuse was that he turned at the last moment on account of the pitiable plight of the *Kaiser*.

This only condemns him as incompetent; whether from timidity or irresolution he shrank from his duty. He was not executing manœuvres. There was no excuse.

The *Ancona* and *Varese* colliding, the Austrians were thus enabled to pass on. The *Novara* followed the *Kaiser* closely, and suffered with her as they passed through the rear of the Italian line, the *Re di Portogallo*, the *Maria Pia*, and the *Varese* discharging their guns in rapid succession. The *Kaiser* had suffered severely from the *Affondatore's* guns, one shell killing or wounding 20 men, having in all 24 killed and 75 wounded, including Commodore Petz. The *Novara* lost 7 killed, including her captain, Eric of Klint, and 20 wounded; the remaining ships escaped with but few casualties, 3 killed and 9 wounded; but the *Kaiser*, which had done her work so bravely, found her engines disabled as she cleared the Italian line, so she made her way slowly, like a wounded bird, to San Giorgio—where she received the cheers of the welcoming garrison, as of a veteran returned from the wars.

To return to the *Ferdinand Max* and Tegetthoff, who had encountered, with his seven ironclads, the Italian centre. The command to "ram everything gray" had with difficulty been obeyed, for the confusion of turning ships rendered accurate fighting almost impossible.

The *Palestro* had met with sad fortune. She had

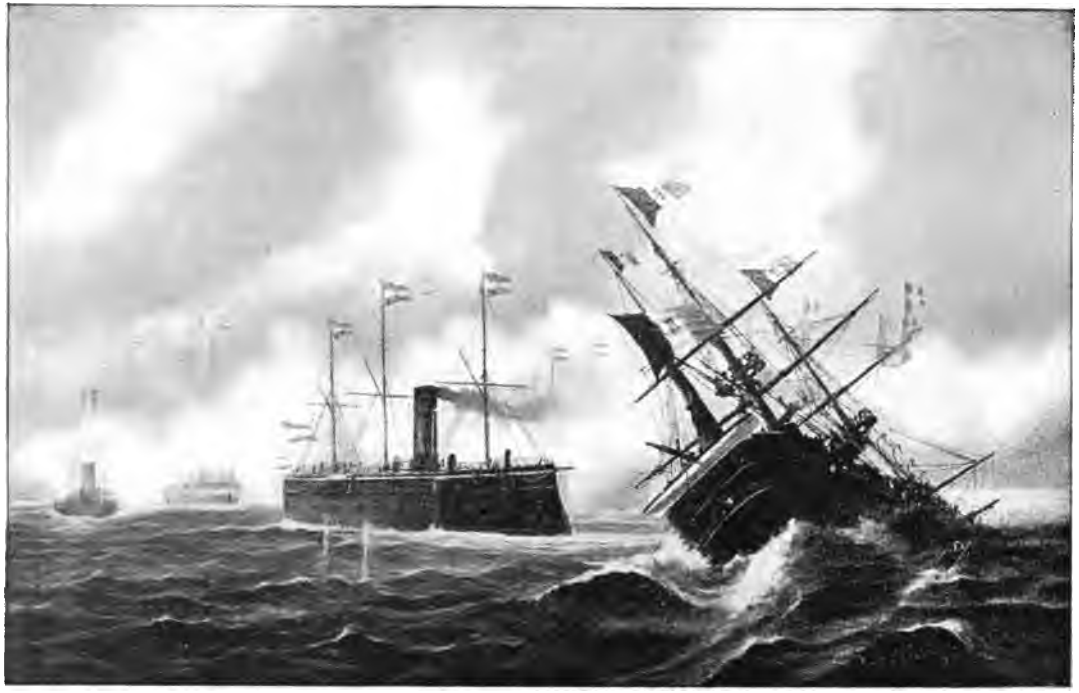
been set on fire near the wardroom by a hand grenade or an Austrian shell. Immediately her brave captain, Capellini, ordered her magazines to be flooded, but he forgot a quantity of loose ammunition which had been brought on deck for an emergency to save time when the fight should be at the most critical stage. It was seen that the ship was doomed. Capellini would not desert his ship, saying heroically, "Whoever wishes to can go; but as for me, I stay." The crew stood by him loyally and cheered for Italy and Italy's king, in the meantime working almost frantically, but unsuccessfully, to extinguish the flames. The ammunition was reached, and then came the great explosion which horrified both the fleets. Out of 230 officers and men only one officer and eighteen men survived. This happened about half-past two.

The *Drache*, which did great service, set the *Palestro* on fire, but her valiant captain, von Moll, fighting his ship on deck, was struck by a shot which carried away half of his head, and he fell a lifeless body, his last order given. This vessel had her steam drum put out of order during the engagement. She lost her mainmast, also, and, like the *Palestro*, she was set on fire, which, however, was extinguished. The crew escaped with few casualties, for they were kept lying down on deck as much as possible.

The crisis of the fight and its most conspicuous incident took place in connection with the *Ferdinand Max* and the *Re d' Italia*, which vessel Tegetthoff took to be Persano's flagship.

Twice had Tegetthoff rammed a gray mass rising up before him, but too obliquely, the ships sheering off as they swiftly touched and passed.

Suddenly there appeared before him a huge gray bulk



THE SINKING OF THE "RE D'ITALIA."

of a ship. He was ready to follow his own orders. To ram the gray monster was his immediate and energetic purpose. Here was no Persano in the *Affondatore.*

Baron von Sterneck, the captain of the *Ferdinand Max*, gave orders to the engine room, "Full speed ahead; be ready to reverse engines."

Then, at a speed of eleven and a half knots the 5000 tons of the Austrian ship was sent toward the unfortunate Italian vessel like a ponderous javelin.

There was an Austrian ship just ahead of the *Re d' Italia*, but there was no attempt to ram her. This does not seem to have occurred to the Italians. There was no reason why they might not have rammed as well as their enemies. If the Italian commander had gone ahead, he would have escaped the swift-coming blow; but instead he backed his engines.

The Austrian ship struck heavily against the Italian abreast the foremast on the port side. The prow rose up and fell, crunching through the iron sheathing into the wooden sides with an appalling sound. The big Italian heeled to starboard at the blow, while the shock on the *Ferdinand Max* threw men violently to the deck. The concussion was felt in the engine room; but no injury was experienced by the Austrian.

As she retired immediately, the crippled ship heeled to port, showing the great jagged hole in her side, and, at an angle of forty-five degrees, showed to the Austrians the deck covered with startled men. She was so near that an Austrian officer exclaimed, "What a splendid deck!" This was her last roll. She then slowly and heavily sank. There was a mighty shuddering silence at the heart of the battle storm.

The conflict ceased for two long minutes, while the crew bravely cheered and cried, "*Venezia e nostra!*"

Some of them were seen to cast off their clothes and leap to the starboard; others jumped to port and were swallowed up in the vortex made by the sinking ship.

The Italians record that their captain, Fra di Bruno, exclaimed, "The captain must perish with his ship"; and with the words he put a revolver to his head and pulled the trigger.

The chief gunner hurried to a gun which had not been fired, saying, "Just this one more." It was the last note of defiance sent booming over the waves. They were brave men badly led.

It is one of the deplorable adjuncts of warfare that the individual dash or bravery of a soldier or sailor counts for nothing unless wisely directed with reference to the victory sought. The sinking of the *Re d' Italia* took place thirty-seven minutes after the first shot was fired, and almost simultaneously with the ramming of the *Re di Portogallo* by the *Kaiser*, the former at 11.20, the latter at 11.17.

Tegetthoff sent a paddle-wheel steamer, the *Elizabeth*, to rescue the sailors who were struggling in the water; but she was fired on by the Italians, who were ignorant of the great loss which had come upon them, and driven away.

The battle was now over. Curiously enough, the opposing fleets had changed sides, entirely reversing their positions, — the Austrians inshore toward Lissa, the Italians to seaward.

The Austrians' loss was very small, — 38 killed and 138 wounded. Exclusive of the losses on the *Re d' Italia*, the *Palestro*, and at Lissa, 5 killed and 39 wounded, the Italian loss in killed and drowned was about 620, and in wounded, 161.

When the smoke of the battle cleared, Persano, in wonder, signalled, "Where is the *Re d' Italia?*" and the startling reply came back from the nearest ship, "Sunk to the bottom."

The deputy Boggio was observed on the deck of the doomed ship futilely firing a pistol in the air, as she went down, in brave defiance. So his holiday ended.

Persano then drew up his fleet and waited an Austrian attack. He was still superior in ironclads to the enemy, although doubtless short of ammunition.

Tegetthoff did not again resume the engagement. He had done enough. His fleet defended Lissa after having broken through the Italian line and destroyed two of their most powerful ships, with a small loss of life. It was not for him to take the initiative again. Persano having waited sailed for Ancona, where he telegraphed a victory. Florence, the capital of Italy, was illuminated, there was great rejoicing. The facts became known next day, and Persano was bitterly reproached. To add to his discomfiture, the *Affondatore*, which he valued so much, sank in the harbor, and he himself was court-martialled afterward on charges of cowardice and treason; but the court simply found him guilty of negligence and incapacity, — charges which were proved without difficulty, for such a record of incompetency is unparalleled in naval history.[1] He was deprived, by his sentence, of his rank as admiral, dismissed the service, and obliged to pay the cost of the trial. Albini was also dismissed.

The Austrian ironclads received injuries of a slight nature, which would not have prevented them from

[1] "Carlo di Persano, supremo ammiralgio italiano . . . quest' uomo diciamo, fu il principale autore del disastro, dell' onta di Lissa, autore principale non unico." — RANDACCIO.

renewing the attack. Even the *Kaiser* was put speedily into readiness.

It was not so with the Italian ships. Armor plates were shattered and loosened, and shells were exploded on different ships. The *San Martino* had one of her 4-inch plates perforated — all of which is evidence that coolness and skilful gunnery prevailed in the northern fleet.

The enthusiasm at Vienna, a city which knows how to be glad on great occasions and small, was unbounded. Tegetthoff's story was on every lip.

The Italian Vecchi, commenting upon the engagement, speaks of the *scarza sapienza*, the little wisdom, which Tegetthoff exercised in not following Persano's fleet. Success might have attended his efforts, for the enemy were evidently somewhat demoralized by the situation. Persano waited until 10.30 in the evening. Yet it must be remembered that he had raised the blockade of Lissa, had destroyed two of the enemy's ships with a fleet less powerfully equipped, and the initiative was no longer absolutely necessary on his part.

The battle was commented on far and wide. It elicited much interest as the first fight of ironclads in European waters.

The number of hits received by the Italian ships as compared with the Austrians was about as ten to one.

Persano called attention to the danger of fires caused by the presence of wood aboard iron ships.

The victory was announced at Vienna by telegraph, and the very next day Tegetthoff learned that he had been made vice-admiral by the emperor. Medals and ribbons were rained on him.

Maximilian, writing from Mexico, invested him with the Grand Cross of the Guadalupe Order, referring to

"the glorious victory which you have gained over a brave enemy, vastly superior in numbers and nurtured in grand old naval traditions," which filled his "heart with unmixed joy. . . . For with the victory of Lissa your fleet becomes enrolled amongst those whose flag is the symbol of glory, and your name is added to the list of naval heroes of all time."

Naval historians recognize the ability of Tegetthoff, but judge that he used the ram too infrequently.[1] Whether opportunities were lost by the several commanders of the ships, in the confusion, it is impossible to say. The merits of the ram as a weapon in modern naval warfare seemed to be assured. The progress in ordnance since Lissa seems to put its effectiveness in second place. Admiral Touchard said, at the time, "The ram is now the principal weapon in naval combats, — the ultima ratio of maritime war."

The lesson, after all, from Lissa is the necessity for a well-trained *personnel*, a disciplined fleet, high professional efficiency in command. Ships and guns are naught without men.

[1] Out of seventy-four cases of ramming, damage was done in forty-two cases to one or both ships. In twenty-four of these cases the ramming ship was practically unharmed, in seven cases she received as much hurt as the enemy, and in seven cases more injury. In no case did both vessels sink. See Laird Clowes's article in *Jour. R. U. S. I.*, Vol. XXXVIII.

ANGAMOS.

OCTOBER 8, 1879.

For though men can do much by the stoutness and constancy of their hearts, there are chances which lie evermore on the knees of the gods. — H. W. WILSON.

The fact that good marksmen with rifles drove the crew away from a machine gun should not be lost sight of. — LIEUT. T. B. M. MASON, U. S. N.

The difficulty of ramming when both vessels are under way, even when one is almost unmanageable, is worthy of notice. — *Id.*

Ni en muchos siglos olvidará el Peru tan cruel hecatombe; pero su propria sangre asi generosamento vertida por el deber habrá talvez de sevirle de estimulo y de regeneracion. — VICUÑA MACKENNA.

The *Huascar* began her career as a pirate. She committed ravages along the Chilian coast, destroying defenceless transports and capturing unarmed craft. She was successful only against wooden vessels. She never won a victory over any ironclad.

This is all true, and yet she made a name for herself, not only for what she did, but for what she attempted to do and for what her enemies feared she might do. And this is wholly to her credit and that of her commander. Her career illustrates the fact that when in warfare much is attempted with small means, the result is often unexpectedly large.

ANGAMOS.

OCTOBER 8, 1879.

On the west coast of South America two countries are situated, — Peru and Chile, — which are nearly equal in territory and population. Both originally Spanish colonies, they revolted against Spanish domination and are independent republics. Bolivia, a third state, lies contiguous to them on the east, having a small bit of seacoast with one port of importance, called Antofagasta, which is simply an open roadstead.

In 1879 hostilities arose between Chile, on the one hand, and Bolivia and Peru, on the other, over the nitrate deposits in the territory claimed by Bolivia. The province of Atacama, which is practically a desert, includes the seaport of Antofagasta. For many years this desert of Atacama was not thought to be of any especial value and had no definite owner. When this province was discovered to contain guano nitrates and mineral wealth, its possession as a source of revenue became very desirable. Hence the dispute between Bolivia and Chile as to the boundary line. The river Loa marks a natural boundary line on the north, for Chile, but the river lies wholly to the north of the territory which, by general agreement, was hers when the independence of the South American republics became a fact. The boundary lines were left as they were during the Spanish possession south of 25° S. When

the great value of Atacama was known, Chile began an aggressive commercial policy. She laid claim to the 23d parallel. Bolivia agreed to admit 24°, through her president, August 10, 1866; but the Bolivian Congress never ratified the agreement.

In 1870 rich silver mines were discovered at Caracoles, north of 24° S. Antofagasta is the nearest port. A company of English and Chilians was formed to work the nitrate deposits, construct a mole, and build a road to Caracoles. Chilian labor was mainly employed, and a large capital was invested besides the $10,000 paid to the Bolivian government for the concession.

In 1873 Bolivia, fearing encroachments upon her territory by her active southern neighbors, who have been called the Yankees of South America, entered into an alliance with Peru; a treaty was secretly made and signed which was intended to guarantee the integrity of their respective territories.

In 1878 the National Congress of Bolivia approved the concession made, requiring, however, that as a duty ten *centavos* the hundredweight should be paid on the nitrate. This the Chilian company refused to pay.

There was still another grievance claimed on Chile's part. Peru established a government monopoly of nitrate deposits at Tarapaca, which was assuredly her right; but the Chilians and English capitalists resented such a formidable commercial rival as the Peruvian government.

Chile did not wait for negotiations of any kind, but immediately, in response to the claims of her capitalists (whose rights, such as they were, they were certainly bound to care for), without declaration of war seized upon three Bolivian ports,—Antofagasta, Cobija, and Tocapilla,—and invaded the territory of Bolivia at

Calama, where the first blood was shed. Peru offered her services as mediator, sending an envoy to Santiago, but the demands of Chile were not such as Peru could comply with; and war was declared on the 5th of April, 1879. As in many another instance, the historian finds difficulty in adjusting the claims of each party to the demands of exact justice. It seems obvious, however, that in this case an international tribunal of arbitration could have averted bloodshed, and the untold miseries which follow war, the dispute being of a kind which arbitration could have arranged without great difficulty, there being no nice question of national honor involved, only a legal question as to boundary and commercial interest.

Owing to the fact that communication between these two countries is almost wholly by sea, the high mountains being in such close proximity to the seacoast, the war was essentially a naval war. Bolivia lies wholly to the east of the Andes, with the exception of the tiny strip of shore above referred to.

As to fighting strength the countries were nearly equal. Bolivia did not possess a single gunboat or tug to steam out of her small harbor. Chile's sea power in tonnage was 13,124, while Peru could count upon a tonnage of 10,084. The allies mustered about one hundred thousand soldiers against the sixty or seventy thousand which Chile was able to put into the field. But the latter had better material.

The English and Germans compose a considerable part of Chile's population; their influence is felt in her national life, while their energies have found expression in her army and navy.

There was no lack of enthusiasm on either side when war was declared. The determination of each country

arose to the height of the occasion. There was to be no shrinking. Every available man was to be put into the field or afloat for a supreme effort. If need be, the treasuries were to be drained dry.

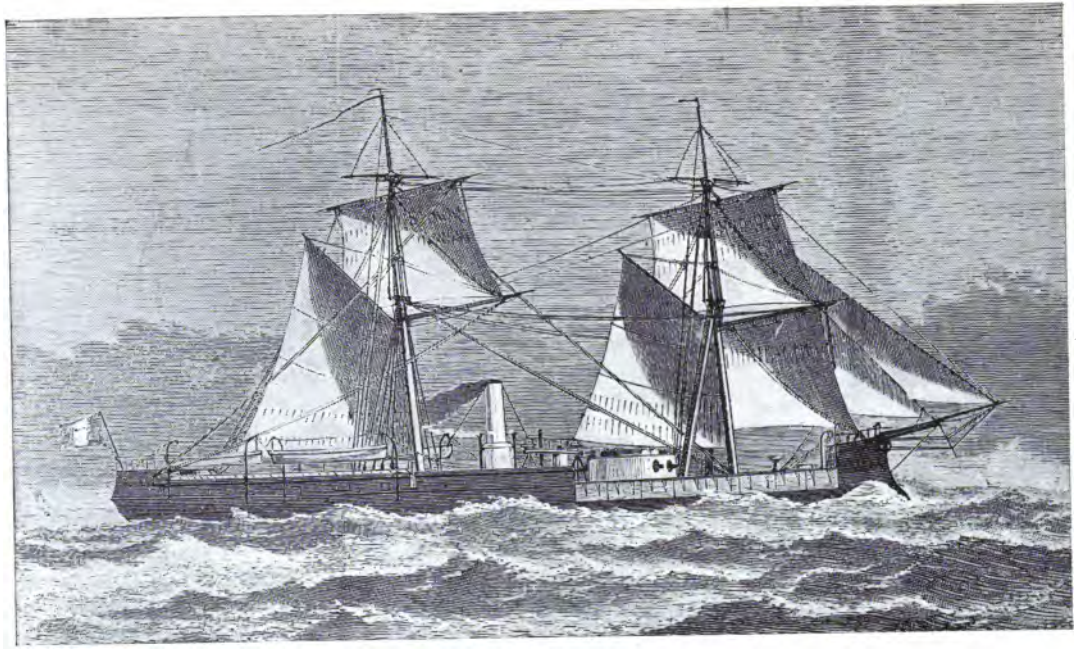
It seems necessary to enter somewhat into particulars with reference to the navies of these countries in order that a more complete idea may be obtained of their relative strength, and in order that the fortunes of a single Peruvian vessel may be viewed in proper proportion, outlined, as it were, against the opposing background.

The Chilian navy consisted of two ironclads, sister ships, the *Blanco Encalada* and the *Almirante Cochrane;* a wooden sloop-of-war, *Esmeralda;* four wooden corvettes, the *O'Higgins*, *Chacabuco*, *Abtao* and *Magellanes;* and a gunboat, *Covadonga*, — eight vessels in all.

The Peruvian navy comprised the ironclad *Independencia*, the *Huascar*, a turret ship, two monitors, the *Atahualpa* and the *Manco Capac*, the corvette *Union*, a gunboat, the *Pilcomayo*, with additional transports, — six vessels in all of fighting character; but the transports, *Chalaco* and *Limeña*, of 1000 and 1163 tons' displacement, having two 40-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrong guns and a speed of eleven to twelve knots, may also be counted as efficient, in a way, as commerce destroyers.

It will thus be seen that the fighting force was nearly equal.

The most conspicuous ship in all this war was the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar;* the most distinguished naval officer, Captain Miguel Grau, her commander; unless the *Covadonga*, and her noble captain, Arturo Prat, of the Chilian navy, are judged equally meritorious: both of them were admirable and able officers.



THE "HUASCAR."

The Chilian ironclads, *Almirante Cochrane* and *Blanco Encalada*, were box-casemated rams, built in England in 1874. Their dimensions were as follows: length, 210 feet; beam, 45 feet 9 inches; draught forward, 18 feet 8 inches; aft, 19 feet 8 inches; displacement, 3560 tons; they were double-screw propellers of 2960 horse-power, and with a speed over a measured mile of 12.8 knots. Upon these two vessels the hopes of the Chilians mainly rested. They had for armament six 9-inch 12-ton muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles. These were pivot-mounts in a box battery amidships, and were easily trained forward and aft, as well as abeam. There were also guns of smaller caliber, one each of 20-, 9-, and 7-pounders. The *Blanco Encalada* carried two 1-inch ½-pounder Nordenfelt machine guns on the bridge; and the *Almirante Cochrane*, one mounted on the knight-heads forward.

The armor was in two streaks, the lower being 8 inches in height, the upper 6 inches on the forward part; aft it was 4½ inches. It will thus be seen how formidable these vessels were, — built by Reed in England,[1] at that time a most celebrated naval constructor. Their rams extended 7 feet 6 inches beyond the bow.

The corvettes *O'Higgins* and *Chacabuco* were wooden vessels of 1670 tons, armed with muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles; having a speed of from eight to ten knots, but of little value on account of their poor condition.

The corvette *Abtao*, built in England, was still smaller, a wooden vessel of 1050 tons, very slow, with poor engines and an unsound hull. Little reliance could be put on her; her guns, however, were muzzle-loading Armstrongs.

The sloop-of-war *Esmeralda*, of 850 tons, was in

[1] Chief naval constructor Sir E. J. Reed, R.N.

still worse condition, crawling along at the rate of three knots; but she had the favorite Armstrongs. The second-class corvette *Magellanes* was a little better, a composite vessel, built in England in 1874, of 772 tons, compound engines, with a speed of eleven knots per hour, armed with Armstrong rifles on pivots; a vessel which might be put to good use.

The gunboat *Covadonga*, the pride of the Chilians because of its capture from the Spaniards by the *Esmeralda*, was yet smaller, of 412 tons, with old-style engines, having a horse-power of 140, a maximum speed of five knots.

This was a creditable navy in numbers, considering the population of Chile at the time, — less than that of the state of Ohio at the present.[1] Ironclads are expensive, and considerable forethought had been manifested in ordering vessels of the newest type from England, at a large expense, in view of national defence. Of the three nations, Chile is by far the most enterprising.

The *matériel* of the Peruvian fleet was slightly different from that of the Chilians. As to the *personnel*, the sailors were almost all of different nationalities, recruited from the merchant shipping. Although Peru is a maritime country, she has few mariners. The officers of her navy, however, have been of considerable professional ability.

The difference in the *matériel* consisted mainly in the fact that Peru had in addition to her ironclads, which

[1] For fuller accounts, see the narrative of the war by Lieut. T. B. M. Mason, U. S. N., Office of Nav. Int., War Ser. No. 2.

The present population of Chile is 3,500,000. The population of the state of Ohio was 3,198,062 in the year 1880. In 1890 it was 3,672,316. Peru's population was 2,800,000. The state of Missouri's population in 1880 was 2,168,350; in 1890, 2,679,184. The comparison of Chile with the state of Ohio and of Peru with that of Missouri is sufficiently close to give an idea of the relative strength of these peoples.

will be described, two turreted monitors of the Ericsson type, the *Atahualpa* and the *Manco Capac*, built in the United States, formerly known as the *Catawba* and *Oneota*. These were brought around from New Orleans to Callao, and were fourteen months on the journey on account of a long delay at Rio Janeiro, rendered necessary by the fact that their officers and crew refused to proceed further in such novel craft. They were 235 feet in length, of 46 feet beam, with a mean draught of water of 13 feet and 6 inches, with a displacement of 2100 tons, and a speed of 6 knots. For armament they had two muzzle-loading 15-inch Dahlgren guns in a revolving turret.

The wooden corvette *Union*, with these dimensions, was counted as for service: length, 243 feet; beam, 35 feet 6 inches; draught, 18 feet; displacement, 1150 tons; maximum speed, 12 knots; armed with two 100-pounder muzzle-loading Parrott rifles for broadside, in addition to twelve 40-pounder muzzle-loading rifles, French guns, and two 70-pounder muzzle-loading rifles, one forward and one aft, — an apparently formidable wooden vessel. The *Pilcomayo* was a vessel of half the size, of about the same speed and proportional armament.

There were also two transports of 1000 and 1163 tons' displacement, the *Chalaco* and *Limeña*, and the *Talisman* of 310 tons, all of which were serviceable in carrying troops and provisions for the army.

The main reliance of the Peruvians was upon the two ironclad rams, the *Independencia* and the *Huascar*. They were worthy opponents of the Chilians' best vessels.

The *Independencia* was built in England in 1864; her dimensions and armament were briefly as follows: length, 215 feet; beam, 44 feet 9 inches; draught for-

ward, 21 feet 6 inches; aft, 22 feet 6 inches; height of battery above water line, 10 feet; with a displacement of 2004 tons; and a speed of 12 knots. She had two 150-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles on the spar-deck, twelve 70-pounders of the same kind in broadside, "on a clear gun-deck."

When the war broke out, there were added two powerful pieces of ordnance, a Vavasseur rifle, 250-pounder muzzle-loading, placed on pivot in the bow, and a 150-pounder muzzle-loading Parrott rifle in the stern. Her armor was 4½ inches thick at the water line, supported by 10 inches of teak. She was ship rigged and in excellent condition.

It will be seen by the foregoing data, that from the size and condition of the two navies there was not much to choose, although the Chilian navy was somewhat the heavier. In matters of simple defence the monitors had great capability. It was not by any means certain that their efficiency would not be put to the test; they should, therefore, have consideration in the estimate of the practical fighting force.

The two nations are small in population; their navies were small in comparison with those of the great powers. The war seems, at first glance, of insignificant interest, a kind of Iliad in a nutshell; but it must be remembered that the best vessels of both Chile and Peru were not much inferior to the best at that time extant, and that upon these vessels of these small navies there was exhibited great professional skill and a heroism which has won the admiration of all intelligent seamen.

In the description of these two navies it only remains to mention the Peruvian vessel, the celebrated *Huascar*.

The *Huascar* was an ironclad, single-turret ram, built in England in 1865. Her hull was of iron and divided

into five water-tight compartments; her length was 196 feet; beam 35 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 21 feet; freeboard 4 feet 6 inches; displacement, 1130 tons; maximum speed, 11 knots.

For armament she had two 10-inch 12½-ton 300-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles, placed in a revolving turret, forward. The turret was of the type devised by Captain Coles, on rollers, and turned by hand; the diameter was 22 feet. She was fitted with a topgallant forecastle forward, and a conning tower and bulwarks aft; this limited the range of her turret guns to 138° of the horizon. She had also two 40-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles, — one on the starboard quarter-deck and one astern, — and one 12-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrong on the port quarter-deck.

For side armor a thickness of 4½ inches, covering the turret chamber, engine and fire rooms. This was lessened on bow and stern to 2½ inches; 10 inches of teak were at the back of this, and an inner protection of iron ½ inch thick. The bow was strengthened for ramming.

A conning tower was placed abaft the turret, — 7 feet 6 inches in height, 8 feet wide, and 5 feet 2 inches long, having 3 inches of armor and backed by 8 inches of teak. It was surmounted by a bridge. Horizontal slits for sighting were arranged above each armor plate. The turret had 5½ inches of armor, supported by 13 inches of teak, and a ½-inch iron skin. She was brig rigged, with a movable bowsprit; the foremast a tripod of iron tubes.

The story of the *Huascar* is the story of the war; the battle of Angamos its illustrious ending, wherein the career of the *Huascar* culminated in a brilliant engagement.

In the year 1877 she first became famous, and ever

afterward the eyes of Peruvians were fastened upon her as upon one expected to do great things.

A revolution occurring in Peru, the insurgent leader, Nicolas de Pierola, persuaded the officers of the *Huascar* to revolt against the government. The vessel was seized one dark night in the harbor of Callao. She put to sea; turned the point of the island of San Lorenzo, sailed to the southward and was joined by Pierola at the port of Cobija in Bolivia. Pierola then steamed northward to make a landing.

Soon after this the *Shah*, the British flagship, anchored in the harbor of Callao, and Rear-Admiral de Horsey learned that the *Huascar* had committed some depredations on British property, incensing British subjects. He lost no time in making complaint to the Peruvian government, which disclaimed all responsibility for her acts, declared her a pirate, and offered a reward for her capture.

The admiral, with the usual British promptness where the interests of Great Britain's subjects are concerned, determined to seek her and put an end to her depredations. The *Amethyst* accompanied him.

On the afternoon of May 29 he sighted the *Huascar* off Ilo, and demanded her surrender. This was of course refused. An engagement immediately began, which lasted three hours. The odds were against the *Huascar*. It would seem that to surrender would have been the part of discretion. Yet that "Fortune aids the brave" was illustrated in this as in many another instance in naval history. The *Shah* opened with a blank cartridge, and then followed "a shotted charge." This was serious business.

Although the *Shah* was an iron ship, she was an unarmored cruiser of 3250 tons, — five times as large

as her antagonist, — and very fast, having made 16.4 knots on her trial trip. Her armament was powerful, consisting of two 9-inch 12-ton muzzle-loaders, pivots, and eight 64-pounders on her upper deck; on her main-deck there were sixteen similar 7-inch guns. Her broadside was 1680 pounds. Gatling guns were in her tops. Her complement was 602 officers and men.

But size, speed, weight of broadside, number of men, counted as nothing with the *Huascar's* commander. The presence of the smaller *Amethyst*, of 1970 tons, was ignored in weighing the chances of a successful encounter, although the *Amethyst* had forced her out of her course, which had been close in-shore, where the *Shah* could not follow her. A brisk action began at 3.06 P.M. The *Huascar* returned the fire of the *Shah* at 1900 yards. To get too close was not the policy of the *Shah*, for she was an unarmored cruiser, and the *Huascar* could have rammed her with success. Then the town of Ilo protected the *Huascar* in the rear, — a fact which the *Shah* had to take into account. The fight was kept up bravely by the Peruvian, but, strange to say, but little damage was done. A 9-inch bow-gun was disabled by a Palliser shell on board the *Shah*, which jammed in the muzzle. It was rendered useless for a quarter of an hour. At 4.35 the *Huascar's* shot, as they struck the water, splashed the men on the *Shah's* forecastle. This was serious for the *Shah*. The *Amethyst's* small guns were of no avail. At 5.11 the *Huascar* made an attempt to ram; the Gatling gun on the *Shah's* foretop was then called into play. The *Shah* then launched a Whitehead torpedo, "the first ever used in actual war," but the range was too great and the speed too small. At 5.15 the *Huascar's* maintopmast's crosstrees were shot away and the colors came down. The *Shah's* crew for

a moment thought she had surrendered, but up the colors went in defiance. Her upper works were frequently struck. The *Shah* ceased firing at 5.45, for the *Huascar* lay too near the town. At dark she lowered boats, a steam launch and whale boat, with Whiteheads and spar torpedoes; but under cover of the darkness the *Huascar* slipped away, and next day surrendered herself to the Peruvian authorities. Neither ship was damaged materially.

This beginning of warfare gave her great celebrity. It was gradually becoming evident to those interested in naval matters that the days of wooden ships were numbered. This action made it certain; for a most powerful wooden vessel in three hours failed to accomplish anything against a foe in all respects at a disadvantage except in the matter of armor.

With a curious national pride, the Peruvians were much incensed at the *Shah's* attack on the *Huascar*, forgetting that she had been declared a pirate and was therefore the enemy of all mankind. England of course ignored all claims for satisfaction.

On May 16, 1879, General Prado, the president of Peru, set out from Callao to join the army at Tacna, there assembling. The *Huascar*, under the command of Captain Miguel Grau, and the *Independencia*, Captain Moore, acted as convoy to the three transports accompanying them.

Grau had been educated at the nautical school at Paita, "when that town was the headquarters of the whaling fleet." He went to sea first in a merchantman; he then became a coast pilot, entered the navy in 1856 as a sub-lieutenant, and in 1868 was placed in command of the *Huascar*. From 1873 he represented the district of Paita in Congress. At the outbreak of the

war he applied for his old command, which was given to him. "Grau would have been an ornament to any service; a good seaman, an intelligent officer, a man of quiet, unassuming manners, a high-minded, brave, and honorable gentleman, he was beloved and respected by every one who came in contact with him."[1]

The Chilian navy had taken the offensive and were blockading the port of Iquique, under Admiral Rebolledo Williams, from which place he started north on May 16, with the expectation of finding the Peruvian fleet in the harbor of Callao. He arrived there on the night of the 21st–22d of May, sent a steam launch into the harbor to reconnoitre and, to his disappointment, found that the prey had flown. The Peruvians had taken the inshore passage while the Chilians had gone out to sea to avoid observation. Immediately he inferred that the Peruvians had gone to Valparaiso with like intent, so he hurried south, taking the outer passage. In the meantime Grau had gone to the port of Valparaiso to discover the Chilian fleet, and, missing them, turned northward again. This game of naval hide and seek was provoking, but could not, in the nature of things, last long. On the return from Valparaiso Grau visited all the seaport towns until Iquique was reached, where he discovered two wooden ships of the enemy which had been left for blockade,— the *Covadonga* and the *Esmeralda.*

An attack was immediately begun by the *Huascar* and *Independencia.* Thousands of spectators lined the shores of Iquique, the little town which nestles under high cliffs which seem to push it out into the sea. They saw a fight worth seeing, in which men battled against desperate odds, with iron hearts on wooden vessels; and

[1] Lieutenant Mason.

the interest of this engagement, as to the weaker party, shifts to the Chilians.

It lasted for nearly four hours, showing what seamanship and bravery and tactics can accomplish, no matter how critical the situation.

There is always a heavy swell off the port, and the rolling sea interfered greatly with the *Huascar's* gunnery. For over two hours she tried to hit the *Esmeralda*, without success except in two instances, when the shells struck the sloop, but did no harm.

The *Esmeralda* was commanded by Captain Arturo Prat, a man only thirty-one years of age, who possessed all the qualities which make up the successful naval officer, — a great favorite with his crew. His decision to fight the overwhelming force against him is evidence of the spirit of which heroes are made.

As a preliminary to the battle of Angamos, and the story of the *Huascar*, the account of this fight at Iquique has its proper place, if it were not that it is always the duty of the chronicler to narrate heroic actions whenever opportunity offers. For heroism incites heroism; and while it is confined to no time or people is yet a scarce product of humanity in its higher manifestations; the acts of heroic men should ever be kept before the eyes of the coming generations.

When the battle was seen to be inevitable, Prat called his men aft and addressed them in simple words, which are worthy of record because of the deeds which followed them: —

"Children, the odds are against us, but our flag has never been lowered in the presence of the enemy, and I hope that it will not be to-day. As long as I live that flag shall fly in its place, and if I die, my officers will know how to do their duty."

The fight began at 8 A.M., with the *Huascar* firing; the *Huascar* choosing the *Esmeralda* as her opponent and the *Independencia* the *Covadonga*. Prat had chosen his position well in shoal water, near the town, so that the shots which missed him would damage his foes ashore. The supposition that the *Esmeralda* was surrounded with mines — for such had been Grau's information through the captain of the port — prevented the use of his rams. After an hour had passed, the *Covadonga* began to steer slowly south, close in-shore, almost in the curl of the breakers, the *Independencia* following her every motion.

In the meantime, the Peruvians ashore had been enterprising enough to bring down a field battery to the beach and open fire upon the hapless *Esmeralda* at a distance of 300 to 400 yards. It was a critical position, — between two fires, a land battery on one side, a turret ram on the other, shoaling water between. The incessant fire ashore became unendurable; she was obliged to move. Unfortunately, at this juncture, two of her boilers burst. Her speed was lessened to three knots. They had need of all their courage on the Chilian ship. Three were wounded by the battery, but as yet none by the Peruvian ram.

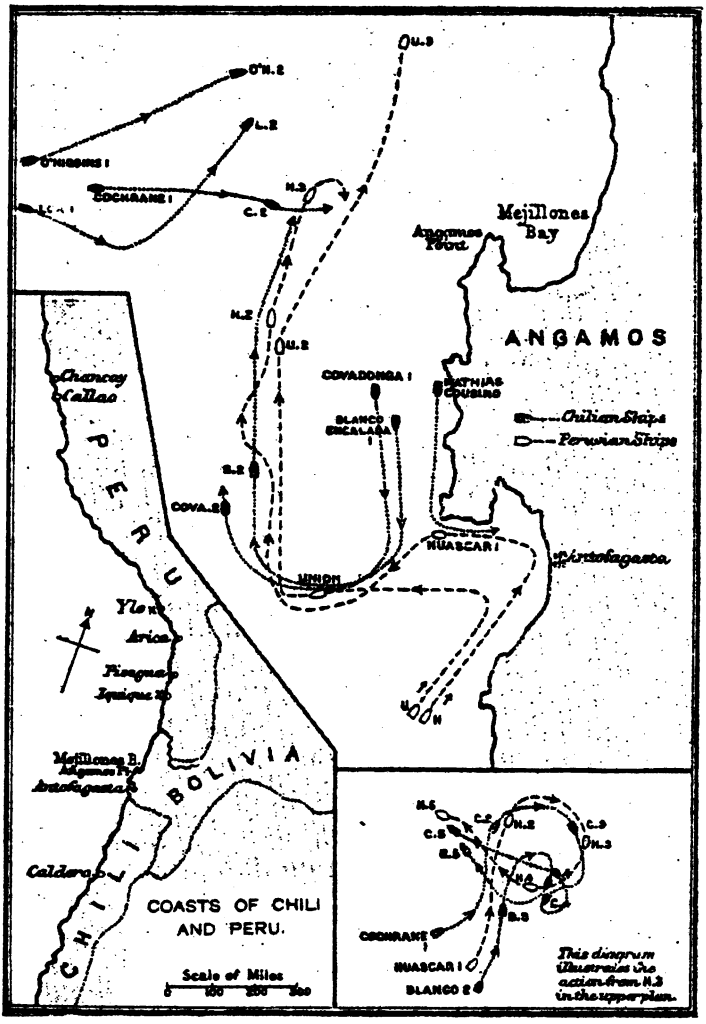
At 10.30 the *Huascar* determined to ram. At the rate of eight knots she steamed toward the *Esmeralda*, which was almost at a standstill. The engines were either stopped too soon or the *Esmeralda* veered, it is uncertain which, but the blow striking on her port quarter was of no particular effect, except to bring the ships close together and afford a slight gleam of hope to the brave Chilian commander, who saw his opportunity, and, seizing it, cried to his crew, "Children, on board her! *Al abordaje!*" He leaped on the forecastle of

the *Huascar*, followed by only one man, a sergeant of marines; then the ships parted. Not looking behind him, Prat rushed aft; as he neared the turret, a bullet struck him, and he fell lifeless. Grau in the meantime made frantic efforts to save him, saying, "Surrender, captain! we desire to save the life of a hero;" But Prat, wrought up to the occasion, heard nothing and saw nothing but his country's enemies before him, and having shot down a man on deck, there was nothing left for him but a similar fate. This would seem a fitting climax to the brave defence of the *Esmeralda*. The memory of Arturo Prat is cherished by the Chilians with peculiar reverence. His bearing and bravery challenge the admiration of all lovers of heroic actions. Lieutenant Uribe now took charge.

The *Esmeralda*, bereft of her commander, was again subject to a vicious attack by the powerful ram, which, backing off a half mile, pointed for the helpless ship with a repetition of the preceding circumstances; again the ships collided, again a brave officer, Lieutenant Serrano, boarded the Peruvian vessel to die bravely like his captain; a handful of men met the same fate; again the ships parted.

The Chilians kept up such a hot fire, so regular and steady, that the *Huascar's* crew was nearly demoralized, and had it been that the boarding party was larger, it would have been perhaps a possible task to have overcome the *Huascar's* crew; but such was not to be the case.

A third time the *Huascar* returned to advance and ram; the third time she was successful. She rammed a ship which gave evidence of suffering on every hand, crippled and almost motionless. Her magazine was flooded, she had no more cartridges; her rudder had


O'H.2
L.2
O'HIGGINS I
COCHRANE I
C.2
H.2
U.2
Mejillones Bay
Angamos Road
ANGAMOS
COVADONGA I
MATHIAS COUSIÑO
BLANCO ENCALADA I
Chilian Ships
Peruvian Ships
Chancay
Callao
PERU
COVA.2
HUASCAR I
Antofagasta
Yca
Arica
Pisagua
Iquique
Mejillones B.
Antofagasta
Caldera
CHILI
BOLIVIA
COASTS OF CHILI AND PERU.
Scale of Miles
0 100 200 300
C.5
H.5
B.5
COCHRANE
HUASCAR I
BLANCO E
This diagram illustrates the action from H.3 in the upper plan.

been shattered; her surgeon and her wounded had all been killed by a shell which burst in her engine room. Bravely she waited and received the terrible blow which, now striking her starboard side squarely, struck her with a death shudder. Then the *Huascar* backed off to see the glorious ship go down bow first, the band on deck playing the Chilian national air, slowly and steadily and gracefully, until the flag that was nailed to the mast, last of all, disappeared beneath the sea.

Of her complement of 200 officers and men, only 63 were saved.

There are stories that, when the *Huascar's* boats were lowered and were rescuing the *Esmeralda's* crew, the Chilians, fighting to the last, used their knives in the water against their rescuers, and that the Peruvians severed at the wrists those who grasped their oars; but the probability is that it happened, if at all, only in isolated cases.

Grau, with characteristic generosity, wrote a letter soon afterward to the widow of Captain Prat, in which he said that he died "a victim to his excessive intrepidity, in the defence and for the glory of the flag of his country." Transmitting certain mementos from the person of the dead captain, he wrote, "I sincerely deplore this mournful event, and in expressing my sympathy I take the opportunity of forwarding the precious relics that he carried on his person when he fell, believing that they may afford some slight consolation in the midst of your great sorrow."

Here is evidence of fine character and generous spirit, which has added interest in view of the fact that in a short time Grau himself was to battle just as bravely and to offer up his life just as willingly for the Peruvian flag.

While this was going on, the *Covadonga* had been making her way close into the dangerous shore, where the *Independencia* could not follow her. Captain Condell, her commander, navigated his vessel skilfully. The unskilled gunners of the *Independencia* were unable to hit the little craft, although at times the distance between them could not have been more than 200 yards. Captain Moore, of the *Independencia*, attempted to ram. Three attempts were unsuccessful. At Punta Grueso he made the third attempt. The *Covadonga* was not more than 100 yards from the beach, and had touched the reef, gliding off again, however, almost from under the bow of her adversary. The *Independencia*, heading south-southeast, aimed a blow at the starboard quarter of the Chilian ship, and, missing, ran heavily upon the reef, where she remained immovable. Now the big ironclad was at his mercy, and Captain Condell quickly steamed around her stern, — as a swordfish attacking an immense shark; and from that point of vantage began to fire with his 70-pounders. Soon the *Independencia* caught fire astern; she was unable, on account of her position, to return any fire to drive her foe away: she had fallen over to starboard and was partly filled with water. It was asserted that the Peruvians lowered their ensign and hoisted a white flag of truce. Be this as it may, it is certain that the little *Covadonga*, which had decoyed so successfully the huge ship to her fate, descried the redoubtable *Huascar* in the distance and made off as fast as she could to the southward.

The *Esmeralda* was sunk at 12.10; the *Huascar* had delayed to save life; the *Covadonga* had not time to take possession of her helpless enemy. Grau having spoken his consort, learning that she was not in need of imme-

diate assistance, immediately followed in pursuit of the *Covadonga*, which was then about ten miles distant. The chase was kept up until dark, with no prospect of lessening the distance, so that Grau decided to turn northward again, for the enemy's ironclads were a cause of uneasiness.

The *Independencia* had to be abandoned; an irreparable and fatal loss to the Peruvians. It was set on fire and destroyed.

The *Huascar* thus far had acquitted herself with credit. The enthusiasm of Grau's countrymen was unbounded. What mattered it that they had lost one of their most effective vessels? Counting out the two monitors, which were for harbor defence, and the wooden vessels, which were powerless against ironclads, the loss of the *Independencia* meant the loss of half the Peruvian fleet. For the time, all sense of loss vanished in the exultation of victory. Later, they woke up to a sense of the irremediable disaster.

A great factor in this engagement was the rapid and accurate firing, with small-arms, on the part of the Chilians; it was so steady and continuous that the Peruvians thought it must have proceeded from machine guns. It doubtless occasioned the loss of the *Independencia*, for it drove the crew below and caused the death of their helmsmen, one falling just as the order was given to port helm and sheer off.

The action is illustrative of what can be done under difficulties, and enforces the lesson that it is the duty of a naval officer to give battle whenever occasion offers, — a rule which is not invariable, but which demands aggression and boldness when the odds are apparently against him.

The small Chilian ships had caused the loss of a

great ironclad, and had, bravely fighting, given an example to the nation of heroism of inestimable value; had injured another, to a considerable extent, and had only lost an obsolete wooden vessel of small fighting value.

The *Huascar* had met with severe battle wounds. Her tripod mast was so much injured that it had to be removed when she arrived at Callao; her bow, which had been injured, leaked on account of broken plates; her turret had been thrown out of line.

Notwithstanding her crippled condition, Grau took her southward, looking for the *Covadonga*, which she discovered in the port of Antofagasta. Shots were exchanged, the *Covadonga* having the aid of three 150-pounders in sand batteries on shore. The *Huascar* here received a blow from a 150-pounder projectile close to the water-line under her counter; it penetrated the armor, but did not materially damage her. Thus far she had a charmed life. Then she cut the submarine cable, by this means cutting off communication with Valparaiso.

Steaming northward, on June 5, she sighted two vessels in the distance, which she supposed to be the *O'Higgins* and *Chacabuco*, but which, to her dismay, proved to be the *Blanco* and *Magellanes*. There was nothing for her to do but to escape if possible. Owing to inferior coal, she, for a time, could not make more than nine knots. Every effort was made to distance her pursuers. The hopes of her country, in especial manner, now that the *Independencia* was destroyed, depended on her. Desultory and ineffective firing took place, but Grau managed to escape after eigliteen hours of running, with the engines throbbing to their utmost extent.

On his arrival at Callao, Grau was made admiral by a unanimous vote of Congress; he proposed, however, to retain his command.

The career of the *Huascar* is evidence of the value which a single vessel may have in making depredations upon the enemy. She kept the Chilians in a continual state of anxiety. They never knew when the turret ram might appear in the offing, night or day, on her destructive cruise. All their seaports were in a state of alarm. It was the *Huascar* they feared — only the *Huascar*.

On the night of July 9–10 she arrived off Iquique, where the *Magellanes* was blockading the town. After communicating with General Borenda ashore, Grau started out and discovered the transport *Cousino*, which he forced to surrender; but before he could take possession of her he discovered a vessel approaching, which proved to be the *Magellanes*. Here was his opportunity.

Opportunities are generally the outcome of enterprise. They sometimes may be made. Success depends upon the energy with which they are seized. The factor of readiness for the opportunity, however, is most important. Grau failed only in the last particular in the small affair which now occurred.

It was about 2.30 in the morning, when the *Huascar* discovered the *Magellanes*. Without delay the Peruvian ram made for her, and endeavored to sink her; in the meantime opening fire at a distance of 300 yards with her 300-pounder, also with small-arms and machine guns. The *Magellanes* returned her fire with grape. The *Huascar* attempted to ram once, twice, but the Chilians skilfully avoided the blows. Approaching nearer, Grau began firing at the distance of 100 yards.

The *Magellanes* was then able to bring her 115-pounder into play; one shot struck the *Huascar*, but without inflicting serious injury. The *Huascar*, working quickly. made another dash at the *Magellanes*, perpendicularly amidships, which was avoided by steaming ahead rapidly. Not at all daunted, the *Huascar* tried a fourth time, bow to bow, and again failed. Neither side had been successful. Only three men were wounded. The booming of the guns brought the *Cochrane* upon the scene. The *Huascar* steamed rapidly away, Grau having strict orders to avoid an engagement with the ironclads. Grau's failure seems to have been in the lack of disciplined gunners, — a factor of preparation had been neglected. In justice to him it must be said that he appreciated this difficulty, and did all he could to remedy it. This carries the fault a step farther back. The Peruvian government, having built a navy, should have realized that it would certainly be ineffective, in a sudden emergency, unless properly manned.

The *Huascar* continued her surprising career. Leaving Arica, July 17th, in company with the *Union*, she sailed southward to the Chilian ports of Caldera, Cavrizal Bajo, and Pan de Azucar, destroying launches and capturing two merchantmen loaded with coal and copper. On the 26th she captured a large transport, the *Rimac*, carrying stores and a fine battalion of cavalry, besides official correspondence, — a valuable capture; but the day of her great trial was at hand.

August 27th she had a spirited encounter with the *Abtao*, at Antofagasta; here she tried a Lay torpedo, which, having been launched, began to return, in a half-circle, back to the vessel, to the consternation of the

Huascar's crew. It was impossible to stop it. Lieutenant Canseco jumped overboard and bravely diverted it from its course.

On the 28th Grau attacked the *Magellanes* and *Abtao*, and the shore batteries; the latter vessel was severely handled.

The *Huascar's* reputation caused the Chilians alarm; her depredations drew upon their treasury for coast defence. Her skilful avoidance of an engagement worried the Chilian naval commanders, until, as all things have an end, on the 8th of October, 1879, she was put to her supreme test.

At the end of September all the Chilian navy was at sea for a purpose, — to find and destroy the terrible turret ram. Grau had determined to return to Callao, for the ship's bottom was foul and the crew were in want of fresh provisions. All hands were looking eagerly to their home coming. On the night of the 7th of October the officers and crew were up late enjoying the splendors of a moonlight night at sea in the mild climate of Peru. Reluctantly they went below. At half-past three, just as the faint streak of the dawn appeared in the east, the lookout descried in the distance a bright light which looked like a star; again looking, he discovered a black object beneath, and immediately word was passed aft of the suspicious vessel on the horizon. Admiral Grau hastened on deck and made out, with his long glass, a fleet in close sailing order with an ironclad ahead. The hour had apparently come.

Grau, mindful of his instructions, determined to attempt escape. He accordingly steered for the southwest to avoid the Point of Angamos, which makes out some twelve miles into the sea. The *Huascar* succeeded

in making as high as ten and three-quarters knots,[1] and was rapidly distancing her pursuers, the *Blanco* and *Covadonga*, but Commodore Riveros, the commander of the *Blanco*, still continued the chase. It might be that the Peruvian vessel would steam northward, which proved to be the case. A great part of warfare is a correct surmise of what the enemy may do.

The decision, on the part of Grau, to try to escape, was a second thought, determined upon after consultation; his first intention was to encounter the *Blanco*. Speculation is immediately suggested as to what would have been the result.

It was one of the cases so difficult to decide in warfare, as to the degree of individual responsibility. He had great confidence in his turret ram, which had not failed in many an emergency. He had that quality of character which Bonaparte manifested when the disastrous news of the battle of the Nile was told him by his desponding officers in Egypt: "We have then laid on us the obligation to do great things."

There are always the chances of battle, as had just been illustrated in the case of the *Covadonga* and the *Independencia;* the weaker side may, by stroke of artifice, overcome the tabulated strength of the stronger. In this case, however, it seems that he did wisely; to lose the *Huascar* was to make the Chilians masters of the sea. Above all, he had the imperative orders of his government to avoid a conflict.

At 5.40, feeling secure, Admiral Grau slowed down his engines and steered northward on his course. A feeling of relief ran through the ship. The admiral retired to rest. The crew went to breakfast. Not more

[1] According to Lieutenant Mason, she ran for an hour at a rate of 11¼ knots to the southwest, the other vessels making only 7¼ knots.

than ten minutes had elapsed when a cry ran through the ship which startled every one; all eyes were directed to the northward, where, on the horizon, about ten miles distant, there lay a black mass like a turtle; about it a cloud of mist arose. The keen eyes of Grau immediately recognized an enemy coming toward them at full speed.

Now the hour had really come. There was no escape. In the northeast was the *Blanco* and the *Covadonga;* to the northwest an ironclad, which Grau rightly conjectured to be the *Cochrane.* The *Union* was some miles to the southward, and of no use to him. He must do his best now against these powerful foes or surrender. The latter plan was not thought of for an instant.

Up went the national ensign to the peak,—the red, white, and red,—and as the ships approached, the lone star of Chile was seen to rise in defiant answer on the other vessel, whose huge form was becoming more and more distinctly outlined to the observant crew.

The officers and crew of the *Huascar* knew the strength of their foes and their desperate situation; yet they went about the ship calmly and with a certain high-hearted determination prophetic of the character of the impending conflict.

Rapidly the drums rolled, cheerfully the bugle notes resounded through the vessel, as general quarters were called and the orders given to clear for action.

The *Union,*[1] it is said by the admiral's orders, went south toward Arica, followed by the *O'Higgins* and *Loa.*

[1] The wooden corvette, *Union,* was judged by Grau to be out of place in a fight between ironclads, thinking also that she might be of further service to his country, so he signalled to her : "Salve usted su buque! yo me quedo aqui cumpliendo mi deber." "Save your ship. I remain here, fulfilling my duty." The *Union* succeeded in eluding all her pursuers until the close of the war. A similar circumstance occurred in connection with the *Revenge* in 1591 and the *George Noble*; see p. 145.

The conduct of the commanding officers of these vessels has been severely criticised, the first for not taking part in the engagement, the others for ceasing to pursue.

The *Huascar* was left to fight it out alone. When the ship was cleared for action, the *Huascar's* turret was crowded with an eager set of men, stripped to the waist, ready to work the guns with all the celerity which they could command. Others mounted to the military tops to handle the Gatling guns and rifles. The usual preparations of the surgeons, suggestive of wounds and death, were made in the ward-room. The bulwarks of the vessel, which were hinged, were let down. The deck was but four feet above the water-line, — an inconsiderable target for the enemy's shells. Every preparation was made to put the vessel in fighting trim. The *Huascar's* commander had the naval knack to get the most out of his ship and his men.

About nine o'clock Grau entered his conning-tower alone.

The issue of the fight depended mainly upon him. What thoughts surged through his brain may be imagined. Thought of his fate and of the chances of war did not probably at that time occupy him. He was then to act in the living, immediate present, and to handle his vessel to the best advantage. His mental faculties were alert for the possible contingencies of the engagement.

At 9.25, the *Huascar* being then about three thousand yards from the *Cochrane*, the first shot from her 10-inch gun smote the silence, and flew over the water toward its mark, but caused no damage. The *Cochrane* forged ahead steadily, apparently unconcerned. Another shot of defiance bowled over the still sea and struck the bows of the Chilian vessel, smashed the galley, and fell on

deck without exploding. Still the Chilian came on without reply. Another shot sped over the waste of waters, and then the *Cochrane* opened fire at a distance of two thousand yards. It was the *Huascar's* turn to suffer. A shot penetrated her armor on the port side, and, exploding, set fire to the woodwork in the turret, jammed the turret trucks, killed and wounded twelve men, — the first victims of the fight. They were removed as carefully as possible below, or laid aside, if dead, as being useless bodies now: a moment before they were vital with energy and potential efficiency. Other men took their place, the turret was made to revolve again, the battle continued.

They were still nearing. The *Blanco* was six miles astern when the firing began, coming rapidly up to her consort's assistance.

The *Huascar* now made a hit with a 10-inch 300-pounder Palliser chilled shell, which, at a distance of six hundred yards, striking the *Cochrane* at an angle of thirty degrees, indented a 6-inch plate to the distance of three inches, forced in the backing, and broke a beam.

One of her 10-inch shells about this time "forced its way through a casemate on the starboard side of the Chilian vessel, exploded on the deck, dismantled a gun, and killed several men."[1]

This shot threw the *Cochrane's* crew into disorder; for a short time not a gun was fired. The crew of the *Huascar* took it for a good omen and cheered as they came nearer and nearer their enemy. The delay was on account of the readjustment made necessary by the *Huascar's* fortunate shot.

It was not long. The tide of battle now began to turn. Up to this time the issue had been uncertain.

[1] C. H. Wetmore, *The Century Magazine*, Vol. LV.

The *Cochrane* was the more powerful vessel, but the *Huascar* had a man to command her who had the characteristics of skill and bravery which wrest victory from the jaws of defeat.

But who can foresee events? At 9.40 the *Huascar* turned slightly to port, — Grau would try his old tactics and make his ram effective with the whole weight of his vessel plus the speed which gives the irresistible momentum which destroys. The attempt was made and skilfully avoided; the *Cochrane*, having twin screws, was able to turn in a smaller arc. She turned also to port, which brought the ships in a parallel course.

Five minutes later, at 9.45, the valiant admiral no longer existed.

It seemed for a moment, when the fact became known, as if the very heart and soul of the ship had suddenly gone out of her.

The admiral's station was in the conning-tower, an hexagonal structure protected by a 3-inch armor; the top of it was uncovered. As he fought the ship, he stood so that his body was exposed to the waist. A cruel 9-inch shell sped over the intervening waters with a spiteful, threatening, hissing sound, struck the admiral and the conning-tower, and blew his brave body into fragments — only a foot and bits of his flesh and clothing were afterward found.

So swiftly, as by a lightning stroke, a brave man, of fine character, an illustrious seaman, was ushered into eternity; his career ended. Ere he went he left a battle inspiration to his officers and crew.

They fought as though he was still with them animating them to utmost endeavor.

The same shot killed Lieutenant Diego Ferré, the aide to the admiral, who stood at the fighting-wheel,

separated from the conning-tower by a wooden grating. Not a mark was found upon him — the concussion killed him. The two souls together winged themselves on the distant flight.

The ships were at very close quarters now. The conning-tower was much injured; the fighting-wheel also suffered from the fragments of this shell. The vessel steered badly and was run to the eastward until, when the injury was repaired, she steered north again.

It was a desperate time for the officers and crew of this Peruvian turret ram. The shot that killed the admiral soon had a fellow-shot, which tore the armored turret in its thickest part, and killed two gun captains, and either killed or disabled most of the crew, and also killed Commander Carbajal, chief of staff, who had come to tell the second in command, Commander Aguirre, that the responsibility of command had devolved upon him.

The fire of the *Cochrane* was doing its destructive work on vessel, officers, and men. Another officer, Lieutenant Rodriguez, while looking out of a gun port, had his head taken cleanly off from his shoulders.

The native Peruvians felt the loss of their commander greatly and were somewhat demoralized. The *Cochrane's* Nordenfelt guns kept up such a rain of shot that many refugees went below. The guns' crews on deck were less experienced than their fellows who had begun the fight. The *Huascar* was in sad plight. Still she fought on.

The *Cochrane* now attempted her adversary's tactics and essayed to ram. She came on at right angles to the *Huascar*, firing her starboard-bow gun; but missed her, passing some fifteen feet astern.

The *Huascar* became nearly unmanageable. The

conning-tower had been rendered useless. Aguirre had to con from the turret, and the word had to be passed away aft to the lower deck, where the men were stationed at the relieving tackles; for a shot from the *Cochrane* had carried away the iron tiller block which served for the "ordinary and fighting-wheel ropes."

A shell came through the armor, by the engine-room, scattering material over the engines and killing several people in the engine-room gallery, including Surgeon Tavara.

The *Huascar* was in very hard case.

Yet there was no thought of yielding.

The *Cochrane* was doing superior work. Again she attempted to ram, repeating her previous rôle, firing her starboard gun at the close range of two hundred yards, bows on to the broadside of the *Huascar*, the centre guns being depressed at three degrees. Again she missed her victim and shot astern. "The centre gun was being loaded" at the time.

At 10.10, to the joy of the Chilians and the despair of the Peruvians, the *Blanco* arriving entered into the engagement. She nearly rammed her consort as she came into the fight, and the *Cochrane*, to avoid the contact, turned first to port and then northward, making her distance twelve hundred yards.

The *Huascar*, notwithstanding her condition, still had energy for the initiative, and made bold to try to ram her new foe, firing at her, but to no purpose. The *Blanco* easily avoided the blow, and, at the distance of only twenty-five yards poured a destructive broadside into the stern of the ram, — a fire which disabled every man at the relieving tackles either by death or wounds, and slew also many wounded and others in the officers' quarters. The men stationed in the tops at the Gatling

gun were killed, probably by the men with small-arms in the *Cochrane's* tops. She was in deplorable condition, but, wonderful to say, undaunted.

Now a vengeful shot struck the turret, which killed or wounded every one of the gun's crew and the commander, Aguirre, who was horribly broken and mangled; by this shot, Lieutenant Palacios was wounded by a fragment which passed between his eyes.

Three commanding officers had been wounded or killed, and now Lieutenant Pedro Garezon, the fourth, took command.

These two black Chilian ships at length had the *Huascar* at their mercy. They were punishing her severely. She was bearing up bravely in the woful wretchedness of her situation. She was small. They were great. They were two against one. The other Chilian ships were away off in chase of the *Union*, which they were not to overtake. She was alone.

As Garezon took command, "he called through an aperture, telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port, for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries, and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the *Huascar's* head still pointed between the Chilian vessels.

"Port! port! I say!" screamed the commander.

"She won't answer," came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive; the bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering gear, sir," reported an ensign; he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The *Huascar* now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white, and red fluttered from the peak. One by one, in twos and threes, the

men in the turret dropped at their posts; and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead: the turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top. Corpses clogged the conning-tower.

The *Cochrane* having returned, again tried to ram, but failed by the merest chance. Both the Chilian ships kept up their fire. The *Huascar*, before her guns were silenced, succeeded in hitting the *Cochrane* in the stern, wounding ten men, two of whom died. But when her last gun was silenced, Garezon gave orders to sink the vessel by opening the valves.

They had fought bravely to helplessness. Nothing more was left to them but to prevent the vessel falling into the hands of the enemy. Chief Engineer MacMahon was opening the circulating valves of the condensers.

The enemy seeing that the *Huascar* had stopped her engines, sprang into their boats and were hastening to board.

There met them a motley crowd of combatants and non-combatants; stewards, pantrymen, messengers, firemen, sailors, lined up at the order of Garezon to repel boarders. It was a vain attempt. Some of the men, fearing that the ship, full of smoke and steam, and on fire, would blow up, had crawled through the fore-hatch and waved towels and handkerchiefs. The Chilians had then ceased firing.

The flag was hauled down at 10.55. Lieutenant Simpson, of the *Cochrane*, with his revolver in hand, found the *Huascar's* engineer at work below and compelled him to desist in his effort to sink the vessel. To have succeeded in this would have been a poetic and romantic ending to an extraordinary career.

The effect of the fire on the *Huascar* was a sight which astonished her captors and filled them with emotions of horror and pity. Destruction and death were everywhere. By as much as she had exhibited a vitality and power which were remarkable, so did her present state of inert stillness seem to them greatly to add to their victory.

Bravery had walked her decks. Courage had dwelt in her conning-tower and her turret. She had seemed a living thing, and her name now, by virtue of the heroic men who had fallen on her, had become immortal.

The gunnery of the *Huascar* was poor; shots were fired wildly. The *Cochrane* was hit only twice, and then little damage was done. The *Huascar* suffered, but did not efficiently reply. She was struck sixteen times by the Palliser shells, — and many times by the smaller Nordenfelts and rifle shot. Her splendid bravery brought into sharp contrast her plentiful lack of skill.

Both Chile and Peru have been largely indebted to men of foreign birth or descent for their naval successes.

The *Huascar* had many foreigners among her officers; her crew was mainly Peruvian. Her engineers, Samuel MacMahon and Thomas Hughes, did excellent service.

The conquered ship was taken to Valparaiso, having been patched up for the voyage. Her entry into the bay was the first knowledge which the citizens of Valparaiso had of the engagement. Their enthusiasm scarcely knew bounds. Admiral Grau's body was taken to Mejillones and buried with the honors due his rank, and with great respect for the bravery with which he fought for his country's flag.

One hundred and forty prisoners were taken from the

Huascar, of whom thirty-five were English. The Peruvians lost, in killed and wounded, eighty. The Chilians had won the fight, with slight casualties, in ninety minutes, at no time being in extreme peril.

"The *Huascar* had her steering gear disabled three distinct times by the enemy's fire, was set on fire in eight different places, had her turret jammed, her right turret gun disabled, and her light guns and Gatling unmanned. A more curious and demoralizing shot effect can hardly be imagined. Nearly every time that she was struck, the greatest possible temporary damage was inflicted, and yet no permanent injury was caused."[1] A chief defect in her construction was the exposure of her steering gear.

The *Huascar's* armor was not thick enough to stop projectiles; owing to its thinness it broke into pieces, which of themselves did injury.

The action seemed to demonstrate the usefulness of the rapid-fire gun and of good marksmen, — an experience which was put to practical use by the United States in the Spanish-American war of 1898.

The vexed question of the serviceability of the ram, or of the advantage of ramming, seemed here to be settled in the negative. It is a difficult thing to accomplish when ships, as to-day, have, with twin screws, such turning power. At best, it is a weapon of secondary value.

After this battle the Peruvians were steadily defeated, for Chile commanded the sea. The next year the *Huascar* was at Callao as part of the blockading fleet. The Peruvians were greatly incensed at this. It seemed to them adding insult to injury with a vengeance.

Aroused to great excitement, they determined to raise

[1] Lieutenant Mason.

money to buy an ironclad in Europe, to be called the *Almirante Grau.* For this purpose money was largely given by all classes with lavishness; women even disposed of their jewels and laces.

January 17, 1881, the war ended by the capitulation of Lima to the Chilian army. Bolivia had lost her bit of seacoast; Peru, a large part of her most valuable territory.

There is a custom which is never allowed to lapse into disuse in the Peruvian army and navy, inspired by the valorous deeds of their great admiral.[1] At the monthly muster in the navy, and at general muster in the army, when the roll is called, Admiral Grau's name leads the list; and at the mention of his name an officer steps forward, uncovers, points upward, and says, "Absent, but accounted for. He is with the heroes."

[1] Wetmore.

MANILA BAY.

MAY 1, 1898.

The battle of Manila Bay was fought in Hong Kong harbor. — DEWEY.

He [Dewey] achieved the maximum of result for the minimum of expenditure. — SAMPSON.

It was a fair, stand-up fight, on the grounds of the Spaniard's own choosing, in which he tried to do his best, but miserably failed. — CAPTAIN FRANK WILDES, U. S. N.

Why did Admiral Dewey assume the tremendous risk of winning or losing all in a single day? Why did he trust everything to the casting of a single die? It was because he knew the die was loaded, as he had planned, with American men and guns. — LIEUTENANT COMMANDER C. P. REES, U. S. N.

Arbitrary rules of military honor and futile chances of individual heroism are as nothing compared with rational and resolute plans for enduring to the end. But Spanish history is written in another sense. "To breed men and waste them" is the awful tradition of the ancient Kingdom of Castile. — LIEUTENANT C. G. CALKINS, U. S. N.

Nothing that the defence could do imposed any compulsion on our manœuvres. The plan, as well as the guns, was everywhere victorious. — *Id.*

The completeness of the victory of Manila Bay and its phenomenal immunity from loss takes it out of the ordinary category of naval battles. It was accomplished with mathematical exactitude — a concrete completion to which the abstract nomenclature may be applied. The problem was presented to ascertain the relative potentiality of two forces. To reduce one to its lowest terms, the process of reduction, at the same time to add a factor of efficiency with each step. As one decreases, the other is to increase in relative power, and as one decreases, the factor of safety of the other is to increase in equal ratio until, with the factor of reduction undiminished, the relation of potential value is as an integer to zero.

This problem was worked out at Cavite on May 1 of the year 1898.

MANILA BAY.

MAY 1, 1898.

CAUSES of war lie along the line of historical development. The cruel act or blow is not the only cause, even of a personal quarrel. The Spanish-American war of 1898 was the culmination of a multitude of forces which, like tributary streams, swelled an irresistible current. The ultimate and inherent causes are to be found in the trend of historic events, but especially in the temper of national character.

To whatever cause it may be due, whatever philosophy of history is accepted, it is beyond question that there is wide spread over the world a desire for liberty in matters political, religious, social. The people of the United States, accustomed to the advantages of political liberty, are quickly touched by the woes of those in less favored countries. Spain represented the spirit of monarchical absolutism. Politically, she had been for a long time in a condition of arrested development.

Affronts to national pride; insults to the national ensign; disturbance of commerce; flagrant injustice to the rights of citizens; the constant appeal to sympathy, through the public press, for an oppressed people cruelly treated, starved, and killed, — all these events awoke the righteous indignation of the American people.

The American people remembered that many of their ardent sons had shed their blood in voluntary service for

Cuban independence, as, in 1851, when Crittenden, of Kentucky, with five hundred and fifty men made their bold attempt and were captured and shot in platoons of six. They recalled the incident, how when ordered to kneel with his back to the soldiers detailed as his executioners, Crittenden spake these brave words, "A Kentuckian kneels only to his God, and faces his enemy," and "he died standing, and with his front to Spain."

They had not forgotten the affair of the *Virginius* in 1873, nor that an open rupture nearly followed when their ambassador to Spain was instructed to break off relations with the Spanish government unless the Cuban wrongs were righted, when the message was sent, "If Spain cannot redress these outrages perpetrated in Cuba, the United States will."[1]

It was due to the fact that her navy was in such poor condition that the United States had not long since taken an aggressive policy, by which many years of suffering would have been averted in Cuba and elsewhere.

The terrible destruction of the United States battleship *Maine* at Havana, on February 15, in the harbor of a friendly power, under suspicious circumstances, simply put a keen edge upon a growing indignant feeling.

With a profound respect for judicial forms, the people of the United States held themselves in suspense of judgment for the verdict of a court of inquiry before misjudging a sister nation.

The finding of the court of an external injury, after critical scrutiny, did not clear Spain of responsibility. This disaster shocked the sensibilities of all civilized nations.

The destruction of the *Maine* was attributed to lack

[1] Telegram of Secretary Fish to Minister Sickles, Nov. 15, 1873.

of discipline on board the battleship. That there was no lack of discipline on board American battleships the events of the war gave overwhelming proof.

The people of the United States are accustomed to independent thinking, and, therefore, in their chief representative assembly there is a marked diversity of opinion; but when the measure for the appropriation of $50,000,000 for defensive purposes came to a vote, all differences of opinion suddenly vanished in a unanimous patriotic affirmative, like snowflakes on the surface of the sea.

The war cloud which had been slowly gathering, growing darker and darker, through which a shaft of lightning, in the destruction of the battleship *Maine*, had been sent on February 15, a terrible portent of a coming storm, was almost ready to break. The small American fleet at the other end of the world was destined to begin the tragedy with a wonderful overture; to begin it in a way significant of its ending.

The Congress of the United States, by an act approved April 26, 1898, declared that "war exists and has existed since the 21st day of April, 1898, including that date, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain."

On April 24 the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long, telegraphed to Commodore Dewey, in command of the Asiatic squadron, as follows: "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

After that, frequent despatches to Commodore Dewey read, "Keep full of coal, the best that can be had." In these times the motive power must be gained from on

land; no such order was necessary in the era of sails. Henceforth in naval warfare there must be a base of supply, — a coaling station within easy reach, — or men-of-war will lie helpless on the ocean like logs.

It was known that a Spanish fleet was at the Philippine Islands. The name and character of the vessels were known. It could not be known what effective energy they might put forth, nor what havoc the Hontoria and Krupp guns might work on the ships which had gone half round the globe to meet them.

It was not a large fleet which Spain had in waiting for the American seamen; yet it was supposedly more than a match for its opponents. It was under the command of Rear-Admiral Patricio-Montojo y Pasaron. His flagship was the *Reina Cristina*, an unprotected cruiser of 3500 tons; the remaining vessels of his squadron were the *Castilla*, also an unprotected cruiser, a little smaller; the cruisers *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, and *Velasco* were also unprotected; the *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, protected cruisers; two gunboats, *Marques del Duero* and *General Lezo*. The *Isla de Mindanao*, a passenger steamer, was armed and available for use; also the *Argos*, a surveying vessel. The tonnage of the Spanish fleet, the five effective vessels, was 10,111; its complement of officers and crew from 1900 to 2000 men,[1] — exclusive of the *Mindanao*, estimated at 120 men.

The American fleet at Hong Kong, under Commodore George Dewey, consisted of the protected cruiser *Olympia*, with a displacement of 5870 tons; the *Baltimore*, of 4413 tons; and the smaller cruisers the *Raleigh* and *Boston*, with the gunboats *Concord* and *Petrel*, and a despatch-boat, the *McCulloch*. The total dis-

[1] Montojo's report gives 1875 as the crew of these vessels.

placement of the cruisers and gunboats was about 18,996 tons. The complement of men, exclusive of the despatch-boat, was 1678.

Commodore Dewey had purchased, just prior to the declaration of war, two vessels, the *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, to accompany the fleet, the former having three thousand tons of coal aboard, the latter six hundred, and stores for the fleet. This was done with an eye to the future, and the impossibility of obtaining war supplies in neutral ports.

War having been declared, it became incumbent upon the American squadron to leave the port of Hong Kong under the requirements of international law; whereupon Dewey sailed for Mirs Bay, thirty miles to the southward. There had been quick work of preparation in the squadron,[1] — vessels had been put in fighting trim, ships had been painted gray. They lay at Hong Kong, grim and earnest for the battle and the certain stress of the strife far off to the southeastward, beyond the horizon line, where they were to meet the might of Spain. The English residents sympathized with the American fleet, and were full of expectant enthusiasm for their success. "You will surely win," shouted the captain of the English man-of-war, *Immortalité*, to Captain Wildes, as the *Boston* left Hong Kong. "I have seen too much of your target practice to doubt it."

[1] The *Baltimore* reached Hong Kong on Friday morning, April 22. Her captain, N. H. Dyer, and executive officer, Lieutenant Commander G. Blocklinger, addressed themselves to the task before them, so that at the end of forty-eight hours in a foreign port the vessel was docked, coaled, cleaned, painted, provisioned, and put in thorough sea-going shape. It was accomplished just in time, for on Sunday, April 24, the Spanish government declared war. To do this meant that there was not an idle hand in all the ship's company. Contrast this with the dilatoriness and inefficiency of Spanish preparations for war. On March 25 Admiral Cervera wrote: "Our want of means is such that some days ago three men went overboard while manning the rail for saluting, through the breaking of an old awning line. A new line had been asked for fifty days ago, but it has not yet been replaced."

At Mirs Bay, where they waited for the American consul, Williams, and his important information with regard to the Spanish defences, the squadron was exercised in drills, torpedo and subcaliber practice for marksmanship. These were drills in earnest on the brink of battle. The sailing away from supplies, with the nearest home port seven thousand miles away, was a sailing out into the unknown with a strenuous demand on their self-reliance. How long a chase would it be? Where would they find the Spanish ships?

On April 27, at 2 P.M., the ships got under way for the Philippine Islands, a straight run to the southeast of 620 miles.

The crew knew only that a battle was imminent, of the orders they were ignorant; but every soul on board each ship was eager with expectancy. On the evening of the first day out, the men were assembled on deck. The news of the declaration of war was read to them; also a proclamation of the governor-general of Manila, of an exaggerated and bombastic character, — an anachronism in this nineteenth century, an eruption of words which has no place in war. He referred to the American people as constituted of all the social excrescences. The aggressors should not be allowed to profane the tombs of their fathers, nor to gratify their lustful passions at the cost of their wives' and daughters' honor. The indomitable bravery of the Spaniard would frustrate these attempts. They were called upon to defend their religion, not to allow the faith they professed to be made a mockery. It seemed to the intelligent American sailors but idle boasting, and they answered its reading with ringing cheers.[1]

The ships were, under orders, making only eight

[1] For full text of this remarkable document, see Appendix P.

knots. Every preparation for battle was made. All the woodwork was destroyed and thrown overboard lest, struck by shells, the splinters might cause injuries. Boats were cased in canvas. Nettings were stretched as a protection from flying splinters. Chain cables were wound round ammunition tubes. The ship's barber was kept busy in cutting the hair of the men close to their heads, both on account of the hot climate and the possibility of head wounds, which could thus be dressed more conveniently.

The drill of general quarters had taken place often aboard these ships, but never before in time of war. Few of the officers and men had known its stern realities during the eventful years of 1861–1865. All were ready to meet whatever fate awaited them.

The speed of running had been arranged so that at daylight the ships should make the land, and perhaps meet the Spanish squadron on the open sea; for the sailing from Hong Kong had been telegraphed, and Admiral Montojo had time to make every preparation such as his ingenuity could devise, and to choose his place to attack. At Bolinao Cape, north of the entrance to Manila Bay about 130 miles, the fleet sighted the island of Luzon, — the largest of the Philippines.

There lay the scene of their future conflict under the rays of the morning sun, mistful with tropic warmth, a light haze hanging over the nearer green of the island shores; afar off the dim blue outline of the mountains cleaving the sky. There lay the future, for them uncertain as the tangled perplexities of the tropical forest which met their gaze.

Steadily sailed the ships, nearing the enemy, wondering when and how they would be met — conjecture impatiently waiting for certainty.

In the early afternoon the fleet approached Subig Bay, which lies thirty miles north of the bay of Manila. The *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent ahead to reconnoitre, to ascertain if the Spanish fleet were not hidden there. The *Baltimore* simply followed to aid if necessary. The chase was more interesting, but they returned to the fleet in the late afternoon with the unwelcome intelligence that the Spaniards could not be found. The inference then was a fair one that they had anchored in Manila Bay.

About 5.15 of Saturday, April 30, the squadron commanders were summoned to the flagship, and Commodore Dewey explained his intention of entering the harbor of Manila Bay that night.

That very night — there was to be no delay! Here was no irresolute seaman. The task was not too critically examined to the point of hesitancy and doubt. Straight toward the enemy the American squadron sailed, "particularly against the Spanish fleet," to capture or destroy. Thereafter the squadron slowed down to a speed of four knots in order that the arrival off the bay of Manila should occur about midnight. Where were the Spanish ships? That was the question which agitated the squadron. It is not apparent that the Spanish fleet sought the American squadron. How best to defend itself seemed uppermost in the mind of its admiral, — in what safe sheltered bay to hide.

The situation was critical for Spain.

As anticipated, the Spanish fleet went to Subig Bay; arriving there, they found the harbor defence inadequate. They hoped, said Montojo, in his report, that "the Americans would give them more time for preparations;" but a Hong Kong telegram informed him of the supposed intention of the Americans to sail for Subig,

"to destroy our squadron." A council of captains agreed upon Manila as the best place to meet the enemy. This was undoubtedly wise counsel. The fleet returned on the 29th and took up its position in the bay of Cañacao, where the water was of least depth, to be supported by the batteries of Point Sangley and the Ulloa.

The bay of Manila, where the city of the same name is situated, affords harbor for the principal city of the Philippines, which is situated on the largest island of the group, — Luzon. Manila is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, about ten per cent. of whom are foreigners. The bay is of large area, of irregular outline, with a distance from north to south of about thirty miles, from east to west about twenty-five miles. A six-mile line would cross the entrance of the bay, nearly in the centre of which are two islands. To the northwest is Corregidor, two miles from the mainland; a smaller island, Caballos, is five miles from the southwest extremity.

Corregidor is a lofty island, rising some six hundred feet above the level of the sea. A battery of 8-inch Krupp guns surmounted its summit. Across the harbor entrance to the south another battery was placed on El Fraile, a small island, with breech-loading rifles, — the best of modern manufacture. From Corregidor ships attempting to force a passage would meet a merciless plunging fire. Not only these batteries were there to oppose with tongues of flame and deadly missiles, but it was reported, also, that the bay was thickly sown with torpedoes, than which nothing is more destructive of morale. To face these unseen foes fearlessly requires true stuff of manhood. To be apprehensive of gigantic forces beneath the surface of the sea, over which you are smoothly sailing, which in an instant may annihi-

late ship and crew with the rapidity of lightning, is not a prospect which the minds even of brave men can face with absolute composure.

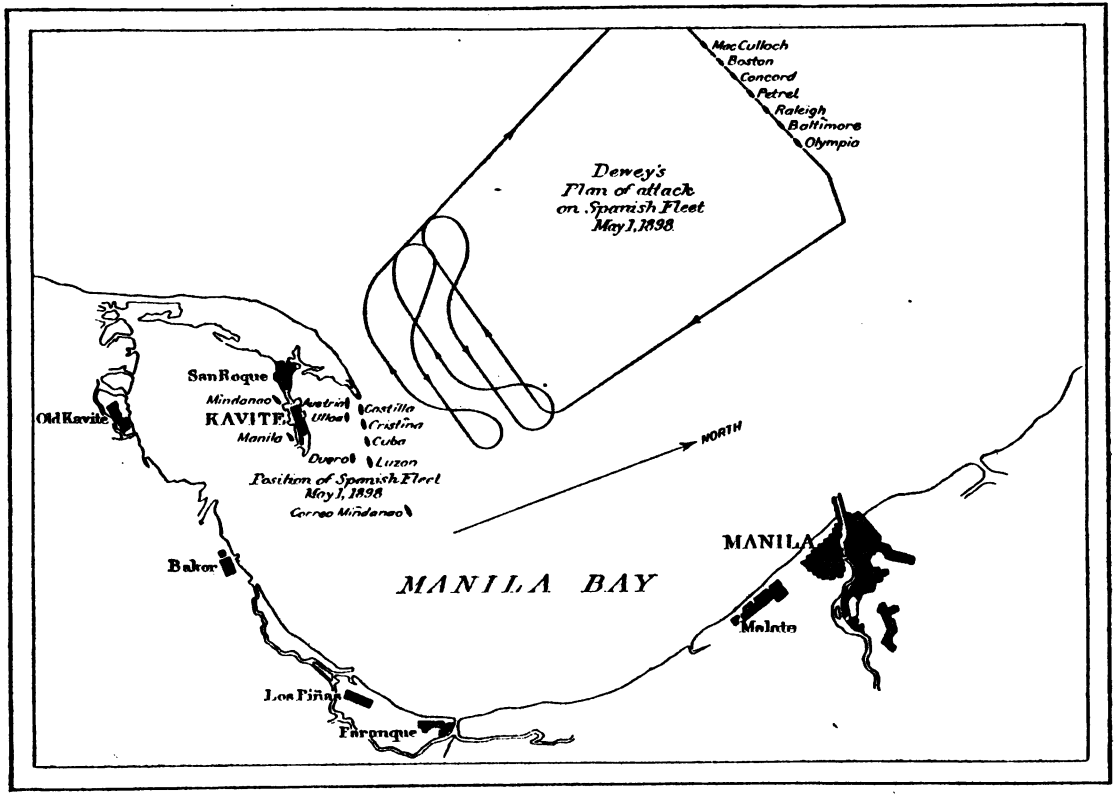
Farther on, to the right of the harbor's mouth, more than two-thirds of the way to the city, — seventeen miles, — is a bight or bay called Bacoor; at Cavite, the extreme point of the indenture in the bay line, the naval arsenal is situated. Protected by the battery at Cavite, supported by the guns from the city of Manila, the Spanish admiral had sheltered his fleet. There was here none of the bravery of open sea-fighting, nor its chances. If fighting on the defensive was the best policy, here was chosen the best place to await the enemy who, it may have been surmised, before reaching the inner bay, would have had their ships pierced by the Krupp projectiles at the entrance, or perhaps shattered between opposite hostile fires.

If they pass Corregidor, the Spanish thought, we will crush them at Cavite. Forts and ships will work together for the honor of old Castile.

It was, then, in the bay of Cañacao, the Spanish fleet anchored in eight metres of water, to await the coming attack. In line of battle they were as follows: the *Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Don Juan de Ulloa*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, and *Marques del Duero*. The transport *Manila* was sent to the roads of Bacoor, where the *Velasco* and *Lezo* were laid up for repairs.

The ships were less powerful than the American squadron, of less speed, but yet well armed and supported by powerful batteries, which made the contest more nearly equal.

At 6 P.M. on the evening of the 30th of April the American squadron was under way from Subig Bay for Corregidor, forty miles distant. The order of sailing


MacCulloch
Boston
Concord
Petrel
Raleigh
Baltimore
Olympia
Dewey's
Plan of attack
on Spanish Fleet
May 1, 1898
San Roque
Mindanao
Austria
Ulloa
KAVITE
Manila
Castilla
Cristina
Cuba
Duero
Luzon
Position of Spanish Fleet
May 1, 1898
Correo Mindanao
Old Kavite
NORTH
MANILA
MANILA BAY
Baker
Malate
Los Piñas
Parañque

was as follows: the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*. After them came a second line, headed by the *McCulloch* with the *Nanshan* and *Zafiro* in the rear.

Steadily, without event, the procession of power sailed over the sea toward its destined scene of conflict. Here were quiescent potentialities of battle energy: marvellous machinery; routine of ship life pursued with nature's regularity; trained wills and hands of intelligent seamen; professional skill and disciplined minds of officers associated with high sense of duty and stout-hearted for danger.

At eleven o'clock crews were called to quarters, to be ready for an emergency.

All lights were extinguished except one hooded light at the stern of each ship as a guide to the one following. It was too much to expect that the Spaniards were not aware of their coming, for their reconnoissance of Subig Bay had been observed and telegraphed to Manila. A night attack is attended with the dangers of darkness, yet it has advantages for the attacking force.

Dewey knew his ships and his men as a rider knows his horse. He was confident that he could cope with any obstacle and overcome it. No sudden disastrous emergency could destroy the discipline or resourcefulness of a personnel unsurpassed on the sea.

The island of Corregidor was reached and passed at midnight in a profound stillness broken only by the vibrations of the screws as they pushed the bows of the vessels through the dark waters. A silence ominous for the enemy prevailed, as though the gathered forces of destruction were restraining themselves to rush forth with greater energy.

The south channel was entered at 11.30, the squadron making eight knots. As the island was approached, a glare of flame from the smoke-stack of the *McCulloch* betrayed the presence of the squadron. Suddenly from out the stillness and the darkness a rocket shot skyward from the summit of Corregidor and fell in fast vanishing stars.

The squadron had been observed. Concealment was no longer possible. The lights astern could be counted by the enemy ashore. Seven batteries guarded the two entrances, Boca Grande and Boca Chica.

But first dangers were passed. Hardly; for immediately the battery on El Fraile opened fire, — a little late, for the cruisers were well beyond. The target was the *McCulloch*. The gunnery was poor. The shot fell short, but its flash, its screaming whir, the dull roar of the gun, was known to every one in the squadron. For them the grim reality of war had begun. A second shot followed, and a third. These were promptly answered by the *McCulloch* with three shots from her 6-pounder rifles. The *Raleigh* fired one shot from her after 5-inch gun, under the charge of Ensign Babin, — the first hostile shot; the *Concord* and *Boston* also fired two shots each. El Fraile relapsed into the stillness and darkness which a moment before had characterized her.[1]

The night was cloudy. The crews were at quarters, yet allowed to sleep by their guns. The squadron proceeded slowly. The shot from El Fraile had relieved the nervous tension of men, — as they sprang to the guns and fired, — who, for some days, had known the

[1] Chief Engineer Randall, of the *McCulloch*, was at this time overcome by the heat in the engine-room, and, seized with apoplectic convulsions, expired two hours later, and was buried the next afternoon, far down the bay, a seaman's burial.

dread certainty of battle. They could wait calmly now for whatever might come.

In the gray dawn of the morning, while the ships were shrouded in the half-light, there was evidence of movement, — every one was stirring. Coffee was issued. The men sipped it in all attitudes, sitting, lounging, half reclining, with thoughts full of the coming fight. Then all galley fires were extinguished and last preparations were made.

At 5.15 in the morning full daylight came after the long night with its unknown dangers, now happily passed. The fleet sailed by the merchant shipping lying quietly at anchor. The merchantmen intercepted the fire of the forts.

The advance was not free from dangers. At 5.06, in the very track of the *Olympia*, as she headed the line, a sudden great commotion in the water was observed in the distance, like a water spout, as a mine was exploded, and then another; but "too far to be effective." The Spaniards had been too precipitate. They threw away a great opportunity. Their lack of skill and self-control saved the lives of many men, who would have suffered like their comrades on the *Maine*.

As the squadron steamed ahead they were immediately received by a thundering cannonade from three batteries at Manila, two at Cavite, and by the Spanish fleet anchored across Bacoor Bay. The enemy had now opened on them in earnest. It was to be no child's play. The great occasion was just at hand.

In the order before mentioned the vessels sailed, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*, keeping this order throughout the engagement.

The batteries and the fleets were allowed to play as they would upon the vessels, the shot generally falling

short. Neither mines nor projectiles served to daunt the determined men, who were now to show not only of what mettle they were made, but with what faithfulness they had learned the lessons of war and with what superb skill they had learned to use its weapons.

The ships, the iron engines of destruction, as they sped on, were bright with the national ensigns, which floated fore and aft, — symbol of liberty-loving and courageous men.

The tropical sun had now come up and was sending its fierce heat o'er land and bay. The men stripped to their waists. On board the ships the silence was unbroken except by the churning screws, "the whir of the blowers, and the throbbing of the engines."

The ships, having entered the harbor, proceeded toward Manila, turned, and drew near to the forts and the fleet.[1] A shell burst over the flagship. They had obtained the range, and the squadron was in danger.

It was now time to return the fire. It had been a long waiting. The nervous American had shown a Dutch stolidity and self-restraint. For a long half-hour the officers and men on every ship had patiently waited under circumstances the most trying to men eager for action.

A boatswain's mate stationed at the after 5-inch gun of the *Olympia* shouted, "Remember the *Maine*." The

[1] "As our line extended in front of the gray walls and white houses of Manila, we were saluted by the roar of big guns from three principal batteries, which included four breech-loaders of 24-cm. caliber, firing heavier projectiles than any guns in our squadron. . . . The firing of the guns deprived the city of any right to protest against immediate bombardment. They continued to waste ammunition for some five hours, and the chief of artillery shot himself that evening to expiate his failure and his disobedience of orders, committed under the stress of an impracticable code of military honor laid down in obsolete regulations." — LIEUTENANT C. G. CALKINS. *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, July, 1899.

cry was repeated all through the ship by five hundred more. It was a natural cry. That Spain was responsible for the loss of the *Maine* was believed. Among that unfortunate crew were messmates of these men on the *Olympia*, with whom they had suffered the privations and dangers inseparable from a life at sea, who were bound to them by strong ties of comradeship. Their loss they would revenge. The thought of it made them stouter of heart, and gave them strength to bear the possible ills of warfare, — wounds, capture, and imprisonment.

Commodore Dewey, with his chief of staff, Captain Lamberton, an aide, Ensign Scott, with Lieutenant Rees, executive officer, Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator, were on the forward bridge, exposed to the fire.[1] Captain Gridley was in the conning tower. It was not thought advisable to run the risk of a stray shell depriving the ship of its chief officer. The eventful moment had come. The first gun of battle from the American vessels was about to be heard.

When the opportune moment had arrived, Dewey simply said, as though at target practice: —

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

At 5.41 the squadron opened fire.

The starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret of the *Olympia* was the first imperative battle word that Spain heard, — forerunner of her defeat. The distance was estimated at fifty-five hundred yards.

Afar, on the Cavite forts, the red and yellow flag of Spain was flying.

Like an echo came the thunders of the other vessels as they in turn, at intervals, came on.

The crews were under fire. It did not seem to them

[1] Also J. L. Stickney, an ex-naval officer, correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and a signalman.

a formidable thing. The tension was relieved. They found their voices, and disparaging remarks were made of the Spanish gunnery.

The situation was, however, perilous to ships and men. The shots flew high as the ships went on. Pieces of shell cut the rigging. There were narrow escapes. The Americans could see the flash, the smoke, and hear the roar of the Spanish guns; but they were sounds of fury, signifying nothing.

At four thousand yards the *Olympia* changed her course and ran parallel with the Spanish line.

"Open with all guns," was the commodore's order; and the port broadside became, in an instant, a mass of flame.

Ship after ship followed, fired their volleys, and passed on, turned, and fired again from the other side, the *Olympia* leading. The people on the *McCulloch* and the transports, which were farther out in the bay, could see the stately procession, were witnesses of the tremendous roaring, and watched anxiously as the smoke rose and fell, to see what injury had befallen the American ships. Still they circled with their fatal salutes, now port, now starboard, unhurt, almost unscathed. Not until afterward could it be seen what havoc shot and shell were creating, nor how the excellent marksmanship of the American gunners and the rapid fire of their guns were smothering that of the Spanish ships.

Every ship had the same tale to tell of steady progress, of regular cannonading, of coolness of the men, of business-like promptness.

The ships were there to accomplish an object. It was being accomplished, without undue excitement, with a great absence of fear, in the midst of intense heat for all below the deck, and with a celerity and success which

THE "OLYMPIA."

was marvellous. Everything was done with absolute, fatal, machine-like perfection.

The *Olympia* seemed to be singled out for the especial attention of the enemy. A small boat, thought to be a torpedo-boat, "with a big Spanish ensign streaming astern, advanced from the cove beyond Sangley Point, crossed the bow of the *Olympia*, and then turned toward the shore, as if to lie in wait for that formidable antagonist."

It was an audacious thing to do, in the face of the guns of a squadron. The big guns at a long distance showered missiles about it, but it was a moving target, and a small object, even for the excellent gunnery of the men whose marksmanship is unsurpassed in the navies of the world. The marines, at a distance of twelve hundred yards, confused her with rifle-shots. Secondary batteries, as the range was picked up, showered the small craft with deluges of spray. "Every shot carried a prayer for its success." She hesitated, floating about, taking no longer the initiative, and finally drifted under the guns of Sangley Point, where she continued to receive the hostile fire of the squadron until the battle ended.[1]

[1] Lieutenant Calkins, of the *Olympia*, wrote sometime afterward: "It seems proved that the launch was no deadly microbe, but only a humble market boat, manned by Filipinos, and bound to Manila by direction of the English family residing at Cañacao. The literal Oriental manner of executing domestic routine amid the shock and thunder of battle eliminates the heroic from an amazing act of rashness. But the moral of this incident is all on the side of genuine torpedo-boats. Here was a conspicuous craft slowly executing the traditional manœuvres of torpedo attack, and awaiting the advance of a squadron not undistinguished in the annals of naval gunnery — a squadron which surpassed it by a score of one hundred to one. Yet the frail hull was not shattered, nor the boilers exploded. Even the crew escaped with their lives, though a shot had pierced the steam cylinder. The boat was repaired and fitted to carry generals by the time that American troops appeared on the scene."

At 7 A.M. the Spanish admiral, like a knight at a tournament, attempted to attack the *Olympia* in his flagship, the *Reina Cristina*, going out very boldly toward the fleet; but she met with such a terrible reception, all the battery of the *Olympia* being concentrated upon her, that she could not make headway, and with difficulty, wounded and torn, she made her way back to the protection of the forts on the point.

As the vessel turned in retreat, an 8-inch shell raked her fore and aft, killed the captain and sixty men, and set the ship on fire. Only when she sank was the fire extinguished.

She was not the only Spanish vessel that was burning.

The ten ships backed by the forts and flanked by them in the shelter of the circle at Cavite were being beaten as never a fleet in the world had been beaten before.

A small gunboat put her head out to attack the *McCulloch* and the transports, which gave them a chance to engage. They were aided by a few shots from the larger vessels; and the gunboat, realizing that the situation was too perilous, ran back again to the shelter of the point.

Nearer and nearer came the American ships as they circled to the northeast toward Manila, to the southwest toward Cavite, delivering their fire, passing on until they had come and gone, each of them, three times.

At least three of the ships of the enemy were on fire —that was certain; what damage had been done was merely a matter of conjecture. There were the ships moving about in the cove by Sangley Point or Bacoor Bay. Apparently yet able to fight hard for Spain.

The commodore was dissatisfied. Much had been

done, but why not more? The Spaniards had fought furiously. The Americans had met their prey with stonewall steadfastness and with aggressive fighting. They were practically intact, and could accomplish more, — and now came the report, afterward proved erroneous, that only fifteen rounds remained for the 5-inch rapid-fire battery on the *Olympia.*[1]

Commodore Dewey then gave the signal to withdraw, — for a new plan of attack and for a redistribution of ammunition. This was at 7.35 A.M., at which time he sent word to the governor-general of Manila, whose three batteries had kept up a continuous fire on the fleet, that "if one shot was fired against one of his ships, he would destroy the city." Not a gun was afterward fired from the Manila batteries.

The occasion for ceasing fire was not understood by the squadron. When it was intimated that it was just a rest for breakfast, — the men had been fighting in the intense heat with hungry stomachs for two hours, — it seemed a considerate thought of the commodore, and as such it was accepted.

The gun captains were elated. They were willing and eager to continue; one of them said to Captain Lamberton, "For God's sake, captain, don't let us stop now. To hell with breakfast!"

Whatever had been the commodore's motive, it was evident that he held the key of the situation. The squadron went to breakfast.

The first phase of the fight was ended.

During all the engagement Commodore Dewey remained with his officers on the *Olympia's* bridge, exposed to the enemy's ceaseless though ineffective fire. Now

[1] The correct report was that fifteen rounds had been fired from each of the 5-inch guns.

and then a shot would come perilously near them, one even cutting off the signal halyards above them; but they each and all attended to their duties with the coolness and efficiency which comes from years of severe and constant discipline. Captains Gridley of the *Olympia* and Dyer of the *Baltimore*, in common with their commander, had both known of the perils and excitement of battle in the war of the Rebellion. Their ships — and this was true of each and all the vessels — were handled with professional skill and without mistake. There was evinced by the squadron a spirit of patriotism and of cheerful united effort, which was the result of good commanding officers and of a high degree of intelligence among the men, who appreciated the value of discipline and knew for what cause they were fighting, and the generosity of their countrymen in whose hands their every interest was safe.

This sense of duty and coolness of demeanor were prevalent throughout the squadron. It enabled them to do excellent execution amid the terrific cannonade which reverberated around them. The thunder of their own guns met the thunder of the Spanish batteries, creating a din wherein men could scarcely hear or speak. All about and above them was the incessant noise. A harder fortune would have been theirs had wounds and death been sent unsparingly upon them; but they could not have fought more steadily, shirtless and shoeless, in the fervid tropical heat. So the smoke-begrimed men worked on deck, and the equally brave and faithful men in the engine-room below, who came on deck at intervals, black with coal dust and gasping for the air, which, hot as it was, was cool compared with that of the fiery furnaces beneath.

But the joyful conviction was forcing itself upon the

minds of officers and men alike, that the Spanish gunnery was so poor as to be extravagantly harmless.

A strangely erratic shot received by the *Baltimore*, which was struck five times, is thus described: —

"The most serious hit," which the *Baltimore* received, "came from a 4.7-inch steel projectile, which entered the ship's side forward of the starboard gangway, about a foot above the line of the main deck. It passed through the hammock netting, downward through the deck planks and steel deck, bending and cracking deck beam in ward-room stateroom No. 5, then glanced upward through the after engine-room coaming, over against the after cylinder of No. 3, 6-inch gun (port), carrying away lug and starting several shield bolts, and putting the gun out of commission, deflected over to the starboard side, striking a ventilator, and dropping on deck. In its passage it struck a box of 3-pounder ammunition of the fourth division, exploding several charges, and wounded Lieutenant Kellogg, Ensign Irwin, and six men of the gun's crew — none very seriously."[1]

There had been no casualties on the fleet except the eight wounded on the *Baltimore*. Rarely in the history of naval warfare, if ever, has one of the contending parties deliberately withdrawn from the scene of conflict to partake of refreshment and to talk over a battle all but won. At Mobile Bay Farragut, after having passed the forts in the *Hartford*, was about to give the crews their breakfast under somewhat similar circumstances, when the *Tennessee* coming out, the meal was deferred to a more favorable occasion.

The Spaniards supposed that the squadron had retired to bury its dead.

[1] Report of Lieutenant Commander J. B. Briggs, U. S. N.

On the contrary, gladness prevailed in every cabin and ward-room and at every mess throughout the American ships.

As they passed the flagship, the ships cheered and cheered again and again as only strong victorious men can cheer.

The Spanish governor-general, when he saw the ships retire, telegraphed to Madrid, in sublime unconsciousness of the actual state of affairs or with deliberate intention to deceive: "Our fleet engaged the enemy in a brilliant combat, protected by the Cavite and Manila forts. They obliged the enemy, with heavy loss, to manœuvre repeatedly."

Refreshed by breakfast and rest, the American ships were ready to begin again.

At 11.16 A.M. the commodore hoisted the signal to renew the attack. The *Baltimore* now took the lead. The second phase of the fight began.

In the meantime the Spanish ships had been burning. The squadron watched the *Baltimore* speed along over the waters with deep interest; and again the American guns thundered over the bay. There was no longer danger of an attack. The object was now felt to be merely to complete a work thoroughly well begun, — a work more than half done.

The *Olympia* and the *Concord* followed quickly in the wake of the *Baltimore*. The *Boston*, the *Raleigh*, and the *Petrel* formed another division.

The vessels were headed directly for the bay — toward the ships and the forts. To get near the enemy — the nearer the better — is often the only safety in war. Now, however, there was no question of safety for the attacking party; it was only a question of time to destroy a remnant of opposition.

The Spanish flagship had been destroyed, three other vessels were still burning; but the smaller gunboats in the shallow water with reckless bravery kept up a vigorous fire.

Now the *Petrel*, Captain Wood, steamed boldly in to closest range, being the lightest draught ship of them all. The vessel mounted only four 6-inch guns, but they were efficiently handled. The gun captains were no less skilful than those of the larger cruisers, and the squadron then and there named her the baby battleship. She won the admiration of the squadron, and as she went up under the guns of the fort, what was left of the Spanish fleet was soon brought to terms by her vigorous fire. For she passed inside, rounding Sangley Point some five hundred yards from the burning *Castilla*, and directed her fire against the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. As she was sinking and deserted, the little vessel passed on farther inside and fearlessly attacked the vessels protected by the inner breakwater, whose masts only could be seen above the government buildings; through these buildings the plunging shots were sent, and at 12.30 the Spanish yellow and red flag came down and a white flag was run up, which fact was immediately signalled to the fleet.

The battle fever had pervaded the American crews since early morning. It had increased as the hours went by. Conscious of strength and skill, they would fight every day, if need be; and now the white flag on the fort put an end to it all. Suddenly they saw the end. But the battle fury changed quickly to fervent gratitude for life, for safety, for gladness of victory, amid deep profundity of thanksgiving.

The most wonderful battle of Manila Bay had been fought.

The flagship having signalled to destroy all shipping in the harbor, Lieutenant Hughes, of the *Petrel*, was sent with a small crew of seven men in a whale boat, — the only boat available to carry out the order. This was a perilous undertaking in the face of an enemy who had hardly taken breath after battle exertions, and whose excitable nature rendered an outbreak or a chance shot a thing to be expected. The men took their lives in their hands. The crews of the various ships were seen on shore at the Cavite arsenal, all armed and moving about; but no resistance was offered, and the work of the destruction of the *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, *General Lezo*, *Marques del Duero* was accomplished, the first three being aground when they were fired. The *Velasco* and *El Correo* were set on fire afterward by Ensign Fermier.

The *Concord*, Captain Walker, anxious to get nearer to the enemy, was gratified at an order, given at 8.30, to "go in and see what ships are on fire." This was promptly obeyed, the vessel proceeding steadily ahead on its errand; the order was, however, countermanded, but at 11.45 another opportunity was given: an order came to destroy a large transport anchored well inside. So the *Concord*, passing, fired at the forts and at two Spanish vessels, and when at twenty-five hundred yards distance kept her guns in lively working; but on the first round ten boat-loads of men were seen to abandon the vessel and land on the beach. Boats were lowered for burning this vessel; but she was discovered to be on fire, and they were recalled. Later the *Concord* was ordered to go to the *Petrel* at Cavite, and as she anchored, the *Petrel* signalled, "Have destroyed eight vessels here." The *Concord* alone expended twelve tons of ammunition.

The *Raleigh*, in the second part of the fight, started ahead full speed at the signal to reëngage; but her speed not being equal to the flagship's, she fell behind; so Captain Coghlan cut across to get abreast of the Cavite battery and opened fire with all his guns; then, in obedience to signal, attempted to go nearer to destroy the enemy's vessels, but was unable on account of her draught. Her battery meantime played upon a vessel supposed to be the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* until she sank. Having accomplished this good work, the *Raleigh* withdrew at 1.30 P.M., to an anchorage near the flagship.

The *Boston*, Captain Frank Wildes, at the rear of the column, saw her consorts ahead fire and turn, and fire again, and when her turn came, fired with deliberation and accuracy. The dense smoke, however, interfered with the manœuvring and firing. The lack of a range-finder was felt. The guns in the first part of the engagement were charged to the full with common shell. Her boats were badly damaged by her own fire, three of them becoming complete wrecks. Men in the powder division were disabled by the intense heat. The Chinese messmen fought with the spirit which animated the crew. The ship was struck four times, but was uninjured; and the *Boston*, like her sister ships, having gallantly borne herself through this wonderful engagement, had the exceeding pleasure of reporting "No casualties" to the commanding officer at the finish of the fight.

During the action Captain Wildes exhibited an indifference to danger which had an encouraging effect upon his ship's company. He stood on the bridge, with his sun helmet on, smoking a cigar, and carrying a palm-leaf fan. As a shell came hissing through the air, it was intently watched; it struck the foremast, making a hole in it, tore the ratlines of the fore rigging, and then

burst a few feet from the side. When the danger had passed, the captain remarked to the officers near him, "We were lucky, gentlemen!" and then went on with his cigar.

The Spanish seamen had fought bravely. They stood up under the rapid and murderous fire of the American ships without flinching. On the *Cristina*, early in the fight, all the crews of the four rapid-fire guns were killed or wounded, and the guns put out of action. Lieutenant Nunez then took the wheel, and held it bravely until the end of the fight.

The flagship suffered severely. A shell destroyed the steering gear; another the mizzenmast-head, bringing down the flag, which was immediately replaced; another, bursting in the officers' quarters, destroyed the wounded under treatment there and spattered the place with blood and bits of flesh; another exploded in the ammunition room — it was flooded, as the cartridges began to burst. The melancholy tale is continued in the official reports, of shattering shot, until, with half of her crew and seven officers out of action, the order was given to sink and abandon her before the magazines should explode. The admiral sought refuge, with his staff, aboard the *Isla de Cuba*. In the meantime, while superintending the transfer of the crew, a shell killed Captain Luis Cadarso.

The *Ulloa* was sunk by a shell striking her at the water line; her commander and half of her crew being "put out of action." The *Castilla* was riddled and sunk by the shells which set fire to her. Her loss was 23 killed and 80 wounded.

There was very little left of the Spanish squadron at 8 A.M.

"At 10.30," says Montojo, "the enemy returned,

forming a circle to destroy the arsenal and the ships which remained to me, opening upon them a horrible fire." So they sank their ships and went ashore, "saving the flag, the distinguishing pennant, the money in the safe, the portable arms, the breech plugs of the guns, and the signal codes," — simply scraps from a whirlwind of destruction.

The management of the Spanish squadron from the point of view of defence seems to have been creditable. The decision to go to Subig Bay was faulty; that to return was wise. There could have been no better place than Cavite to have fought the battle for an officer who felt the weakness of his force as a constant factor. There he was protected, in shallow water, by the iron teeth of his shore batteries, and retreat to land was a matter of ease in case of defeat. For a commander, however, with confidence in his officers and crew, with a determination to be aggressive, the stay should have been made at Corregidor; the enemy should have been waited for there, the harbor thoroughly mined, and a vigorous assault made as he entered.

The responsibility for the situation lies, however, farther back, — in the naval government at Madrid and the unpreparedness for war. Imbecility seems to have characterized the whole naval administration; to go a step farther, it characterized the financial administration of Spain, without which a navy is only a navy on paper. When Admiral Montojo justified his defeat on the ground of the inefficiency of his vessels, his lack of personnel, especially master and seamen gunners, his deficiency in machinists, his lack of rapid-fire guns, he was criticising the naval administration which left him so poorly equipped, — and justly condemning. What, however, the discipline of his ships may have lacked,

what neglect of drills and imperative routine, what failure in target practice, only his official reports would give evidence. The impression borne out by many circumstances is that in these particulars the Spanish fleet was wofully lacking.

After the battle, the cable was cut connecting Manila with the outside world. The commodore silenced the guns of the Spaniards, and then he silenced their tongues.

When the colors were hoisted at Cavite, at the moment, a vast territory and millions of people came under the sovereignty of the people of the United States and at the same time a great responsibility was laid upon them.

The Spanish losses, according to Montojo's report, "including those of the Arsenal, amounted to 381 killed and wounded." This is probably an understatement.

There had been nothing like the battle in all the world's history. A precedent having some points of similarity occurred nearly three centuries before, when the Dutch Admiral Van Heemskerk fought the Spanish squadron at Gibraltar on April 25, 1607.[1] It is told in a contemporaneous narrative how "before the towne of Tangier vpon the coast of Barbary, the admiral sent for his counsell abourd his shippe, where it was resolutely determined, that if the Spanish Nauie were in the Bay of Gibraltar they would set upon them, although it were in their owne hauen and vnder shot both of the towne and Castle, and that when at last comming to the Bay of Gibraltar and finding the Spanish Army there, presently wee began with God's helpe to proceede in our resolution in such order as time and place required." Then, after describing the opposing forces, the narra-

[1] See Appendix Q.

tive proceeds, "And after wee had fought in that most furious assault, both with ordinance and forceable bourding their ships 4 howers or thereabouts, by God's helpe we got the victory. All the Gallions being spoiled, battered, and burnt were driuen on ground, and amongst the rest the Admirall of 800 tonns."

Of the result it is stated further that "of all the men in the Spanish armie but few escaped, for the road to Gibraltar shewed as if it had bin sewed with Spaniards that leapt ouer-board, and those that we took confessed they were 4000 men in the Nauie."

The quaint narrative concludes with the statements that "wee were advertised that the Admirall would not beleeve wee durstt be so bold to bourd him in the King's Bay or hauen, and especially vnder the shot of the towne and Castle of Gibraltar, which contrary to their expectation wee made them feele."

Then the names of the Spanish gallions are given that were spoiled and burnt with many others, whereof the names are not known. They number twelve and are given as, "The Admirall S. Augustine, the vice Admirall nostra Seniora de-la vera, the reare Admirall nostra Seniora madre de dios, the S. Anna, Nostra Seniora de la Regla, Nostra Seniora de Concepcion, the S. Christopher, Nostra Seniora de la dolores, the S. Michael, Nostra Seniora del Rosario, Nostra Seniora de lo O., the S. Peter."

This fight of Van Heemskerk in the bay of Gibraltar is perhaps the nearest parallel to the fight at Cavite.

In each case the Spaniards thought little of the daring and enterprise of their enemies; they "would not beleeve that they durstt be so bold" as to enter their stronghold.

In each case the commanding officer sent for his

"counsell abourd his shippe where it was resolutely determined to proceede," "tooke order in what sort to assault them."

In each case the Spanish admiral on the approach of his foe "wayed anchor and went nearer the towne."

In each case additional force was placed upon the ships by the Spaniards. "The Admirall had 100 caueliers out of the towne that voluntarily came abourd to help him, although hee was well provided of men before."

Under both circumstances the fight consumed "four howers."

At each time the flagship of the Spaniard was "spoiled, battered, burnt, and driven on ground."

At Gibraltar and at Manila the ships were burned by the concentrated fire, and it was "fearful and terrible to behould when the Spanish gallions began to burne, especially when fire came to their powder."

In 1898, as in 1607, Dewey, like Van Heemskerk, led the way. Each stood "on the upper deck, helmet[1] on head and in full harness."

Now, as then, the Spaniards fired the first shot, and their enemies waited for a nearer approach. In the latter year ten vessels were destroyed; in 1607 an almost similar number, — twelve.

In each engagement the Spaniards suffered severely.

In each engagement the Dutch, on the one hand, and the Americans, on the other, lost not a single ship.

But here the somewhat remarkable parallel fails, — as all parallels will sooner or later, — for history never exactly repeats itself.

Van Heemskerk entered the harbor and assailed the enemy in the broad daylight.

[1] Dewey's helmet was "a golf cap."

Dewey entered amid the dangers of the night.

Van Heemskerk had no unseen enemies to encounter.

Dewey had to meet the menace of the mines.

Van Heemskerk lost many men and brave officers.

Dewey neither officer nor man.

Van Heemskerk unfortunately fell, bravely fighting, on the deck of his ship.

Dewey survived the day's dangers to receive the plaudits of his countrymen.

The parallel goes beyond bounds, in wonder; for, on May 1, 1898, in the bay of Manila there was a fight which was not a fight, for a battle means, and has ever meant, loss on either side.

Imagine the contrast. In the Spanish fleet at Cavite were all the horrors of a naval engagement; the fearful fiery din ; the lightning-like projectiles, precursors of awful disaster; the mutilation of messmates; the death of comrades; the heart-shaking, terrifying explosions; the cruel twisting and leaping of yellow fire, like fierce, devouring beasts; the humiliation of the lowering flags; the loss of the ships, — a non-existent fleet!

And over against them, in the quiet bay, ships on which gun after gun is potential to the height of its power; ships which are alive with perfect motive power; ships whose crews are jubilant; ships whose officers are serenely glad. This is extraordinary in the stories of war. But a stranger tale than all remains. Every soul on every ship yet breathes the breath of heaven, — a perfect squadron!

In the report of the engagement, the commodore said, "I beg to state to the department that I doubt if any commander-in-chief was ever served by more loyal, efficient, and gallant captains than those of the squadron now under my command."

The whole event was characterized by celerity, precision, and equanimity.

At Hong Kong the squadron was made ready with incredible swiftness, — showing zeal, enterprise, and perfect discipline aboard the ships. With steadfast hearts, in perfect order, it descended on the Philippine shores. With no delay the hostile harbor was entered, — the gray ships with the gray dawn. With the suddenness of a tropical sunburst the squadron sailed before Manila. Without a pause the revolving engines moved their burdens in that circling destruction.

As planned, the battle was perfected. There was great accuracy of fire. Instant obedience came to officers whose orders were given intelligently and at the right moment. The temperament of the commodore, undisturbed by anxiety or peril, was common to the squadron, wherein were men who, like him, knew something of the battle fury; very few, however, for a generation had passed since the United States navy had engaged in a serious war.

But in the engine-room, as on deck, forward as well as aft, whatever the event, the American sailors, with superb coolness, did their duty. It was not only well, but magnificently done.

The grateful nation, through its representatives, made the commodore rear-admiral, and then Congress created the rank of admiral for him alone. The officers and crews were honored with promotions and medals.

The commodore had justified the promise of his youth when, at the attack against Confederate field-batteries at Donaldsonville, his commanding officer, afterward Admiral Jenkins, said of him that he "displayed unrivalled coolness and courage during the entire action," and when the same characteristic was referred to by the

commander of the *Mississippi*, who said, at the time of its destruction, March 3, 1863, "I consider that I should be neglecting a most important duty should I omit to mention the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. Dewey."

The qualities of his youth had ripened during the years into a mature judgment, so that he illustrated the words of Mahan, that "it is in the strength of purpose, in the power of rapid decision, of instant, and if need be of strenuous endeavor, through a period of danger or responsibility, when the terrifying alternatives of war are vibrating in the balance, that the power of a great captain mainly lies."

SANTIAGO.

JULY 3, 1898.

Vir tenax propositi. — HORACE.

Let me assure you that I have the highest appreciation of your services as commander-in-chief of the Atlantic naval forces during the Spanish war, in blockading Cuba, coöperating with the army, directing the movements of the great number of vessels under your orders, and at last, after the most effective preparation, consummating, with the gallant officers and men under your command, the destruction of the Spanish fleet. — PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, to Admiral Sampson.

The battle was fought under his orders, the victory was the consummation of his thorough preparation. — SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, JOHN D. LONG.

They all stand out to us, those gallant figures, from admiral to seaman, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory. — H. C. LODGE.

Responsibility, with its immensity of burden, is the inevitable penalty of command; but it must be conceded that when adequately borne it should convey also an equal measure of renown. — MAHAN, on Nelson.

A sudden sortie on one hand, a terrible rush on the other; a flight, a furious assault; a desperate attempt, success in its foiling; burning, broken, twisted cruisers on the beach, swift cruisers and battleships serenely afloat; multitudes of hearts silenced, a whole fleet, with multitudes of hearts vigorously beating; treachery in defeat, humanity in victory, — such was the naval battle of Santiago. But out from amidst the dark background on the Spanish side emerges the figure of Admiral Cervera, in disarray, on the *Gloucester*, with his stately Spanish grace, an honor to his profession, by one act of courtesy, previous to the engagement, saving the credit of Spain from what would otherwise have been an unrelieved exhibition of national weakness, poverty, and tyranny. The act shines; the world is richer for it.

SANTIAGO.

JULY 3, 1898.

THE factor of preparation in warfare is no less important than that of execution. Readiness for an emergency is half of battle success. The contrast between the inefficiency of Spain, in the year 1898, and the thorough preparedness of the United States in naval matters is the contrast between darkness and light. The United States navy was smaller than its adversary's. Yet it was in a high degree of efficiency. There contributed to this efficiency many conditions. Especially, well trained officers and men; a careful process of selection; and the discipline, both naval and intellectual, at a professional school, which had supplied the American ships with officers whose proficiency in the lines of their calling dawned as a surprise upon the country. With them was a staff of men of intelligence, trained in their several duties; while the men wearing the blue jacket, making the majority on the vessels, were well chosen, intelligent, and fully supplied with everything contributing to their comfort and efficiency on shipboard. The most generous naval ration on the sea contributed to their bodily well-being and mental comfort.

The well-manned ships were kept in touch with Bureau officers at Washington, who promptly saw that nothing was lacking which would aid efficiency. The Secretary of the Navy, in the authority of his office,

made his judgment and wisdom felt throughout the service. The Assistant Secretaries[1] contributed an energy and foresight to the demands of the war which found happy resultant in its success. The organization of a War Board of naval officers, whose duty it was to study the situation and its needs, to recommend measures and modes of action, added an element of effectiveness. This Board, wisely refraining from arbitrary urgencies, left much to the discretion of the commanding officers of squadrons. The men afloat were not hampered at Washington. They were aided by means of telegraphic information which they could not otherwise obtain; while the immediate conduct of affairs was left to their own discretion.

Owing to the illness of Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, necessitating his detachment, it became necessary, early in the year, to fill his place in the command of the North Atlantic station. The choice of the Navy Department fell upon Captain William T. Sampson, in command of the *Iowa*, who, being on the station, immediately assumed command, and was given the acting rank of rear-admiral March 26, 1898. Commodore W. S. Schley had been placed from the outbreak of the war in command of a squadron called the Flying Squadron, and was stationed at Hampton Roads for the purpose of meeting any hostile attack which the Spanish might make upon the coasts of the United States.

With Commodore Schley were the *Brooklyn*, flagship, the *Massachusetts*, and the *Texas*, battleships, and the fast cruisers, the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*.

The significant name "Flying Squadron" appealed to the popular imagination. Public interest centred upon these powerful vessels, whose duty was to protect and defend the cities of the coast, and from whom great

[1] Theodore Roosevelt and Charles H. Allen.

REAR ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

things were expected. There was all confidence in the skill of the commanding officer. From the ships to the southward there was only the prosaic blockade duty to be looked for, the tedious dull routine, with no tinge of battle romance in prospect.

The eminent fitness of the choice of Captain Sampson for the command of the North Atlantic squadron was unquestioned. As president of the court of inquiry into the cause of the loss of the *Maine*, destroyed by an explosion in Havana harbor, his ability had been recognized. He had come anew into prominence. A man of sane and balanced mind, impartial, and eager to know the causes of things, of scientific temperament, the decision of the court was accepted as having the weight of his judicial authority in establishing the fact of foul play on the part of some person or persons — to the court unknown. The country accepted the verdict.

No officer of his rank had been the recipient by selection of so many important positions in the naval service as had fallen to his lot. No officer excelled him in a thorough knowledge of his profession, nor in those personal qualities of bravery, of coolness and absolute imperturbability in the presence of difficulty or danger. He was a man to make war as other men play chess. To such men, looking steadily and intelligently to an end, with quietness of demeanor and action, providing against every attack, success in war comes, by the laws of the game, as an irresistible result, — a consequence of inevitable law.[1]

[1] "No one has more fully the confidence and affection of the service. The appointment came to him unsought and absolutely unexpectedly, and, the most modest, least self-seeking, and the most single-minded of men, he could not quite comprehend the falling to himself of this great responsibility, which was at the same time, as it turned out, so great a good fortune to the country." — CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.

The responsibility devolving upon the admiral was large. With twenty-six ships he was to blockade, at the outbreak of the war, nearly two thousand miles of coast. This was successfully accomplished. The blockaders were unceasingly vigilant, continually at work, night and day — the men never hearing the welcome rattle of the chain as it rushed through the hawsehole when the anchor finds its home, and holds the ship to solid rest; but at all times they kept a bright lookout as sentinels over the tropic sea, until the dull routine was ended at the close of the war. Long before that, however, the blockading force, including ships of all kinds, numbered over 100; even with that number the service was difficult when the dictum of international law is considered, that a blockade to be legal must be effective, — practically unbreakable.

In addition to the burden of the blockade and the administrative duties connected therewith, at the very beginning was added the uncertainty dependent upon the movements of the Spanish squadron, which on April 29 had left the Cape de Verde Islands, sailing westward for an unknown destination.

Whether a descent upon the northern coast, an attempt to raise the Havana blockade, or a bold assault upon the fleet was planned, were simply matters of conjecture. Of only one thing was there any degree of certainty, and that was that Admiral Cervera's squadron, with his extremely fast cruisers, had sailed from port.

His squadron was made up of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, *Christobal Colon*, and three torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Terror*, *Furor*, and *Pluton*.

Admiral Sampson conjectured that Cervera would

make his first stop at San Juan in Puerto Rico, on account of its good harbor, its coaling facilities, and its nearness to his ultimate destination, whatever that might be.

With a small force, consisting of the *New York*, the flagship; the *Iowa*, the *Indiana*, battleships; the *Amphitrite* and *Terror*, monitors; the *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, unprotected cruisers, the *Wompatuck*, and the torpedo-boat *Porter*, the admiral started from Havana on May 4 to meet the Spanish squadron. The monitors proved a drag upon the movements of the squadron on account of their slowness. They made but seven and a half knots, even when towed by the larger vessels. In case of an attack they would have had to be left behind. They simply hampered the squadron. The Americans were disappointed at not finding the Spanish fleet at San Juan. The fortifications, however, were bombarded to develop their strength and to give the squadron experience under fire, — an invaluable lesson.

There was a possibility that Cervera had gone south to intercept the battleship *Oregon*, which had been steadily ploughing her way through the Pacific and the Straits of Magellan to the Cuban waters.

Sending the *Montgomery* eastward to St. Thomas for information, the admiral returned to Puerto Playa to make telegraphic inquiry of the Department, and learned that Cervera's fleet had been sighted at Curaçoa on the 14th, and that Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, had been ordered south. The Department's orders to the admiral were to return to Key West — a determination at which he had already arrived. It seemed then probable that after his long voyage Cervera's destination must be somewhere on the south coast of Cuba, either Cienfuegos or Santiago, — pref-

erably the former, on account of its easy access by rail to Havana.

Some port, however, he must seek for coal, an absolute necessity for motion, without which his vessels would be an easy prey to an enemy. A few tons only were taken on at Curaçoa and none at Martinique, where the fleet touched. To point for a port, swiftly and secretly to reach it, was Cervera's object, — in that lay his only salvation. Sampson's design was, if possible, to intercept the fleet. In such a pursuit the pursuer has to be in all places at once. The pursued knows his objective — that is his secret; the pursuer has every conjecture to distract and disappoint him, — and the ocean is wide.

But now the probabilities pointed to these cities on the south coast of Cuba. To send swift scouting ships off these ports and then to follow them with swift cruisers and the fleet, was the wise plan of procedure.

Sampson returned to Key West on the 18th, finding there the Flying Squadron, which had just arrived. The *Iowa* was transferred to Schley's command, and inasmuch as the Department had informed the admiral that Cervera was supposed to be bringing munitions of war to Havana, it was judged that Cienfuegos would be his destination.

To Cienfuegos, therefore, Commodore Schley proceeded with a large force, on May 19, consisting of the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Scorpion*, *Iowa*, *Castine*, *Dupont*, the *Merrimac* (a collier), *Marblehead*, *Eagle*, and *Vixen*.[1] On the evening of the same day information was received from Havana that the Spanish squadron had arrived at Santiago. This was confirmatory of a telegram from the Department to the same effect, which was forwarded on the 20th.

[1] The last seven vessels joined the squadron at Cienfuegos.

On the 21st Schley was off Cienfuegos. On the same day a memorandum was sent by the *Hawk* to Schley, with a telegram, which said, "Spanish squadron probably at Santiago. If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba; and if the enemy is there, blockade him in port." The memorandum contained instructions to leave on the 23d, and arrive off Santiago on the 24th. On the 24th Admiral Sampson had been put in command of the entire fleet by order of the Department.

Schley left on the evening of the 24th, having then satisfied himself that Cervera was not at Cienfuegos, and reached a station off Santiago on the evening of the 28th. On the 29th he reported the presence of four of the enemy's fleet. In the meantime Schley, on May 28th, mentioned in a telegram[1] that he could not remain off Santiago on account of the state of the squadron and the weather conditions for coaling, and started for Key West, but changed his plans, finding that he was able to coal, telegraphing to that effect to the Department on the 29th.

This projected return to Key West occasioned urgent telegrams from Sampson to the Department and from the Department to Schley on the 29th. On the same day Schley informed the Department of the presence of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago, and Sampson received orders in accordance with his request to proceed to Santiago with the *New York* and the *Oregon*. On the same day Captain Cotton of the *Harvard* was ordered to return to Schley with the message, "Hold

[1] "Much to be regretted, cannot obey orders of Department. Have striven earnestly; forced to proceed to Key West by way of Yucatan passage." For full accounts of this matter see Secretary of Navy's Reports, 1898, or Sen. Ex. Doc. C, 55th Congress.

on at all hazards." This 29th was a day of flying telegrams,[1] the result of which was the detention of the squadron off Santiago — a preliminary to the blockade of the fleet. The invaluable resources of the telegraph in modern warfare were perhaps never better exhibited. Here and there, north and south, east and west, over land and under the sea, the swift couriers went until the situation was clear to all concerned, and the desired object accomplished.

The admiral, with mind intent upon the aim of the campaign, called a consultation, on the 27th, of three officers[2] to consider a plan, already discussed with his chief of staff, to obstruct the harbor of Santiago, whose entrance is very narrow. It was proposed that a collier should be sunk in the channel, and the *Merrimac*, already with Schley, was suggested as the proper vessel. Orders were prepared for Captain Folger, commanding the *New Orleans*, to proceed at once in person to explain the proposed plan to Schley, the collier *Sterling* to accompany him, to make up the deficiency in his coal supply to be caused by the sinking of the *Merrimac*.

In the meantime, the admiral, learning of Schley's contemplated return to Key West, gave his personal attention to the details of the scheme, and sent for Mr. Hobson, assistant naval constructor, on board the flagship for his opinion as to the best method of procedure. Hobson immediately became interested in the plan, and, impressed by "the faith and absolute fearlessness"

[1] On the 29th, Sampson sent two despatches to Secretary Long in which he said: "I can blockade indefinitely; think that I can occupy Guantanamo." "The failure of Schley to continue blockade must be remedied at once if possible. There can be no doubt of presence of Spanish division at Santiago."

[2] Commodore Watson and Captains Folger and Converse.

which he displayed, the charge of the matter was intrusted to his leadership.

On June 1st the admiral reached Santiago; the preparations of torpedoes and fuses had already been made, and the *Merrimac* was being rapidly fitted for her important mission. The natural and dignified protest of the commander of the *Merrimac*[1] against being deprived of his command, though anxious to undertake personally the hazardous duty, was overruled by the admiral, and accepted as being justified under the exigency of the situation.

The sinking of the *Merrimac* — the heroic preliminary to a great battle — was an incident of sufficient significance to merit a brief recital.

When volunteers were called for to join Hobson in manning the vessel, responses came by the hundred from single ships. The rivalry, the eagerness, the contention for the privilege to risk life in the service of the country, was a gratification to the admiral. To decide upon seven men[2] among so many brave fellows was a matter of difficulty. On the morning of June 2, at daybreak, the admiral made a personal inspection of the *Merrimac* to see that the proposed preparations had been made. The vessel was stripped of everything valuable. Ten torpedoes were placed upon the outside, which were to be exploded by Hobson from his station on the bridge. A little later the admiral bade the brave fellow good-by, simply, but with deep feeling, wishing him good luck, and the *Merrimac* steamed away to almost certain destruction. Light was beginning to show itself in the east as the *Merrimac* approached the harbor, when, the admiral realizing that it was too late, the torpedo-boat *Porter* was sent to recall her. Hobson earnestly ob-

[1] Commander J. W. Miller. [2] See Appendix S. for names.

jected, but the order was peremptory. Another day was therefore obtained for more complete preparations, so that on June 3 she again started on her perilous mission. The faithful crew had been carefully instructed as to their individual duty. Each man was ready to perform his part with promptness.

It is a characteristic of a great commander that he considers it his duty to satisfy himself as to the minute conditions, in new and important enterprises, which, neglected, cause failure. This was a Nelsonian characteristic. In the attack on Copenhagen, Captain Hardy of the flagship *Victory* made a personal examination of the situation. Going over the side in the darkness at eleven o'clock, and approaching the enemy, he sounded with a pole about the leading ship of the Dane, to ascertain for himself the depth of water. This was done with deliberate and brave daring, and had its effect on the result of the great battle of the Baltic. A like conscientious regard for detail is apparent in the departure from the *New York* of the admiral of the fleet, in the early dawn, to make a personal inspection of the preparation for the *Merrimac's* undertaking.

On the night of June 3 the collier again started amid farewells and fervent prayers for the safety of her gallant commander and crew in their perilous enterprise. Followed by a steam launch in charge of Cadet Powell of the *New York*, the collier disappeared in the distance, watched by many eyes on all the ships. For two hours there was silence and darkness and dread uncertainty throughout the fleet. A little after three o'clock a sudden flash was seen to proceed from the Morro, then another and another. The mouth of the harbor in a few seconds was lighted by flames of fire. The fleet knew that the *Merrimac* was subjected to a

pitiless attack, such as nothing animate or inanimate could survive.[1]

The effect upon the feelings and imaginations of the waiting fleet was indescribable. They knew that these men had entered the jaws of death. As the dawn came on, there was a haze about the harbor mouth, but no sign of the expedition. After a time a little curling smoke appeared, and it was soon made out as the returning launch of the *New York*. They had pluckily waited until the morning, under the fire of the forts, but returned without their comrades, whom now every one supposed had perished. Later Admiral Cervera sent word that they were safe and prisoners, — a courtesy which was greatly appreciated by the fleet.

It was known afterward that the *Merrimac* entered the harbor; that she was subjected to a terrible attack from submarine mines, forts, torpedo-boats, and cruisers; that Hobson set off his electric torpedoes, some of which failed; that her rudder was shot away, which made her unmanageable; that the gaping holes shot into her side precipitated her sinking; that she swung athwart the channel, wavered, and then settled lengthwise, sinking by the head; that Hobson and his men lay prostrate in the stern till she sank. While all the time the rain of shot and shell had caused the vessel to tremble and shudder and groan, and the men felt through every inch of their bodies the shock of each impact.

Then they took to the water, holding on to the catamaran alongside, their heads only exposed, until finally, exhausted by excitement and labor, the men

[1] "The entrance of the *Merrimac* into the harbor under fire from every gun, it seemed, of the Spanish fleet and fortress, was the most terrible sight I ever saw. I can best describe it as hell with the lid off." — CAPTAIN EVANS.

were anxious to swim away. Hobson restrained them, saying, "Not yet, not yet," to their repeated demands, until, as the dawn broke, a steam launch puffed toward them. Then he said, "We will capture this launch and steal out." As he rose, he found many rifles aimed at him. "Don't shoot!" he shouted, realizing his defenceless condition. He asked if there was any one aboard to receive the surrender of an American naval officer. A hand was reached out to him, and Admiral Cervera —for it proved to be his—received him and his men aboard as prisoners of war. They were confined in the Morro and a month later exchanged. This incident illustrated the spirit of daring and heroism which animated the fleet. It aroused an intense feeling of admiration and pride in the navy, and is worthy to be recorded with Decatur's brilliant exploit on the *Intrepid* at Tripoli.

The presence of the Spanish fleet being assured in the harbor, it became necessary to prevent egress by day or night. A cordon of ships thenceforward lay watching with intense scrutiny. The mouth of the harbor was sealed by these steel-clad sentinels as never harbor was before.

The formation was fan-shaped: to the east the first squadron, comprising the *New York*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *New Orleans*, *Mayflower*, and *Porter;* to the west the second squadron, made up of the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Marblehead*, and *Vixen*. These formed a cordon which it seemed impossible to break.

The distance of the daytime blockade was at first six miles, but gradually the network of ships drew closer and closer. Small steam launches were placed near the entrance as picket guards, in the smallest arc of the segment of the circle. They lay perilously near the frowning guns of the Morro.

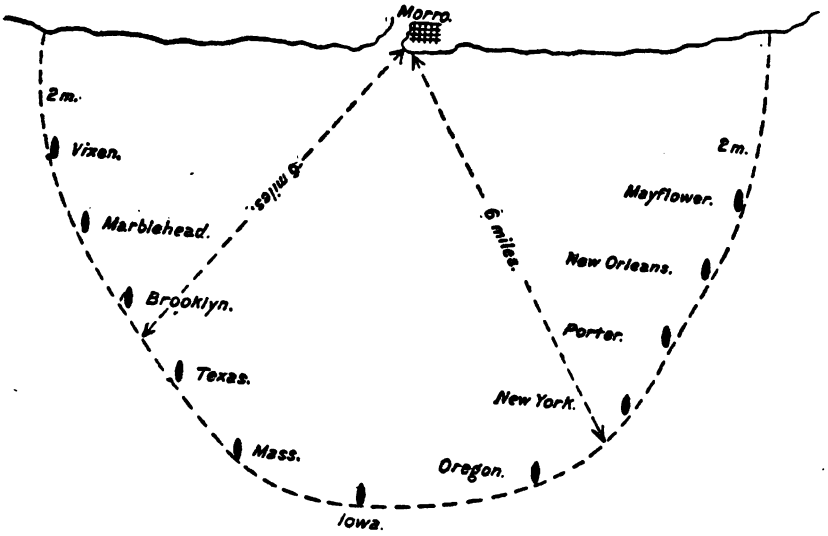
On June 7, at night, a second concentric arc was placed from east to west, the *Vixen*, *Suwanee*, and *Dolphin* were stationed less than a mile from the shore — the outermost arc of the segment was at a distance of less than four miles. This was rendered possible by the bombardment of June 6, which began at 7.41 A.M. The bombardment was described by Lieutenant Müller of the Spanish fleet in the following terms: "When the American fleet opened fire, it was so intense and the shots followed each other in such quick succession, that it might have seemed like a fusillade, if the mighty thunder of guns can be compared with the crackling of small-arms. By nine o'clock it became somewhat slower, shortly after reaching again the same intensity, then decreasing once more at 10.15, and again becoming terribly intense at 10.30. At 11.02 it ceased." He spoke of it as resembling "one prolonged thunder." He had no idea that "any firing could be so terrific as that of those ten ships," he said. Sebastopol and Alexandria suffered a less severe bombardment; the inhabitants of Santiago would never forget that 6th of June. The Spanish loss of life was not great, but the effect was sufficiently demoralizing. On the *Reina Mercedes*, which was struck by thirty-five shells, the second in command was killed, Commander Emilio de Acosta y Eyermann, and five seamen; eleven others were wounded, and the crew were kept busy extinguishing two fires caused by the shells. The shore batteries had three men killed, with five officers and forty-six men wounded. The terrific fire of the fleet was disheartening and disconcerting to the last degree to the vessels, which are now known to have been otherwise in sorry plight. It made possible the tightening of the blockade, and was in marked contrast with the condition before June 1, for, says Lieu-

tenant Müller, there was now established "night and day a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall as they used to do."

From June 11 the effectiveness of the blockade was increased to the point of absolute security. From 7.30 P.M. until dawn, for periods of two-hour watches, the battleships *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon* kept the entrance of the harbor illumined with their searchlights as with the light of the sun. So brilliant, so glaring, so confusing was the light that the soldiers in the Morro and the seamen on the ships in the harbor were blinded with the rays. Henceforth, the night could afford no friendly protection of darkness, if escape was attempted. As the days went on, the cordon of ships drew closer. They were ordered to keep constantly headed toward the land, the distance was less than four miles. No laxness was allowed in the severity of the blockade. Ships were obliged to keep their stations. Signals were arranged for the picket steam launches as well as for the battleships, so that if the enemy was observed coming out, the direction being indicated, each ship might endeavor to lay itself alongside of the enemy without waiting for other orders and without a moment's delay.

In the meantime the *Marblehead* and *Yankee*, from Key West, came and took the town of Guantanamo, to the eastward of Santiago, in conjunction with the marine battalion under Colonel Huntington, where excellent work was done. The admiral realized the usefulness of this situation as a base of supplies. To Guantanamo the ships, when necessary, proceeded for coal.

The army contingent arriving, assisted by the fleet, landed at Daiquiri, likewise to the east of Santiago, and besieged the city. Here was brave fighting against su-



DAY AND NIGHT FORMATION OFF SANTIAGO.

perior forces behind intrenchments, and battles desperately won.

With various episodes the united work went on against the doomed city, the ships doing their part with fearful precision and absolute accuracy of gunnery, as district by district they laid waste the city at the head of the harbor with their far-reaching guns.[1]

It was the general understanding in the navy that the army was to gain the forts at the entrance to the harbor, in order to avail itself of the aid of the fleet.[2] Then the harbor mines could be removed, and the ingress of the fleet assured. The destruction of the Spanish fleet and the city would follow as a necessary consequence.

Officers and seamen, ships and guns, were alert during those June days with intense watchfulness. Upon the harbor mouth played incessant light rays through the long darkness of the night, and from gleaming dawn to evening half-light potential lightnings lay asleep outside in converging lines.

The result of this stringency was certain. The precision of physical law, the grip of Fate, was upon the fleet of the Spanish admiral.

The *Merrimac* had not obstructed the channel. The fleet might at any time attempt escape. Sampson, regretting the necessity, began to prepare a torpedo attack which, under the circumstances, did not promise success, subjected as the torpedo-boats would be to rapid-

[1] General Linares, July 12, in his report to General Blanco, at Havana, referring to the accurate gunnery of the fleet, spoke of the squadron as having perfect range, and bombarding the city "in sections, with mathematical precision."

[2] That such a plan would have been carried out on the arrival of General Miles, is apparent from the memorandum order from Admiral Sampson, a facsimile of which is inserted opposite page 658. The preliminaries of surrender happily rendered such action unnecessary.

fire guns. The object of the fleet, the destruction of the Spanish vessels, was, however, not lost sight of for a moment.

The days of the month of June wore away to the end. Commodore J. A. Howell on July 1 was placed in charge of the blockading fleet to the north of Cuba. Commodore J. C. Watson was spoken of as the commander of a proposed eastern squadron.[1] Commodore Remey still remained in command of the naval base at Key West.

The responsibility of Sampson, junior to these officers on the navy list, lest difficulty should arise, was considerable. Each of them, however, knew the admiral's worth, and recognized it; and all the officers under his command, cognizant of his ability, fairness, and patriotism, did not hesitate to carry out his orders loyally.

The event for which they had arrived at the mouth of the harbor was nearing. If it came at all, it would come suddenly, — that was all the fleet could know.

The discipline on the ships was perfect. The personality of the admiral permeated the fleet and held its personnel to energetic endeavor. Admiration for the man, combined with the utmost regard for his professional ability, unified its component parts and enabled him, as one man, to sway its tremendous force and direct it against whatever opposition fortune might bring to the encounter.

He had carried out the spirit of the saying of Xenophon, that "it is the business of a commander not only to be brave himself, but to take such care of those whom he rules that they may be made as brave as possible." All illustrious commanders have this power of winning respect and admiration for their ability and character. It was true of Nelson, of Blake, of Farragut; without

[1] Afterward put in charge.

U.S.F.S. New York,
13-7/98-

[illegible] Commanding Officer Vicen[illegible]
[illegible] that the message
[illegible] to you. [illegible]
[illegible] Dewey, tonight [illegible] vessels [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible] of [illegible]

Message -

1- [illegible] that troops
[illegible] to embark to [illegible]
[illegible] -

2- That General Merritt [illegible] that troops
[illegible] with [illegible] communicating
[illegible] conducted [illegible] communication [illegible]
[illegible] action - boats, troops [illegible]
[illegible] in person, [illegible]
[illegible] for intrenching -

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Cruiser, USN

it no one in chief command can be called great. A man of much reserve; a man to win men slowly, but therefore the more steadfastly and strongly; a man to say little, but to do much, — such was the man whom the American people were fortunate to have in command of the fleet which pointed its bows persistently, during the early months of the year 1898, like hounds on the scent, at the rocky harbor entrance to the besieged city.

On the 2d of June the admiral wrote in his orders: "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel" — an order admirable in its brevity and directness. To the accomplishment of this chief purpose many memoranda were prepared which show a masterly regard for detail, and at the same time exhibit the unwearied determination characteristic of the man. The memorandum of Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar, when the century was still young, has become distinguished in naval history.[1] Having studied its provisions, each captain knew what he was called upon to do. The tall-masted ships have disappeared, the motor power has gone down below the water line; but at the end of the century a like ability was exhibited on the southern shore of Cuba with a more wonderful result.[2]

The strain of the situation of incessant watchfulness,

[1] "A la guerre, rien ne s'obtient que par calcul, tout ce qui n'est pas profondément médité dans ces details ne produit aucun resultat certain." — NAPOLEON.

[2] Of Nelson's famous memorandum, Chabaud-Arnault says, "La clarte, la concision, la simplicité de son memorandum en font un œuvre de génie; l'étonnante précision avec laquelle furent exécutés sur le champ de bataille les plans tracés étaient document montre qu'ils étaient le fruit d'une étude approfondie." — *Strategie et Tactique des Flottes Modernes*, p. 41.

day after day, had been lessened somewhat by the wonderful beauty of the scene as the sun rose over the tropic sea, as it shone in full light, as it sank into the red west. There were the rocky, wooded heights before the fleet, the green embankments with gigantic trees, the far-away undulating hills, dreamy and blue in the distance, growing indistinct in outline in the haze of the heated air. In the foreground the rocky channel entrance, against which the mighty sea perpetually beat its waves into white fringes; the Morro, on the right, a rocky fortress with its tiers of frowning guns, which had stood sentinel over the sea for centuries; "the splendid moles and firm-built bastions," which were "all cemented by the blood and sweat of millions of gentle Indians"; the sinuous, tortuous channel where the still water reflected the gigantic trees and the white fortress in its steel-blue depths; an indescribable wealth of sea and mountain, forest and overarching heaven, for the eye to feast upon, — all lay before the fleet during that month of June, 1898.

On the morning of Sunday, July 3, the Spanish fleet prepared to make a sortie. Admiral Cervera realized the critical nature of the situation, with the army marching against the city in whose harbor he lay at anchor, upon whose supplies he depended, — a scant measure of which, in coal and provisions, he obtained with the utmost difficulty, owing to lack of appliances and good management, — and with Sampson's fleet thundering seaward at intervals and blinding the harbor entrance with searchlight glare as soon as the sun went down. Orders had come from General Blanco at Havana which were final. His course was determined on. There seems to have been little thought of attack. He was advised to make the attempt to escape, when in the quiet of the

morning, the ships' companies of the American fleet should be at divine service.

They are strong ships there facing the Morro, built of iron and steel and brass from the rock-ribbed earth; within, clean, polished, and smooth as the rocky mountain surface, white, glistening in the sunlight; without, dark with the gray of the uncertain dawn of a November morning. Straight-bodied, with curves of buoyancy and beauty, having Tartarean fire hid in their vitals, and Vesuvian thunders, outbursts of smoke and flame, in their sides; with tremendous power to lift and stir and speed, in which Archimedes would have delighted; like strong-winged birds, knowing how to fan furiously in their swift courses.

Fashioned far differently from the Athenian vessels, with oars of many banks, at Salamis, where the axe and the adze and the hammer made wooden walls, and the hunter and butcher were the sailmakers, with their hides. The soul of Euclid, the magic of the calculus, the power of Vulcan, the furnace heat, the laboratory, the turning-lathe, are there embodied in delicate precision, in gigantic strength, in noiseless power, in smooth gliding. Through their bodies are nerve traceries of subtle lightning, avenues of thought and direction, nature's motors and voices, and supereminent, the brain of a man to govern all.

Quiet reigned supreme over the clear water which revealed the inverted outline of the vessels as they lay in the harbor, where Cervera, his captains and his crews, made silent and last preparations for the coming fight, the fleet outside all unaware that the decisive hour had come.

It was a beautiful day. A sapphire sky curved its infinite distance over the emerald shore and the blue

water. Cloudless and clear was the atmosphere. Not a ripple stirred upon the smooth surface of the sea. The waiting fleet were busy with the ships' routine. From stem to stern the ships were ready for the keen eyes of captains and executive officers on their tours of inspection.

At 8.50 o'clock the *New York*, with Admiral Sampson, started for Siboney, twelve miles to the eastward of the blockading station, for a conference with General Shafter of the army, flying the signal, "Disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief."[1] So the *New York* passed rapidly to the eastward in the performance of her important duty.

At three bells, half-past nine of the morning watch, the ships encircled the harbor mouth in crescent shape, with the *Iowa* in the centre; then eastward the *Oregon*, the *Indiana*, and the converted yacht, the *Gloucester*. To the westward were the *Texas*, the *Brooklyn*, and the *Vixen* to the northwest. The *Massachusetts* had gone to Guantanamo for coal at 4 A.M.; the *Suwanee* also. Near the *Indiana* lay the *Resolute*, an unprotected vessel, having on board the countermining outfit designed to force the harbor entrance. To the far eastward, about seven miles, lay the *Hist*, a converted yacht, and the torpedo-boat *Ericsson*.

The admiral, as the *New York* approached Siboney, stood on the quarter-deck ready to go ashore, when suddenly from the signal bridge a voice cried out, "Smoke in the harbor!" All eyes turned immediately to the harbor entrance, when again from the bridge came the startling intelligence, "The fleet's coming out!" The admiral lowered his glass, and quietly said: "Yes; they're coming out. Hoist two-fifty," — the

[1] See Appendix X.

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U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

signal which all the fleet knew by heart, which said, "Close in toward harbor entrance, and attack vessels!"

The magnificent cruiser, her helm being put over, swung round and headed toward the enemy, every one feeling the intensest excitement as the direction of the escaping Spanish ships seemed uncertain. It was soon discovered that they were making westward. A few minutes before the *New York* discovered the fact, the coming out became known almost simultaneously to all the ships which lay outside the harbor.

The crews had been called to quarters on the different ships of the fleet, preparatory to inspection and muster.

On the *Iowa* the last stroke of the bell had but just rung through the ship whose position abreast the entrance was most favorable for observation, when Lieutenants Schuetze and Hill discovered the bows of the *Infanta Maria Teresa* as she rounded the point. Lieutenant Schuetze immediately gave the order to fire a 6-pounder. The first shot of the battle was fired by Lieutenant Hill. The first signal was hoisted on the *Iowa*.

Captain Evans, hurrying on deck, saw that the signal "Enemy's ships coming out" was already flying. Such instant activity characterized every ship in this well-ordered squadron.

On the *Oregon* the masthead of a ship was discovered "at twenty-eight minutes after nine," and immediately the ship, which had sailed fourteen thousand miles for a chance like this, was frantic with men whose eyes were dancing with battle expectation. She hoisted a signal, fired a gun, and sounded a siren, to give warning to the fleet.

The *Texas*, lying somewhat farther inshore than the *Brooklyn* and *Iowa*, was under way within three minutes of the time that the alarm was given at "full speed and

firing, with every man at his post." She, too, flew the signal 250, "The enemy is attempting to escape."

The commanding officer of the *Indiana* was standing on the quarter-deck, the ship being at quarters ready to receive the final reports of the executive officer, when a sharp report rang out over the sea from the *Iowa;* this they heard, and saw at the same time, the signal, "Enemy's ships coming out." In about two minutes, it seemed, the engines began to turn, and the great ship, lifting herself into vital action, stood for the Morro, and for whatever fate might befall.

Next to the eastward, after the *Indiana*, lay the *Gloucester*.[1] Her captain heard a voice call down the hatchway to the berth-deck, "They're coming out!" Immediately the helm was put hard a-port, and the little craft turned toward the enemy, slowing to the speed of the *Indiana*, and firing as she went.

Beyond the *Texas*, to the westward, was the *Brooklyn*, Commodore Schley's flagship. The *Brooklyn* was at quarters also, and the same enterprise characterized this splendid vessel as the others. Captain Cook rang "full speed in both engines, ordered steam on all boilers, and directed the helmsman to stand for the head of the Spanish column."

The little *Vixen* steered to the southward, standing by for any emergency which might occur.

Never was a fleet in greater readiness for a sudden battle.

The fleet of Spain, forced out by dire stress of war, unable to escape at night, watched by the opposing fleet, which lacked two of its finest vessels that morning, with pathetic despair, bade their last farewells, and steamed steadily down the channel. The *Maria Teresa*,

[1] The *Corsair*, N. Y. Y. C.

with Admiral Cervera, led, followed by the *Vizcaya*, the *Cristobal Colon*, and *Almirante Oquendo*, at a speed of from eight to ten knots, and at intervals of eight hundred yards; at a greater distance the torpedo-boats *Pluton* and *Furor*.

While the instinct of escape seemed to pervade the Spanish fleet rather than that of combat, it must be recognized that here were men leaving their security of a quiet harbor, land-locked, mountain-sheltered, calm in shadowed serenity, going to what they felt, to what they knew, must be certain disaster, defeat, and death. It is fitting, therefore, that a great degree of admiration should be given to these seamen, who, when the day came, stood by their ships and their guns as long as it was possible for mortals to stand, under the destructive fire of a thoroughly disciplined fleet.[1]

On they came, in line of battle, bows on, seeking safety in flight, unable to reply for fifteen minutes, until they reached the Diamante Bank and turned to starboard. They suffered the agony of the imminent, the certain, the terrible attack which rained death upon them a little later, but did not stop them in their mad rush for freedom.[2] The hurrying American squadron looked with admiration upon the sharp and ornamented bows of the Spanish vessels as they raced for dear life like superb steeds, one after the other, heads out to the open sea, turning at the same place and swiftly speeding past the high-hilled shores, fleeing, and firing as they went.

The conflict is already well on in furious activity,

[1] "A veritable hell." — LIEUTENANT MÜLLER.

[2] Many of the seamen had been in the trenches before Santiago for twenty-four hours, and were hurried aboard ship, half starving. They were then given large draughts of liquor to stimulate them and to make up for the food which they lacked.

the heavy ships having all sprung to the occasion's call, having all begun to hammer at the hapless cruisers with their thunderbolts, each captain taking the initiative as if the battle depended upon his individual action.

The scene of the battle lay to the westward of the harbor entrance. The *New York* was four miles eastward of the blockading station, and about nine miles from the Morro; starting back, she made such swift progress that the fight was easily observed from her decks in its later stages. They wished for wings, for speed such as never vessel had, "so loath were they to be out of the occasion." The panorama was before them on the sea; if error was made, if loss of ship was experienced, if any ship should double on her track, the swiftest vessel of them all would quickly be on hand to do whatever the circumstance required.

Captain Chadwick and the men on the *New York* had the satisfaction of observing, just after the events, the great successes of the day, coupled with the keen disappointment that they could not have taken a more active part in the engagement. The admiral was there to direct and command, should occasion or emergency require, had the engagement been prolonged; but the exceeding swiftness of the movements of his ships, their accuracy and rapidity of fire, the shortness of the action, rendered it happily unnecessary.

The battle began at 9.35 A.M., when the *Maria Teresa* showed her forefoot at the rocky gate; its chief and most violent phase was over at 11.05 A.M.

The ships each made for the enemy in directions varying as their positions from the blockaded point. During this hour and a half their movements were kaleidoscopic, as viewed on the plain of the sea, in the rising smoke-mist, but the chart shows them first in

a little group together, and then heading inshore and westward to head off and destroy the fugitive fleet.

The escaping vessels made a picture to excite enthusiasm as they came out upon the wide sea. But the rush of the American squadron had in it something of grandeur. They were alert as ferrets. They swarmed like bees. They ran as hounds to the chase. They flashed like lightning over the sea surface, and stormed with continuous roll of battle thunder, with a rain of iron hail amid thick clouds of smoke. The pent-up eagerness of ships and men seemed united, and broke forth in a mighty burst of swift attack against the enemy.

The *Iowa* awoke to her duty, steamed swiftly, firing at diminishing ranges from five thousand to twelve hundred yards. The *Maria Teresa* passing ahead, a broadside was fired with starboard helm. With port helm the *Iowa* was turned to intercept the second ship; this ship, the *Vizcaya*, drawing ahead, the same manœuvre was repeated, and the full starboard broadside was given to her with telling effect. Again was this manœuvre repeated as the third ship came out, and then with starboard helm the *Iowa* followed the westward course of the Spanish ships. The *Iowa* was handled extremely well, with tactical skill.

Following the blockade order from right to left alternately, the *Oregon*, next to the *Iowa*, inspired by Sampson's order, "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels, or force them to run ashore," endeavored to carry it out, letter and spirit, to the utmost.[1] As soon as the *Teresa* appeared, the *Oregon* opened fire, using her main battery while a shower of projectiles flew over her.

[1] Captain Clark's report.

When about three hundred yards off, the *Oregon* perceived the *Vizcaya* swinging off shore and heading across her bow, firing at the same time her forward guns at the *Brooklyn*, and her port guns at the *Oregon*. Here was the *Oregon's* chance. She sent a shell from one of her turret guns which apparently struck her in the port bow, and sent her back; a few minutes later a 13-inch shell hit her fairly amidships, and probably set her on fire, and soon the *Vizcaya*, like her sister ships, was a burning mass of wood and heat-twisted iron on the beach. The other ships passing rapidly, she turned to the westward. As she approached, the *Oquendo*, on fire, turned in toward the beach. A raking gun fire was poured into her by the *Oregon* as she passed. The *Oregon's* gathering headway made her terribly efficient by reason of the nearness and speed of her approach. The ship fairly leaped out of the sea in eagerness, like a thing of life. This was not all of her work. She, too, passed on to the westward in the chase. The *Oregon* could not have been handled better.

The *Texas*, to the westward of the *Iowa*, a little farther inshore, opened with her forward 6-inch gun. Starting at a range of forty-two hundred yards, in ten minutes it was thirty-five hundred yards for the Spanish flagship. As the *Texas* speeded on, the quick-running Spanish ships caused her to move westward, while she drove her singing bolts into the *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya*. But in the midst of her rapid rush the *Brooklyn* suddenly appeared out of the cloud and smoke, "bearing toward us, across our bows, turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows, and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels."[1] A moment of breathless heart-bursting surprise seized the *Texas*

[1] Captain Philip, *The Century*, May, 1899.

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U. S. BATTLESHIP "OREGON."

officers on the bridge, while at that instant the astounded engineers heard the unexpected order shouted down the tube, "Back both engines hard!" The ship shook with the shock of her reversed engines. The threatened calamity was averted. A sigh of relief as the more than battle danger passed, and the battleship went on her way, the fast cruiser on hers. At ten minutes to ten the three ships, the *Texas*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa*, were nearly together, running parallel with the Spanish cruisers. As the *Oregon* drew up and passed ahead, she blanketed the fire of the *Texas* for a moment. One of the *Oquendo's* shells set her on fire, but for this or for any emergency the *Texas* was ready. The *Texas* fired deliberately and with great effect. One of her large 12-inch shells is known to have struck the Spanish vessel. Of smaller shot she had her share of hits in the summing up.

It was at 10.15 A.M. the *Maria Teresa* turned to run inshore. It was a short and troubled course, two-thirds of an hour, when her career ended, having put only six miles of blue water behind her from the Morro. Five minutes later the *Almirante Oquendo*, named after the brave old Spanish officer, met a like fate: she, too, was driven ashore.

The *Texas* played her part well in this battle game. She carried away some battle scars; she also chased the remaining flying cruisers.

The fleet was carrying out the admiral's orders: they were "to force them to run ashore."

Beyond the *Oregon*, to the eastward, the *Indiana* was stationed. From midnight to sunrise of July 2, the crew had been on guard, keeping their guns trained on the harbor mouth. But when the ships came out, fatigue was forgotten, and heading to the northwest as

she was, immediately the ship was alive with simultaneous orders for engines, batteries, and ranges, carried out with instant precision. "Get to your guns, lads," her captain shouted; "our chance has come at last." The cheers which rang through the ship rolled out in exultant anticipation, while the vessel, alike ready for parade or battle, stood for the scene of conflict, with whirling screws propelling her through the sea. There was the possibility that the Spanish ships might turn to the eastward; if so, the 13-inch guns were ready with a murderous fire at close range. It was the privilege of the *Indiana*, from her position on the flank of the Spanish ships, to receive with the *Iowa* the first fire of the fleet and the shore battery as well, as they rounded the Diamante shoal and proceeded westward. So upon the *Teresa*, the *Vizcaya*, the *Oquendo*, and the *Colon* the *Indiana's* guns played with perfect execution. A pitiless hail of deadly missiles was showered upon them; her shots also contributed to the sum total of their misery, as, crippled to the death, they were forced ashore. In the forty minutes' fight the *Indiana* had demonstrated her battle qualities to the satisfaction of the most fastidious naval critic. At that time half the Spanish fleet was destroyed.

The *New York* at this time was bowling through the waves at a great speed; she was on the battle plain of the sea, the scene of the conflict. The receding fight caused the admiral to push on toward the end while as yet the fugitives were running. He was acting on the Nelsonian principle that nothing is done as long as anything remains to be done in way of the destruction of the enemy's fleet. The *Indiana* was signalled to return and blockade the entrance lest other vessels should appear and make havoc with the transports at the west.

The *New York* now pressed on, viewing the success of the battleships with satisfaction, but speeding with unceasing, steadily growing velocity after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*. As she sped on, Sampson signalled the *Iowa* to proceed to the help of the people on the *Vizcaya*, in danger of death by fire or drowning. Nothing in the situation was neglected, the claims of humanity in the mind of the admiral at the time outweighing any battle necessity.

The farthermost vessel to the westward was the *Brooklyn*, under command of Captain F. A. Cook, flying the broad pennant of Commodore W. S. Schley. The signal from the *Iowa*, — "Enemy's ships coming out," — and the firing of her gun, found every one alert, while the *Brooklyn's* navigator, Lieutenant Hodgson, almost simultaneously announced the fact. Immediately the signal was run up, "Enemy coming out — action."

Within five minutes, fire was opened on the *Teresa* by her port battery, a raking fire at the close range of fifteen hundred yards. She then, as the enemy turned westward, by the order of Commodore Schley, wore round with port helm, firing as she turned, until the starboard battery came into play. Her manœuvre was different from that of the rest of the fleet, taking her to the eastward, while the enemy was flying to the westward, and bringing her more directly into the zone of fire. Her great speed made up for any loss of time, and as her fire was continuous, it may be doubted whether there was any loss of efficiency. It was a manœuvre which, if followed by the fleet, would have resulted detrimentally. As it was, the swift, unexpected turning in the grand rush for close action, amid the dense smoke, nearly caused a collision with the *Texas*,

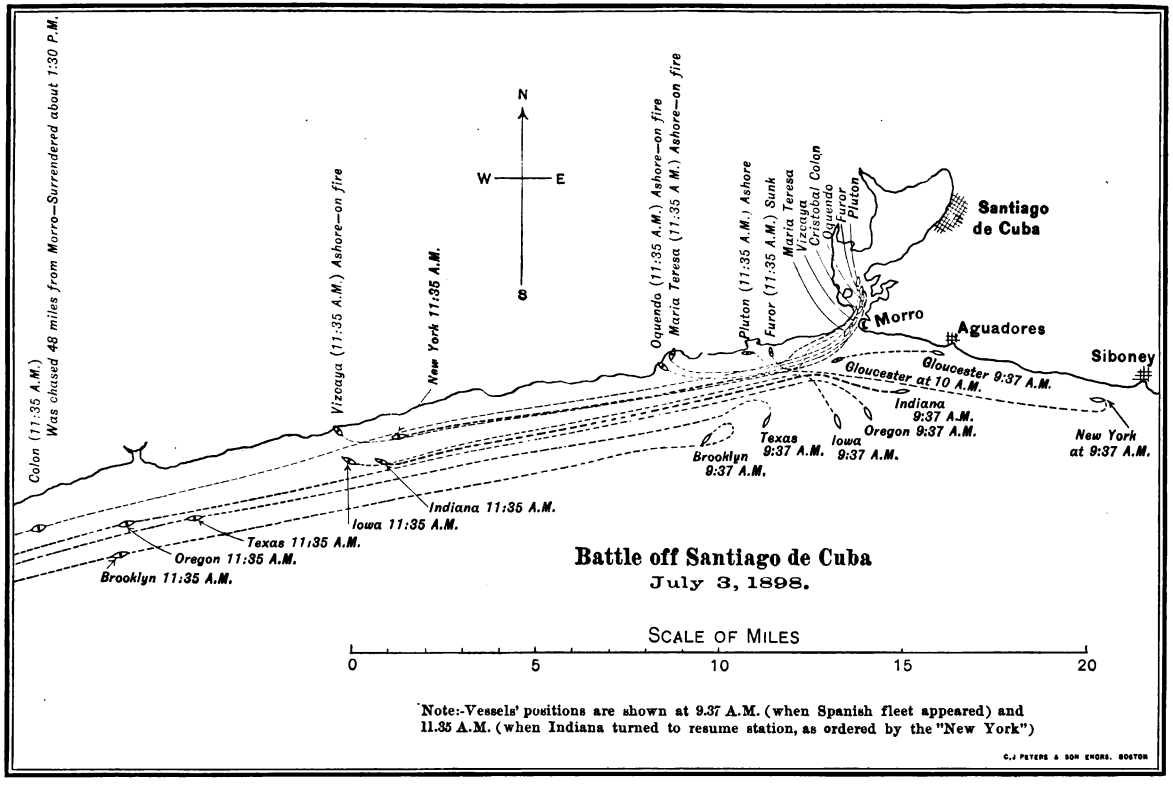
which was avoided by the prompt reversal of the engines on that vessel. To have turned to the westward in common with the almost simultaneous movement of the vessels nearer the Morro was the wiser plan; it would naturally be expected of her from her extreme westward position. It would seem, then, that the *Brooklyn*, with her superior speed, lost an opportunity to especially distinguish herself, either in an encounter with the *Vizcaya*, or in leading the fighting as the Spaniards flew westward.

Steering to the westward with a clear course, the *Brooklyn* shot as an arrow from the bow, the ship seeming to feel the reaction from the extreme tension of the strict blockade. Her speed increased under excellent management to fourteen knots at this time, and she kept pace with the Spanish vessels, just forward her starboard bow, at which she fired furiously, rapidly, and with superb marksmanship, — against the *Teresa*, with her 5-inch shells, against the *Oquendo* as well.

Against the *Vizcaya*, as she ran madly on, the *Brooklyn's* batteries pounded with unceasing blows. The Spanish ships fired over and at her and around her. She was struck many times — more times than any other vessel.[1] With the *Oregon* she had the privilege, on account of her position and speed, of being in constant action from the beginning to the end of the fight.

The little *Vixen*, Lieutenant A. Sharp, Jr., at the extreme west, was headed toward the Morro, but turning so as not to obstruct the fire of the fleet, she steered to the southward and then to the westward, making from twelve to thirteen and a half knots an hour. Then, having boldly made her way through the shower of

[1] Twenty times; the *Hartford*, at Mobile Bay, eighteen, but with more disastrous consequences.



Sketch of the battle of Santiago, forwarded on July 25, 1898, to the Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Station by Capt. H. C. Taylor, commanding U.S.S. "Indiana," as a supplement to his report of the battle.

NOTE. — In the report of the "Wainwright Board," the plotted position of the "Brooklyn" is considerably further to the northward, and the track of the "Texas" passes to the westward through the centre of the loop made by the "Brooklyn."

shells which fell around her, she daringly played her part, and opened fire on the *Vizcaya* at 11.06, until that vessel was observed to be without an ensign, when her firing ceased; while all the time the *Brooklyn* on her starboard bow was volleying incessantly as she steamed ahead, the leader of the fleet.

The torpedo-boat *Ericsson*, Lieutenant N. R. Usher, accompanied the *New York* on her way to Siboney, and turned with that vessel to the westward as the Spanish vessels came out. At full speed she darted ahead, prepared for torpedo attack, aiming at the *Vizcaya*, which vessel just previous to her coming up had struck to the *Iowa*. She then followed in chase of the remaining vessel, the *Colon*. Although under fire, she was not struck, and was ordered back by Admiral Sampson to pick up drowning men; then proceeding on her way she received orders from the *Iowa* to rescue the survivors on board the *Vizcaya*, then on fire. Afterward, going eastward, the *Ericsson* sighted the *Indiana* and the Austrian battleship, the *Kaiserin Maria Theresa* (which had been mistaken for a Spanish man-of-war), and then was busy towing boats from the wrecks of the burning ships at signal from the *Harvard*. The latter vessel, under Captain Cotton, did yeoman service, working constantly for five hours and rescuing 35 officers and 637 men.

The *Hist*, Lieutenant Young, under temporary command of Lieutenant Commander Hazeltine, returning from Siboney with the flagship, did admirable service in rescuing the prisoners from the burning ships.

What misery, what agony of despair and defeat, was felt aboard the Spanish vessels now ashore, burning, exploding, who can tell! What scenes of horror, led like sheep to the slaughter, these men of the sea experienced, as they were hurled from their guns, broken and bleed-

ing, unable to make effective reply owing to the lightning-like rapidity of the American fire, no words can describe.

While the battleships were engaged with the Spanish ships, the *Gloucester*, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, turned his small vessel toward the enemy and waited for the torpedo-boat destroyers to come out, in the meantime forcing her engines until at the close of the battle they attained the great speed of seventeen knots. A signal from the *Indiana*, "Gunboats close in,"[1] assured her captain of safety from the *Indiana's* guns. The fight which thereafter ensued was the admiration of the fleet and was the most striking episode of the entire action. The boldness of it, — the unarmored yacht, like a pygmy among giants, pushing her swift way with as much assurance as the big battleships, waiting coolly for her foes to come out, and then receiving them with volleys fired with deliberation, precision, and effectiveness, and with apparent unconcern in the midst of dangers from the Spanish cruisers, the shore batteries, the fire of the American vessels, — the superb daring of the attempt, followed by so efficient execution, thrills the heart of every man eager to read of a brave deed bravely done.

Strange contrast it was. A yacht devoted to recreation and pleasure, accustomed only to peaceful errands, knowing only the familiar sea sights and sounds, thrusting her sharp bows through glinting waves in noontide heat, running by shores whereon trimly cut lawns backed by stately villas fringed with green the water's edge, gliding over the sea in the bright moonlight, on whose decks the tripping of dancing feet, the delights of music, the fascinations of con-

[1] The signal was misread; it was, "Enemy's torpedo-boats coming out."

versation, had been known — pastime pleasures all; and here in the far-away waters, changed to an armed warrior in the midst of battle thunders, holding undaunted front to the dread attack of the twin destroyers.

The *Pluton* and the *Furor* were bravely fought. Nearer and nearer they came, their shot almost reached the *Gloucester*, falling about twenty yards off. The *Gloucester* having shortened the distance from three thousand yards, at twelve hundred yards opened fire. Soon the *Pluton* slowed down, apparently disabled; the forward guns had been playing on the *Pluton* and the after on the *Furor*, afterward the battery was concentrated on the *Furor* at a distance of six hundred yards. And then the *Pluton*, at 10.15, was run upon the rocks, and blew up. At the same time the *Furor* headed toward the *Gloucester*. The critical moment of the fight had come. Would she drive a torpedo into the little craft? Would she escape up the harbor? But all this time the battleships, mindful of the brave fight the *Gloucester* was making, had been lending their aid. They knew her peril. The *New York*, hastening from the eastward, fired two or three shots at the *Furor*. Amid them all the unhappy boat was done for. She began to circle with helm hard over, like a one-winged bird. So she lay helpless. "A white flag was waved from forward," and she surrendered.

Boats immediately put off to save her crew. "The vessel," says Lieutenant Huse, "was a perfect shambles." The work of rescue began; various explosions were heard, the dying groans of the vessel, and at 11.30 she suddenly "threw her bows in the air," as a man would throw his arms when shot, and sank in the sea. A single well-aimed shot from her would have destroyed the *Gloucester*, all unprotected as she was. Not a man was

hurt, nor was the vessel struck. She bore a charmed life. Later the *Indiana* signalled "Congratulations," and the *Gloucester's* crew was delighted. "This praise," said Wainwright, "from one who, we all felt, knew what good work meant, nearly upset the discipline of the ship, and for a moment we forgot the sufferings of others, and gave vent to our joy by wild cheers." At midnight when, at her old station, she stood sentinel off the Morro, Lieutenant Staunton passed in a torpedo-boat, and said, "The admiral admired your splendid work." "This," wrote Wainwright, "filled our cup to overflowing."

To the westward the fight was still in progress. Just as the *Vizcaya* turned toward the shore at Asseraderos, striking her colors, the *New York*, as has been said, abreast of the *Indiana*, signalled to the latter to return to keep watch over the harbor entrance. Keeping on her course, the flagship followed swiftly the remaining vessel of the Spanish fleet, the *Colon*, which had kept inshore and was running desperately for safety, followed by the *Brooklyn*, the *Oregon*, and the *Texas*, the *Brooklyn* in the lead. Schley signalled to the fleet, "Close up." The *Oregon* answered and repeated the signal, which was unavailing, the smoke and the distance preventing the other vessels seeing it. The stress of the battle was now over. The decks of the ships were filled with faithful men who had been laboring with intense zeal in the superheated air of engine rooms, and came up from below, gasping for fresh air, half naked and begrimed. The sight which they witnessed was inspiring. Afar in the distance was the *Colon*, her red and yellow banner outlined against the green of the hills, spouting out her life with black puffs of despair. Their own ships were making their best speed.

The magnificent battleship *Oregon*, a perfect ma-

chine, rushed superbly forward, while her crew below decks, inured to days of similar demands upon their skill and strength, worked like veterans, with the efficiency which comes from practised habit. Before her bows the white waves rose high and curled and fell in one continuous motion; the engines throbbed with steady, strong beats as though conscious of their power; the smoke rushed out in black clouds, lowered into long streamers, vanished into thinness, and disappeared thousands of yards astern. The *Brooklyn*, keeping to the southward, with the little *Vixen* on her lee, lest a turn should be made outward; the *New York* inshore, lest by a sudden turning in her tracks the *Colon* should find an avenue of escape; the *Texas* and *Oregon* keeping parallel courses; while the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* kept steadily ahead, — nearer and nearer, as the minutes went by of those two swift hours, — the battleships and cruisers forged their way through the sea.

The *Colon* had run forty-eight miles in the open sea. Her end was approaching, — an end which was a foregone conclusion from the time she peered out from the harbor gate.

The *Brooklyn* was rounding up the day in speed and accurate gunnery in admirable form, and steering for the far-away point of land to head off the fugitive. At the same time the *Oregon* was pushing her bow in a direction to force the Spaniard in to the shore. The *Brooklyn* fired a few 8-inch shells, the *Oregon* also; the fire was returned by the *Colon*, which was six miles ahead when the *Vizcaya* ran ashore, but the shots fell short.

The chase aboard the *Oregon* filled the vessel with excitement. Down below, in the intense heat, the officers were assisting the firemen to keep the hungry

furnaces fed. The *Colon* occasionally changed her course, turning uncertainly inshore and then resuming her flight, while the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* were closing in on her with the certainty of fate. Just as the *Oregon's* chief engineer came on deck to beg that a gun might be fired to encourage his exhausted men, Lieutenant Eberle, at Captain Clark's suggestion to "try a 13-inch shell on her," sent, at 12.50 A.M., a 1100-pounder singing over the water.

But the end is in sight; for the 13-inch shells of the *Oregon*, fired with deliberation and precision, and the tremendous speed of the battleship, combined to render the issue certain. Five times the 13-inch guns spoke out their terrific warning; with the sixth shot falling just ahead of the doomed vessel, she turned to the shore.

It was twelve minutes after one o'clock when, from a distance of nearly five miles, a range of ninety-five hundred yards, the *Oregon* sent a seventh shell which whitened the water under the stern of the *Colon*. Her colors were promptly lowered. It was the last shot of the battle.

In this battle orchestra the overture was begun by the *Iowa*, the finale was played by the 13-inch pipe of the *Oregon*.

Then five hundred and fifty men hurriedly grouped themselves on her forward deck, cheering, singing, shouting, in the intoxication of joy. Suddenly the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner rolled over the sea. Cheers for the captain were given, who spoke words of deep feeling to them. They had sailed fourteen thousand miles for this joyous moment. The *Brooklyn* signalled "Congratulations upon the glorious victory," and cheered the *Oregon*, whose cheers were returned with redoubled exultation.

A few moments later, the pursuers arrive. At the mouth of the Rio Tarquino, fifty miles from Santiago, the *Colon* ran ashore. The *New York* and the *Texas* are rapidly coming up. At a quarter past one the *Texas* signalled to the *Vixen* astern, "Enemy has surrendered." This was repeated to the *New York* in the distance, but was not acknowledged. Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn*, which had done so much for the honor of the country during the day, was ordered to board the *Colon* and receive her surrender; the Spanish captain, Moreu, remarking, "I surrender; you are too much for us," while Commodore Paredes, overcome, wept bitterly as they sat in the cabin which had been utterly wrecked by a shot.

At about 2.15 the *New York*, at full speed, came up, when Captain Cook reported to Admiral Sampson the surrender.

The battle was over. The torn and twisted wrecks were burning and exploding on the beach — disaster signals.[1] The power of Spain had been broken in the Western Hemisphere.

The Spanish admiral had reached the shore from the wreck of the burning *Teresa*, and was brought on board the little *Gloucester*, where, scantily clad, he surrendered to Commander Wainwright. The rescue of the Spanish seamen was attended with more danger to the rescuers than they had experienced in the battle. The black burning ships, the frequent explosions, the hot decks, the discharge of the ordnance, all rendered the work one of extreme peril. Commanders Carlier and Vasques, of the destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*, besides

[1] After surrendering, the Spaniards dishonorably sunk the *Colon* by opening the valves, — an act by which they forfeited the usual consideration due prisoners of war.

other officers and men, were brought aboard the *Gloucester*. Later the admiral was transferred to the *Iowa*.

There can be no greater commendation of the spirit which animated the American fleet than the sudden and great change from the horrible tempest of war which broke the ships and the hearts of the despairing Spaniards to the tender sympathetic rescue and healing of the wounded.[1]

"I cannot express my admiration," wrote Captain Evans, in his report to the admiral, "for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women."

When the *Texas* crew, rejoicing in the victory, began to cheer, her considerate Captain Philip said, "Don't cheer, boys. Don't you see the poor fellows are dying?" After that the Spaniards heard no sign of exultation from the *Texas* crew.

Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya* was brought on board the *Iowa* wounded, and offered his sword to Captain Evans, who refused to accept it, which act of refusal, when the crowd of men forward, composing the crew, who stood half clad and smoke begrimed noticed, they sent up a ringing cheer of approbation. There had been admirable work in the engine and fire rooms; admirable work on deck. The ships had been filled with stout hearts of men whose chief glory is, that as part of a great organization of material and men, each man did his duty in his place.

[1] In 1350, after a fight between English and Spanish ships, the whole of a crew that surrendered to the Earl of Lancaster was thrown overboard, according to the barbarous custom of the age. — MONSTRELET.

Some progress has been made in six hundred years.

Incidents of fearlessness were many; but Trainor's work, as boatswain's mate of the *Iowa*, when alongside the burning *Vizcaya*, is noteworthy for the wonderful courage exhibited. The ship was burning, the heat terrific; three Spanish sailors were holding on to the rail, their bodies hanging over the side, paralyzed with fear, when Trainor remarking, "We must save these men somehow," clambered up on deck, kicked the men overboard, and dove after them himself into the sea among the sharks which were viciously attacking the floating corpses and the yet living Spaniards swimming for their lives.

From the *Brooklyn*, Captain Murphy, of the marine corps, reported the incident of the jamming of a cartridge in the bore of a 6-pounder, and how bravely his men worked for its extraction. Corporal Gray went out over the ship's side, and made the attempt, while the turret guns thundered over his head, holding with one hand on to the Jacob's ladder, and with the other using a rammer. Quarter-gunner Smith made a like attempt, but failed. To dismount the gun was the only alternative. Then Private Macneal, as a forlorn hope, offered his services, inserting the rammer into the bore of the gun, while the blasts from the turrets nearly swept him away, and the enemy's shots were flying all around him. Having succeeded, he returned to his duties "as if what he had done was a matter of everyday routine."

As the *New York* passed the *Iowa*, while she was getting out boats to rescue the *Vizcaya's* men, her crew "gave Sampson cheer after cheer; and I shall never forget," wrote Captain Evans, "the yell that came from her deck, as in reply to the commander-in-chief's hail, 'How many men have you lost?' I answered, 'Not a man hurt aboard the ship.'"

With one exception only, that of chief yeoman Ellis, aboard the *Brooklyn*, who was killed, and one wounded, J. Burns, first-class fireman, the same tale was true of all the ships. A marvellous escape. Hours of fighting, thousands of men, multitudes of missiles, and only one man slain, and one slightly wounded on the American side.

The work of the *New York* in the effort to save the *Colon*, lest she should sink in deep water immediately after her surrender, is a noteworthy example of seamanship. The *New York's* stern was set against the *Colon's* quarter, and afterward a line was taken from the bow of the flagship to the *Colon's* bow, and the latter forced ashore, the work continuing until late at night under the searchlight.[1]

An estimate of the Spanish loss makes it 600 killed and wounded.[2] The prisoners numbered 98 officers and 1675 men. The Spanish vessels were early injured so as to be almost unmanageable; the fires which were started could not be put out. In the short space of an hour and a half, all but one were broken and burnt and twisted into indescribable confusion by the terrific impact of the American guns.

[1] The following is the official telegram announcing the battle: —

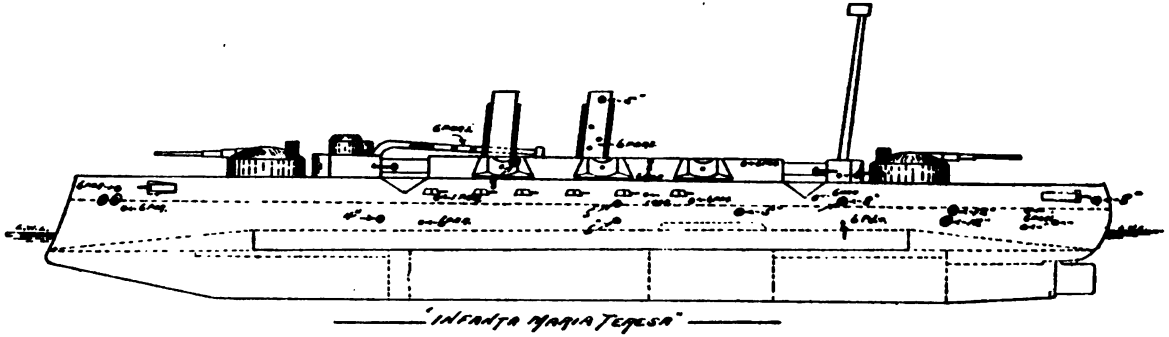
July 3, 1898.

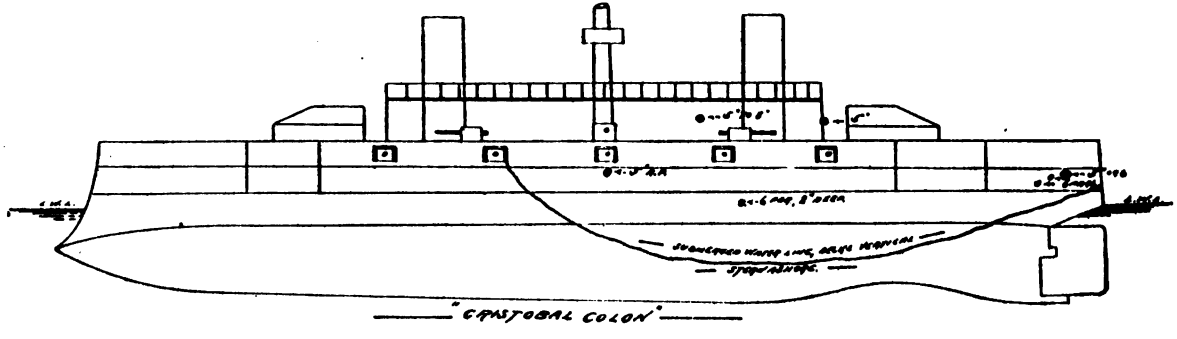
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON:

The fleet under my command offers the nation, as a Fourth of July present, the whole of Cervera's fleet. It attempted to escape at 9.30 this morning. At 2 the last ship, the *Cristobal Colon*, had run ashore seventy-five miles west of Santiago and hauled down her colors. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya* were forced ashore, burned, and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were sunk within four miles of the port.

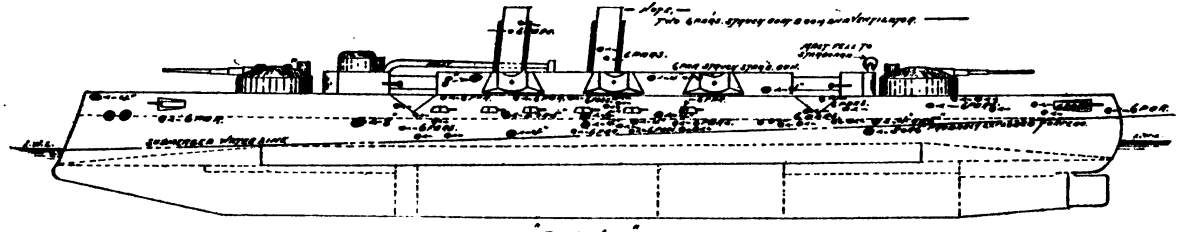
SAMPSON.

[2] Cervera's estimate.

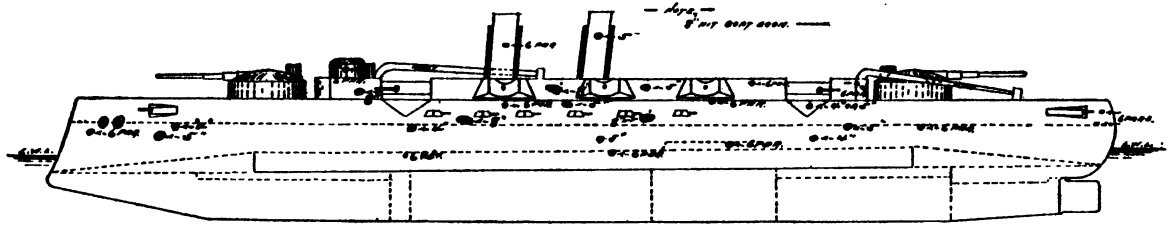




PLAN SHOWING APPROXIMATE LOCATIONS OF HITS AND PROBABLE SIZE OF PROJECTILES.



"OQUENDO."



"VISCAYA."

PLAN SHOWING APPROXIMATE LOCATIONS OF HITS AND PROBABLE SIZE OF PROJECTILES.

The Spanish vessels were of twenty-knot speed; their torpedo-boat destroyers of twenty-nine knots. In speed they were nominally faster than their conquerors; in armament, comparing the two fleets, the Americans were more than twice as powerful. As an offset to this, there must be taken into consideration the choice of time for an attack, which lay with the Spanish. If it had been the object of the Spaniards to inflict most injury upon the enemy, it would have been better for them to have divided as they came out, and so divert, if possible, a concentrated attack, by which plan one at least might have escaped. To cripple your enemy is the first principle of warfare; if escape was the chief object, as is now evident, a dark night of mist and rain should have been chosen, when the blockading fleet would have been met at most disadvantage.[1]

Captain Philip, of the *Texas*, summoned aft his ship's company when the battle was over, and acknowledging his belief in Almighty God, and grateful for his safety and deliverance, suggested to his officers and crew that each in his own way should make like acknowledgment. Then for a moment silence like the stillness of the night flew fore and aft, and each man, with bowed head, sent his heart-throb or his sentence of gratitude to the God of battles.

Up to the year 1898, it was never realized how much the success of battle depends on the men below the protected decks; nor how much they lose of the battle excitement, the greatest stimulus to courage. The men on the *Brooklyn*, as on the other ships, worked like demons in the intense heat, and, brought on deck to recover from their swoons, immediately sought their stations again. Commodore Schley, considerate of their

[1] Admiral Sampson.

welfare, requested Captain Cook to keep the men below informed of any advantage which they might have gained, as the fight went on,—a request which the thoughtful captain had anticipated. Down the hatchways, and into the darkness of the turrets, messages were sent, and the hearts of the men were gladdened by the news of the growing victory.

The *Brooklyn*, judged to be the fastest vessel by Cervera, was singled out for especial attention; but her tremendous broadsides wrought havoc with any plans the enemy might have had. Her powerful consorts helped from the outset. She had the honor of being wounded most. To her commander, Captain Francis A. Cook, and subordinate officers and men should be the praise; she without doubt inflicted as much injury upon the enemy as any other vessel. Her name will always be associated conspicuously with the Santiago fight. But comparisons are invidious in such an array of ships and men where all rendered themselves illustrious.

It was a battle of the captains. Each one took his course and managed his ship without direction of or relation to a superior officer, except so far as the rescue is considered. The thoughtfulness of the admiral as he came upon the scene of the action, ere the battle had closed, is evidence of his mastery of the situation. All of his ships were acquitting themselves surpassingly well. There were vessels still in the harbor; the *Indiana* was ordered back, lest they come out. One of them was yet in flight. The average speed of the *New York* pushed to its maximum was fourteen knots;[1] if the chase was prolonged, the *New York* will soonest overtake. Should mishap befall the other chasing ships, the *New York*

[1] *Brooklyn's* average, 13.2 knots; *Oregon's* average, 12.9. Highest speed of *New York* "not less than 17 knots."—CHADWICK's report.

was alert, and with an unwearied crew to send her singing, screaming shells into the flying foe. It was true of Sampson, as of Rodney, of whom it was said, "He wrought his fleet into a perfect instrument of battle, flexible throughout all its parts to his every thought."[1]

It was not a battle, but an annihilation. The enemy ran and fought and, quickly broken, turned away,—the white flag flying. It was as though Sampson's great ships, giant sea-monsters, had said, "As soon as you have once come out of your lurking-place, although you are swifter than we are, and can choose your own time for coming out, each of us will reach out a long arm and catch you, and crush you, and fling your bones in agony on the beach." And so it was.

Other than that first gun of the *Iowa*,—a signal which awoke every ship to the crisis, and was almost simultaneously observed,—the signals of congratulations and surrender, and the admiral's signal to guard the entrance of the harbor,—a precaution up to that time untaken,—and to rescue the drowning men, there were no signals which were not obvious and anticipated; none of importance which affected the result. It was preëminently a battle of the captains, a carrying out of a programme prepared for every emergency.[2]

[1] Fitchett.

[2] "With the masterly ideas of their admiral, therefore, on the subject of naval tactics, every one of the captains of his squadron was most thoroughly acquainted, and, upon surveying the situation of the enemy, they could ascertain with precision what were the ideas and intentions of their commander without the aid of any further instructions; by which means signals became almost unnecessary, much time was saved, and the attention of every captain could almost undistractedly be paid to the conduct of his own particular ship,—a circumstance from which, upon this occasion, the advantages to the general service were almost incalculable." —Sir Edward Berry, Captain R. N., of Nelson at the Battle of the Nile.

The fleet then followed the example of the Scotch Captain Inglis of the *Belligueux*, 64, under Admiral Duncan, at Camperdown, who found himself perplexed by the signal-book, either because of absence from active duty afloat or from lack of experience; so he threw the book upon the deck in disgust, and shouted, "Up with the hellem an' gang into the middle o't." That is what the American fleet did that day: each ship for herself.

It was not a race. It was a running fight. There is therefore no question of locality for any of the ships at a given time. The easternmost ships and the westernmost were alike in the place of responsibility and duty.

It was a twin battle with that of Manila Bay, which occurred just two months before, between the same peoples; in each case the Americans took the offensive, the Spaniards the defensive, with similar results of safety and destruction. There were no tactical manœuvres of importance in either battle. At Manila there was the stateliness and decorum of a duel. At Santiago it was a grand rush, a Donnybrook Fair fight, where the ships of the enemy were struck as soon as seen.[1]

But there is something in a first action which meets a responsive chord of admiration in human nature. The far-away Philippines, "the long wash of Australasian seas," the mysterious East, the Old World problems, made a theatre to excite the imagination, accompanied as it was by an engagement which shines out in brilliant uniqueness among all naval engagements in the world's history. So Bainbridge envied Hull that first fight of the *Constitution* with the *Guerrière* in the War of 1812, though,

[1] It was like the "fierce and headlong, yet well calculated style of fighting" which began at the battle of the Saints under Lord Rodney, which "led to Trafalgar, and made England the undisputed mistress of the sea." — HANNAY.

judged by difficulty and his opponent, his own fight with the *Javá* was more conspicuous for resistance bravely overcome; likewise the intrepid Farragut longed to have been in Winslow's place when he fought the *Alabama* off Old World Cherbourg, though he himself had a harder task to crowd his coupled fleet in that hostile path under the guns of Fort Morgan, when he won through to victory at Mobile Bay.

Santiago, with its supreme success against a fleet not at anchor, but running rapidly and firing steadily, was a difficult undertaking accomplished with equal skill, and should not suffer in comparison.

Strategically it was of greater importance. Not a leaf, therefore, should be taken by contrast from the laurels of every officer and man, and especially the captains, who made the brilliant fight. And lavishly generous praise is due from a grateful country to the admiral whose fleet made the splendid stroke which finished the war with Spain.

APPENDIX A.

The following are the dimensions of the principal English ships engaged at Dungeness: —

Name.	Year built.	Tons.	Keel.	Beam.	Depth.	Guns.
Triumph . .	1623	922	110	37	17	42
Bonaventure .	1621	675	98	33	15.8	34
Garland . .	1620	394	83	27	13	26

(1) The following extract from a contemporary Ms., of date 1659, refers to a conversation held in 1654, two years after this battle, and is of interest as a practical comment upon political conditions in the two countries: —

March (?), 1654. — A discourse then between an English sea-captain and a Dutch skipper, How the English came to best the Dutch at Sea. . . . "The Prince of Orange," said the Dutch skipper, "endeavoring to seize the Bank of Amsterdam, and dying soon after, the Lords States-General (to hinder the like design) in the homage of the present power, turned out all his father's friends by sea and land, and put in gentlemen creatures of their own. And your Parliament, by a like jealousy, put out all the king's captains that were gentlemen, and put in seamen to be captains that were creatures of their own. Thus (says the skipper) we came to fight the English with gentlemen commanders at sea, and you are with seamen commanders of your ships, and by this means you came to beat the Dutch. But if ever hereafter we should fight with the English for the mastery of the sea, with seaman commanders and you are with gentlemen commanders, we should beat you." — Navy Records Society, *The First Dutch War*, 1652–54, Vol. I., p. 32.

APPENDIX B.

JAMES, in his *Naval Occurrences between Great Britain and America*, commenting on Clarke's *Naval History*, says, p. 46 : —

"At p. 105 is given a highly exaggerated account of the loss of H. M. ships, the *Serapis*, of 144, and *Scarborough*, of 20 guns. These two ships, with 294 and 135 men, were captured, according to the official accounts, after a sanguinary action of nearly four hours, by that notorious renegado, Paul Jones, in *Le Bon Homme Richard*, of 40 guns and 375 men; the *Alliance*, of 36 guns and 300 men; *Le Pallas*, of 32 guns and 275 men; and the *Vengeance*, brig, of 12 guns and 70 men: altogether, 120 guns and 1020 men, opposed to 64 guns and 420 men." — There is not a particle of evidence that these ships took part in the action, with the exception of the *Alliance*, whose fire was insanely directed against the *Richard*; yet Pearson doubtless felt their hostility, and it may have had an effect on his mind which contributed to his determination to surrender.

APPENDIX C.

THE following letter illustrates the supposed difficulties under which the representative of the United States is thought to have labored, — but Franklin was a philosopher: —

TO MONSIEUR DE SARTINE.

March 28th.

Dear Sartine,

I cannot contain my rage till my secretary comes home, or trust my resentment to the tameness of translation — I have been affronted — I, the Ambassador Plenipotentiary of the United Free States of America, have lived to see the day when I must endure the contempt of the wretched envoys of every paltry principality. In short, all the ambassadors refuse to rank with me — Doria Pamphili, the Pope's nuncio, calls me a quaker — Count D'Aranda says, His Catholic Majesty loves South America too well, to encourage rebel colonies — Chevalier Zeno says, The Venetians hate anything but a nominal republic — Monsieur d'Estevenon de Berkenroode tells me his states quarrelled for religion, not taxes — Prince Bariantinski loves the English, and his mistress, the Empress of Russia, desires him to insult me — Baron Goltz refers me to Mr. Sayre — All this I could bear — but to see Count Sickingen, Baron Grimm, Baron Thun, and Monsieur Wolff, give themselves airs, drives me to madness — In short, Sir, I am insulted in all the languages of Europe — My religion is satyrised in Italian — my politics in Spanish and Dutch — I hear Washington ridiculed in Russian, and myself in all the jargon of Germany — I cannot bear it — Make Europe civil to America, or I'll follow Silas Deane.

Your's,

FRANKLIN. *Ancien.*

[From page 50 of "The Green Box of Monsieur de Sartine, found at Mademoiselle du The's lodgings. From the French of the Hague edition." By Richard Tickell, London, 1779.]

APPENDIX D.

The following incident related by Nathaniel Fanning, who was aboard the *Richard*, in his volume published in 1806, p. 56, is perhaps worthy of adding as one of the minor fragments of the fight: —

"One circumstance relative to the first lieutenant, by the name of Stanhope,* is so singular, that I am induced to relate the fact; it was this: early in the action he hung himself down by one of the *Serapis's* slim ladders into the water, so that his body was immersed in water; in this situation he hung with only his head above water during the remainder of the action. It was noticed by one of our officers when Stanhope surrendered among his brother officers, and come on our quarter-deck, that he appeared to be entirely wet. He said he had, just before the *Serapis* struck, attempted to sound her pump-well to see how much water she had in her and fell into it. But the petty officers of the *Serapis* declared to us that the fact was as above stated, and was also confirmed by several of the English sailors belonging to that ship."

* "The man, who was said to be a lord's son," continues Fanning in a footnote, "was for his bravery on board the *Serapis* afterward appointed to the command of an English frigate. This is a proof, among many others of a similar kind, that to be promoted by the English government does not always depend upon merit."

It will be remembered that Lieutenant Dale when he commanded was met by the first lieutenant, to whom he refused permission to go below to stop the firing — whether this yarn was not all inspired by fancied or real grievance against the "first Luff" may be left to conjecture.

APPENDIX E

Nelson's celebrated Memorandum for his officers before the battle of Trafalgar: —

Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into a line of battle in variable winds, thick weather, and other circumstances which must occur, without such a loss of time that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive, I have therefore made up my mind to keep the fleet in that position of sailing (with the exception of the first and second in command) that the order of sailing is to be the order of battle, placing the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-decked ships, which will always make, if wanted, a line of twenty-four sail, on whichever line the commander-in-chief may direct.

The second in command will, after my intentions are made known to him, have the entire direction of his line to make the attack upon the enemy, and to follow up the blow until they are captured or destroyed.

If the enemy's fleet should be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advanced squadron can fetch them, they will probably be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should therefore probably make the second in command's signal to lead through about their twelfth ship from their rear (or wherever he could fetch, if not able to get so far advanced); my line would lead through about their centre, and the advanced squadron to cut two or three or four ships ahead of their centre, so as to insure getting at their commander-in-chief, on whom every effort must be made to capture.

The whole impression of the British fleet must be to overpower from two or three ships ahead of their commander-in-chief, supposed to be in the centre, to the rear of their fleet. I will suppose twenty sail of the enemy's line to be untouched; it must be some time before they could perform a manœuvre to bring their force compact to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to

succour their own ships, which indeed would be impossible without mixing with the ships engaged. The enemy's fleet is supposed to consist of forty-six sail of the line, British fleet of forty. If either is less, only a proportionate number of enemy's ships are to be cut off; British to be one-fourth superior to the enemy cut off.

Something must be left to chance; nothing is sure in a sea fight beyond all others. Shot will carry away the masts and yards of friends as well as foes, but I look with confidence to a victory before the van of the enemy could succour their rear, and then that the British fleet would most of them be ready to receive their twenty sail of the line or to pursue them should they endeavour to make off.

If the van of the enemy tacks, the captured ships must run to leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wears, the British must place themselves between the enemy and the captured and disabled British ships; and should the enemy close, I have no fears as to the result.

The second in command will in all possible things direct the movements of his line by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will admit. Captains are to look to their particular line as their rallying point. But, in case signals can neither be seen or perfectly understood, no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.

Of the intended attack from to windward, the enemy in line of battle ready to receive an attack:

The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the enemy's centre. The signal will most probably then be made for the lee line to bear up together, to set all their sails, even steering sails, in order to get as quickly as possible to the enemy's line, and to cut through, beginning from the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear. Some ships may not get through their exact place, but they will always be at hand to assist their friends, and if any are thrown round the rear of the enemy, they will effectually complete the business of twelve sail of the enemy.

Should the enemy wear together, or bear up and sail large, still the twelve ships composing, in the first position, the enemy's rear, are to be the object of attack of the lee line, unless otherwise directed from the commander-in-chief, which is scarcely to be expected, as the entire management of the lee line, after the

intentions of the commander-in-chief [are] signified, is intended to be left to the judgment of the admiral commanding that line.

The remainder of the enemy's fleet, thirty-four sail, are to be left to the management of the commander-in-chief, who will endeavour to take care that the movements of the second in command are as little interrupted as is possible.[1]

[1] It can scarcely be doubted that the leading idea of this "intended attack from to windward" is taken from Clerk's Essay; but it seems to have escaped observation that in the battle of Trafalgar, the attack, though made from the position to windward, was made rather in the manner here prescribed for the attack from the position to leeward. We must suppose that this alternative method had been discussed *viva voce* with the several officers who so gloriously carried it into execution. — PROF. J. K. LAUGHTON, R.N., *Nelson's Letters and Dispatches*, pp. 421, 422.

APPENDIX F.

NAMES OF SHIPS AND COMMANDERS AT TRAFALGAR.

English.

GUN-SHIPS.

Name.	Commander.	Guns.
Victory	Vice-Admiral (w.) Lord Nelson, K.B. Capt. Thomas Masterman Hardy	100
Royal Sovereign	Vice-Admiral (b.) Cuthbert Collingwood Capt. Edward Rotheram	100
Britannia	Rear-Admiral (w.) the Earl of Northesk Capt. Charles Bullen	100
Téméraire	Capt. Eliab Harvey	98
Prince	Capt. Richard Grindall	98
Neptune	Capt. Thomas Francis Freemantle	98
Dreadnought	Capt. John Conn	98
Tonnant	Capt. Charles Tyler	80
Belleisle	Capt. William Hargood	74
Revenge	Capt. Robert Moorsom	74
Mars	Capt. George Duff	74
Spartiate	Capt. Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.	74
Defiance	Capt. Philip Charles Durham	74
Conqueror	Capt. Israel Pellew	74
Defence	Capt. George Hope	74
Colossus	Capt. James Nicoll Morris	74
Leviathan	Capt. Henry William Bayntun	74
Achille	Capt. Richard King	74
Bellerophon	Capt. John Cooke	74
Minotaur	Capt. Charles John Moore Mansfield	74
Orion	Capt. Edward Codrington	74
Swiftsure	Capt. William George Rutherford	74
Ajax	Lieut. John Pilfold	74
Thunderer	Lieut. John Stockham	74
Polyphemus	Capt. Robert Redmill	64
Africa	Capt. Henry Digby	64
Agamemnon	Capt. Sir Edward Berry	64

FRIGATES.

Name.	Commander.
Euryalus	Capt. the Hon. Henry Blackwood
Naiad	Capt. Thomas Dundas
Phœbe	Capt. the Hon. Thomas Bladen Capel
Sirius	Capt. William Prowse

SCHOONER.

Name.	Commander.
Pickle	Lieut. John Richards Lapenotiere

CUTTER.

Name.	Commander.
Entreprenante	Lieut. John Puver

NAMES OF SHIPS AND COMMANDERS AT TRAFALGAR

(*Continued*).

French.

GUN-SHIPS.

Name.	Commander.	Guns.
Bucentaure	Vice-Admiral P. Ch. J. B. S. Villeneuve Capt. Jean-Jacques Magendie	80
Formidable	Rear-Admiral P. R. M. E. Dumanoir-le-Pelley Capt. Jean-Marie Letellier	80
Neptune	Comm. Esprit-Tranquille Maistral	80
Indomptable	Jean-Joseph Hubert	80
Algesiras	Rear-Admiral Charles Magon Capt. Gabriel-Auguste Brouard	74
Pluton	Comm. Julian-Marie Cosmao-Kerjulien	74
Mont-Blanc	Comm. Guil.-Jean Noel La Villegris	74
Intrepide	Louis-Antoine-Cyprien Infernet	74
Swiftsure	Capt. C. E. L'Hospitalier-Villemadrin	74
Aigle	Capt. Pierre-Paul Gourrege	74
Scipion	Capt. Charles Berenger	74
Duguay-Trouin	Capt. Claude Touffet	74
Berwick	Jean-Gilles Filhol-Camas	74
Argonaute	Jacques Epron	74
Achille	Capt. Gabriel Denieport	74
Redoutable	Capt. Jean-Jacques-Etienne Lucas	74
Fougueux	Capt. Louis-Alexis Beaudouin	74
Héros	Capt. Jean-Bap.-Jos. Remi Poulain	74

FRIGATES.

Cornélie, Hermione, Hortense, Rhin, Themis

BRIGS.

Argus and Furet

NAMES OF SHIPS AND COMMANDERS AT TRAFALGAR

(*Continued*).

Spanish.

GUN-SHIPS.

Name.	Commander.	Guns.
Santisima-Trinidad	Rear-Admiral don B. Hidalgo Cisneros Commod. don Francisco de Uriarte	130
Prince de Asturias	Admiral don Frederico Gravina Rear-Admiral don Antonio Escano	112
Santa Ana	Vice-Admiral don Ign. Maria de Alava Capt. don Josef Gardoqui	112
Rayo	Commod. don Enrique Macdonel	100
Neptuno	Commod. don Cayetano Valdes	80
Argonauta	Commod. don Antonio Parejas	80
Bahama	Capt. don Dionisio Galiano	74
Montañes	Capt. don Josef Salzedo	74
San Augustin	Capt. don Filipe Xado Cagigal	74
San Ildefonso	Capt. don Josef Bargas	74
San Juan Nepomuceno	Capt. don Cosme Churruca	74
Monarca	Capt. don Teodoro Argumosa	74
San Francisco de Asis	Capt. don Luis de Flores	74
San Justo	Capt. don Miguel Gaston	74
San Leandro	Capt. don Josef Quevedo	64

APPENDIX G.

The U. S. ship *Constitution* was constructed under the Act of Congress of March 27, 1794. Her dimensions were fixed by John Barry, Richard Dale, and Thomas Truxtun. Her drafts and moulds were made by Joshua Humphreys at Philadelphia and sent to Boston. Her keel was laid in 1795. She was constructed under the direction of Mr. George Claghorne, naval constructor, and Captain Samuel Nicholson, superintendent, in accordance with specifications for a frigate of 44 guns, and completed in 1798. Her dimensions were: length of gun-deck, from the rabbet of the stem to post, 174 feet 10½ inches; length of keel, 145 feet; breadth of beam, 43.06 feet. Fifteen ports on each side, besides the bridle or bow ports. She was built of live-oak, red cedar, white oak, and pitch pine; was copper fastened and coppered. Sail cloth for one suit of sails was contracted for and manufactured in the United States in 1794. Her original cost was $302,718.84.

APPENDIX H.

Extract from the Report of Joshua Humphreys, Naval Constructor, on the progress made in building the Frigates: —

December 23, 1794.

As soon as Congress had agreed to build frigates, it was contemplated to make them the most powerful, and at the same time the most useful ships. After the most extensive researches and mature deliberations, their dimensions were fixed, and I was directed to prepare the draughts; which was accordingly done and approved. Those plans appear to be similar with those adopted by France, in their great experience in naval architecture, they having cut down several of their seventy-fours to make heavy frigates, making them nearly of the dimensions of those for the United States. From the construction of those ships, it is expected the commanders of them will have it in their power to engage, or not, any ship as they may think proper; and no ship under sixty-four, now afloat, but what must submit to them: these reasons are paramount to all objections and annihilated opposition.

State Papers, Naval Affairs, Part VI.

APPENDIX J.

The following interesting letter illustrates the readiness to recognize new possibilities in naval warfare which, in addition to their combative virtues, characterized the naval officers of that day:

New London, January 3rd, 1814.

We the undersigned have this day examined the model and plan of a vessel of war submitted to us by Robert Fulton, to carry 24 guns, 24 and 32-pounders, and use red hot shot. To be propelled by steam from 4 to 5 miles an hour, without the aid of wind or tide. That without masts or sails, she can move with sufficient speed, her machinery being guarded she cannot be crippled; her sides are so thick. she is impenetrable to every kind of shot. In a calm or light breeze she can take advantage of a position or distance from the enemy. Considering the speed which the application of steam has already given to floating bodies, we have full confidence, that should such a vessel move 4 miles an hour, she could under favorable circumstances, which may be always gained over our enemies' vessels in our ports, harbors, bays, and sounds be rendered more formidable to an enemy than any kind of an engine hitherto invented and she would be equal to the destruction of one or more seventy-fours, or compel them to depart from our waters. We therefore give it our decided opinion, that it is among the best interests of the United States to carry this plan into immediate execution.

Signed, STEPHEN DECATUR.
JA. JONES.
J. BIDDLE.
SAMUEL EVANS.
O. H. PERRY.
L. WARRINGTON.
J. LEWIS.

APPENDIX K.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE C. S. IRONCLAD VIRGINIA (MERRIMAC), March 8, 1862.

Flag Officer, Franklin Buchanan. Lieutenant, Catesby Ap R. Jones. Executive and Ordnance Officer, Charles C. Simms, R. D. Minor (flag), Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston, Walter Butt. Midshipmen, Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long, and Roots. Paymaster, James Semple. Surgeon, Dinwiddie Phillips. Assistant Surgeon, Algernon S. Garnett. Captain of Marines, Reuben Thom. Engineers, H. A. Ramsey, Acting Chief; Assistants, Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack, and White. Boatswain, Hasker. Gunner, Oliver. Carpenter, Lindsey. Clerk, Arthur Sinclair, Jr. Volunteer Aide, Lieutenant Douglas Forrest, C.S.A. Captain Kevil, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery. Signal Corps, Sergeant Tabb, and a crew of three hundred and twenty men.

The following is a letter from the crew of the U. S. S. *Monitor* to Captain Worden, U. S. Navy, expressing their sympathy and affection: —

HAMPTON ROADS *April 24th 1862 U. S. Monitor*

To our Dear and Honered CAPTAIN

DEAR SIR These few lines is from your own Crew of the *Monitor* with their Kindest Love to you there Honered Captain Hoping to God that they will have the pleasure of Welcoming you Back to us again Soon for we are all Ready able and willing to meet Death or any thing else only gives us Back our own Captain again Dear Captain we have got your Pilot house fixed and all Ready for you when you get well again and we all Sincerely hope that soon we will have the pleasure of welcoming you Back to it again (for since you left us we have had no pleasure on Board of the *Monitor* we once was happy on Board of our little *Monitor* But since we Lost you we have Lost our all that was Dear to us Still) we are Waiting very Patiently to engage our Antagonist if we could only

get a chance to do so the last time she came out we all thought we would have the Pleasure of Sinking her But we all got Disapointed for we did not fire one Shot and the Norfolk papers Says we are Coward in the *Monitor* and all we want is a chance to Shew them where it lies with you for our Captain we can teach them who is cowards But there is a great Deal that we would like to write to you But we think you will soon be with us again yourself But we all join in with our Kindest Love to you hoping that God will Restore you to us again and hopping that your Sufferings is at an end now and we are all so glad to hear that your eye Sight will be Spaired to you again, we would wish to write more to you if we have your Permission to do so But at Present we all conclude By tendering to you our Kindest Love and affection to our Dear and Honered Captain.

We Remain untill Death your Affectionate Crew

THE MONITORS BOYS.

[Endorsement.]

This letter was addressed to me, on the envelope which covered it, at Washington, D. C., and was received two or three days after its date.

JOHN L. WORDEN.

APPENDIX L.

"The *Sumter* had belonged to the Confederates since the beginning of the war; she had run the blockade of the Mississippi at her own risk and peril, carrying off her guns, her crew and her commission. She, therefore, would have been entitled to claim the treatment of a belligerent in neutral ports, if it had not been proved that in capturing American vessels she did not observe the technical rules of international law. Instead of sending them to a Confederate port to be adjudicated, which was somewhat difficult it must be acknowledged, she burnt them on the high seas. Thus from a privateer, she became a pirate, and Semmes pleaded in vain as an excuse the fact that he respected American vessels with neutral merchandise on board. In thus acting he was swayed simply by the fear of giving umbrage to English merchants. If the right of war justified him in seizing all the enemy's vessels, and having them adjudicated with or without their cargo, the nature of this cargo did not authorize him, in any case, to constitute himself a court of adjudication.

"Upon this point the *Florida* and *Alabama* followed the example of the *Sumter*, besides being tainted by vicious practices that should have closed the entrance of all neutral ports against them from the beginning. It is true that the *Oreto* or *Florida* did not commit any hostile act against the Federals before having been placed in commission at Mobile, respecting in this the international rule, which only recognizes as vessels of war or privateers those that started from a belligerent port. But if she twice ran the risk of being captured by observing this rule, on the other hand she gave serious offence to the British flag by falsely hoisting it and using it to disguise her nationality. This act of piracy should at least have excluded her from British waters.

"With regard to the *Alabama*, her career, from the beginning, was a perpetual violation of the law of nations."

History of the Civil War in America by THE COMTE DE PARIS, Vol. II., pp. 649–50.

APPENDIX M.

With reference to the advantages of monitors in attacking land fortifications, the following extract from a report of Captain Drayton, U. S. Navy, relative to the value of ironclads of the Monitor class, made to Admiral S. P. Lee, U. S. Navy, May 10, 1863, is of interest: —

"It may be understood that the opinions which I may express are not mine alone, but those of all of the commanding officers of vessels that went up to Fort Sumter, at least in the main.

"The monitors draw about twelve feet [of] water, and are quite unmanageable in a strong tide for two reasons, first, that their speed may be set down as four knots only; second, because all steerage way ceases the instant the propeller stops its revolutions. This renders it most difficult to prevent their fouling each other, or even anchoring in a narrow channel.

"My experience also satisfies me that every heavy shot which strikes the turret, either near the base or upper rim, stops its further revolutions, at least for a time, owing to the bulging in, caused by the shot, which interferes in some form or other with the machinery for working the turret, or forces its upper platform against the pilot house.

"The deck, as I have twice witnessed, both at Fort McAllister and Charleston, can be easily broken in, and may be completely perforated by mortar shells, as then exhibited.

"As regards offensive power, much more than half consists of a XV-inch gun to each vessel, which, under favorable circumstances, cannot be counted on for a more rapid fire than once in seven or eight minutes. This, at Fort McAllister, delivered from three monitors for eight hours, at a distance of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred yards, and at just such works as would be most likely met with near Wilmington, did no injury which could not easily be repaired in one night, a serious view of the question, should it be required to clear the beach for a landing of troops. In addition to this, as the bar at Wilmington is completely under fire, I should suppose, in view of the impossibility of sounding, there might be more than the usual difficulties to keep in the channel and off the bottom. At any other season the question of weather, in so exposed an anchorage to certain winds, must be considered in the case of vessels which, like the monitors, are so little prepared with their single anchor to hold on in a blow. At present this, however, may be left out of the question."

APPENDIX MM.

Other names on the Union side which have became prominent in naval circles, who were present at the battle of Mobile, are the following; some of which have been already referred to, and most of them are living: Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, noted for his "cool and courageous conduct"; George U. Morris,[1] who bravely fought the *Cumberland* in Hampton Roads; Charles D. Sigsbee, who commanded the *Maine* in 1898; Charles V. Gridley,[1] who commanded the *Olympia* in the battle of Manila Bay; N. M. Dyer, who commanded the *Baltimore*, and Frank Wildes, who commanded the *Boston* at the same battle; Charles E. Clark, who commanded the *Oregon* in the battle of Santiago; P. F. Harrington, who commanded the *Puritan* in the Spanish War of 1898; Edwin M. Stewart, who afterward became Paymaster General of the Navy; Philip H. Cooper; Admiral W. E. LeRoy,[1] and Admiral J. A. Howell, of torpedo fame, who commanded the First North Atlantic Squadron in the Spanish American War.

[1] Dead.

APPENDIX N.

COMPARISON OF FLEETS AT LISSA.[1]

	Ironclads.		Wooden Ships.		Small Craft.		Non-combatant Ships.[2]	Total.	
	No.	Guns.	No.	Guns.	No.	Guns.		Ships.	Guns.
Austria	7	176	7	304	9	40	4	27	533
Italy	12	243	11	382	3	12	8	34	645

	All Ships are Included.						
	No. of Men.	Tonnage.	Guns.		Loss.		
			Rifled.	S. B.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Austria	7,871	57,344	121	412	38	138	176
Italy	10,886	86,022	276	369	600[3]	39	639[3]

[1] From Wilson's "Ironclads in Action."
[2] Including all avisos, hospital ships, merchant steamers, etc.
[3] Includes those lost on board the *Palestro* and *Re d' Italia;* number not accurately known.

APPENDIX O.

MANILA.

DESCRIPTION OF UNITED STATES VESSELS ENGAGED IN THE ACTION OF MAY 1, 1898. UNDER COMMAND OF COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.

Ship.	Captain.	Executive.	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Displacement. Tons.	Speed. Knots.	Main Battery.	Secondary Battery.	Weight of broadside fire per minute.
Olympia	Capt. C. V. Gridley	Lt. Comdr. S. C. Paine	340	53	5,870	21.6	4 8″ B.L.R. 10 5″ R.F.	14 6-pdrs. 7 1-pdrs.	2,700 pds.
Baltimore	Capt. N. M. Dyer	Lt. Comdr. G. Blocklinger	327	48½	4,413	20	4 8″ B.L.R. 6 6″ B.L.R.	4 6-pdrs. 2 3-pdrs. 2 1-pdrs.	1,200 pds.
Raleigh	Capt. J. B. Coghlan	Lt. Comdr. F. Singer	300	42	3,213	19	1 6″ B.L.R. 10 5″ B.L.R.	8 6-pdrs. 4 1-pdrs.	1,710 pds.
Boston	Capt. F. Wildes	Lt. Comdr. J. A. Norris	271	42	3,000	15.6	2 8″ B.L.R. 6 6″ B.L.R.	2 6-pdrs. 2 3-pdrs. 2 1-pdrs.	1,200 pds.
Concord	Comdr. A. S. Walker	Lt. Comdr. G. P. Colvocoresses	230	36	1,710	16.8	6 6″ B.L.R.	2 6-pdrs. 2 3-pdrs.	690 pds.
Petrel	Comdr. E. P. Wood	Lt. E. M. Hughes	176	31	892	11.79	4 6″ B.L.R.	2 3-pdrs. 1 1-pdr.	440 pds.

APPENDIX P.

The following is the proclamation of the governor-general of the Philippines, translated by W. T. McCutcheon: —

"Spaniards! Hostilities have broken out between Spain and the United States. The moment has arrived for us to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, have taken advantage of our misfortune and abused our hospitalities, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.

"The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against laws of nations and international conventions. The struggle will be short and decisive; the God of victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain, which counts on the sympathies of all the nations, will emerge triumphantly from the new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those states that, without cohesion and without history, offer to humanity only infamous tradition and the ungrateful spectacle of chambers in which appear united insolence, cowardice, and cynicism. A squadron, manned by foreigners possessing neither instructions nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty.

"Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake as an enterprise capable of realization the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships, or to be exploited in agricultural or individual labor. Vain design! Ridiculous boasting! Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the

attempt to carry them into realization. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mockery, impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God, the images you adore to be thrown down by unbelief. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers. They shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate the property that your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. No! They shall not perpetrate the crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and progress. Men of the Philippines, prepare for the struggle, and united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose with the decision of the Christian and patriot the cry of 'Viva España.' Your governor,

"BASILIO AUGUSTIN DIVILIO."

APPENDIX Q.

The sea fight in the Road of Gibraltar the 25 of Aprill last, betwixt the K. of Spaines Carackts and Gallions, and the Hollandish men-of-warre, reported by a letter written a-board the Hollands Fleete by a commander in the same, and faithfully translated into English.

London printed for Iohn Hardie and are to be sold by Robert Jackson at the shop vnder the Royall Exchaunge. 1607.

APPENDIX R.

The marvellous escape from loss of life of the American squadron was ascribed by some of the English Press to the presence of English gunners aboard the American ships. This is officially denied. The British seem never to have realized that the American navy has always been successful in that for which a navy exists, the efficient destructive power of her ordnance. The charge that her guns were manned by British seamen is as old as the *Constitution* and *Guerrière* fight in the War of 1812, when the same assertion was made with as little foundation in fact as in the present instance. The Americans have a trick of going into action and coming out unscathed, as, for example, Decatur at Tripoli on the *Intrepid*, when he entered the harbor, boarded and destroyed the *Philadelphia* under the guns of heavy batteries without the loss of a man. It is an old tradition which Admirals Dewey and Sampson improved upon.

APPENDIX S.

Names of those who volunteered to accompany Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson on his expedition to sink the *Merrimac* in the entrance to Santiago Bay: —

Daniel Montague,	chief master-at-arms, . .	U. S. S. New York
George Charette, .	gunner's mate, first-class, .	" " "
J. E. Murphy, .	coxswain, ...	U. S. S. Iowa
John P. Phillips, .	machinist, ...	U. S. S. Merrimac
Oscar Deignan, .	coxswain, ...	" "
Francis Kelly, . .	water-tender, ...	" "
Rudolph Clausen,	coxswain, ...	U. S. S. New York

APPENDIX T.

SANTIAGO.

DESCRIPTION OF UNITED STATES VESSELS ENGAGED IN FIGHT, JULY 3, 1898.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON. COMMODORE WINFIELD S. SCHLEY.

Ship.	Captain.	Executive.	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Displacement. Tons.	Speed. Knots.	Main Battery.	Secondary Battery.	Weight of broadside fire per minute.
Iowa	Capt. R. D. Evans	Lt. Comdr. R. P. Rodgers	360	72	11,340	17	4 12″ B.L.R. 8 8″ B.L.R. 6 4″ R.F.	20 6-pdrs. 4 1-pdrs.	5,515 pds.
Indiana	Capt. H. C. Taylor	Lt. Comdr. J. A. Rodgers	348	69¼	10,288	15.5	4 13″ B.L.R. 8 8″ B.L.R. 4 6″ B.L.R.	20 6-pdrs. 7 1-pdrs.	6,240 pds.
Oregon	Capt. C. E. Clark	Lt. Comdr. J. K. Cogswell	348	69¼	10,288	16.7	4 13″ B.L.R. 8 8″ B.L.R. 4 6″ B.L.R.	20 6-pdrs. 6 1-pdrs.	6,240 pds.
Brooklyn	Capt. F. A. Cook	Lt. Comdr. N. E. Mason	400	64	9,205	21.9	8 8″ B.L.R. 12 5″ R.F.	12 6-pdrs. 4 1-pdrs.	3,250 pds.
New York	Capt. F. E. Chadwick	Lt. Comdr. W. P. Potter	380	64	8,200	21	6 8″ B.L.R. 12 4″ R.F.	8 6-pdrs. 2 1-pdrs.	2,490 pds.
Texas	Capt. J. W. Philip	Lt. Comdr. G. B. Harber	290	64¼	6,315	17.8	2 12″ B.L.R. 6 6″ B.L.R.	12 6-pdrs. 6 1-pdrs.	2,090 pds.
Vixen	Lt. Alex. Sharp, Jr.	Lt. C. H. Harlow	182	28	806	16	8 6-pdrs. 4 1-pdrs.		260 pds.
Gloucester	Lt. Comdr. R. Wainwright	Lt. H. P. Huse	204	27	786	17	4 6-pdrs. 4 3-pdrs.		180 pds.
Hist	Lt. L. Young	Lt. C. W. Hazeltine[1]	174	23	472	14½	1 3-pdr. 4 1-pdrs.		50 pds.
Ericsson	Lt. N. R. Usher	Ens. J. R. Edie	149	15.6	120	24	4 1-pdrs.		30 pds.

[1] In command.

APPENDIX U.

"The second in command exercised no special directive functions of a flag or general officer while the fighting lasted.

"In this there was no fault, for there was no need of signals, but the fact utterly does away with any claim to particular merit to a second in command, without in the least impairing the commodore's credit for conduct in all possible respects gallant and officer-like." — MAHAN, in reply to public criticisms on the Santiago battle.

Praise should follow duty done or responsibility borne. Whatever the faithfulness of a subordinate, his lack of responsibility works as a natural law to diminish his glory and to lessen his reward. In matters of rank, in peace or war, there is no more widely recognized law than this.

[NOTE. — The author proposed to insert a bibliography of authorities consulted in the preparation of these volumes, but the number was so large that he considered it inadvisable.

He has only to say that he has drawn largely from every available source: standard English and American naval histories, as well as those of other nationalities; original records of the Navy and State Departments; authoritative articles of repute in various magazines; and also technical and professional volumes as required. A large number of authorities are referred to in footnotes.]

APPENDIX V.

[Squadron General Order No. 9.]

NORTH ATLANTIC STATION,
U. S. FLAGSHIP NEW YORK, 1ST RATE,
Off Santiago de Cuba, Cuba, June 7, 1898.

The following signals will be provisionally employed: —

Enemy's ships escaping — number by numeral signal follows.

Enemy's ships escaping to eastward — number by numeral signal follows.

Enemy's ships escaping to westward — number by numeral signal follows.

Enemy's torpedo boats escaping or coming out — number by numeral signal follows.

Enemy's torpedo boats escaping or coming out to eastward — number by numeral signal follows.

Enemy's torpedo boats escaping or coming out to westward — number by numeral signal follows.

General chase — direction given by compass signal.

Eastern squadron chase — direction given by compass signal.

Western squadron chase — direction given by compass signal.

Vessels indicated will not join in chase, but will close in and guard harbor entrance.

Close in toward harbor entrance and attack vessels.

N. B. — All officers will familiarize themselves with the "chase" signals in the general signal book.

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,
Rear-Admiral Commander in Chief U. S. Naval Force,
North Atlantic Station.

APPENDIX W.

The following is the comment of an Austrian officer on the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and is taken from Captain H. C. Taylor's account of the battle, published in the *Century Magazine*, for May, 1899, a graphic account of the situation just at the close of the engagement.

He was in full uniform, with a brilliant display of epaulets and gold lace, white waistcoat and trousers. He found us covered with the smoke and dust of battle, groups of half-naked men lining up to salute him as he passed, their faces streaked with powder-smoke and coal-dust. He reached me on the bridge, finally, in a state of polite bewilderment, and presented his captain's request for permission to pass in through our blockading lines and bring out from Santiago Austrian refugees desiring to leave that besieged town. After referring him to Admiral Sampson, and telling him he would be found some distance to the westward, he asked for news, and I told him we had just come out of action with Cervera's squadron. He showed great surprise, and said: —

"Then there has been a battle?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And the result?" he asked eagerly.

"We have defeated them."

"But where is Cervera's fleet now?" he inquired.

"His flagship, the *Maria Teresa*, is there, lieutenant," I answered, pointing, at the same time, to the beach a few miles distant.

"But I see nothing there but some smoke, captain!"

"It is the smoke of the *Teresa* burning, lieutenant; she is a wreck upon the beach."

He was silent, and I continued: —

"Close to her on the beach you will see another column of smoke; that is the *Oquendo* burning. On this side, nearer to us, is the *Pluton*, sunk in the breakers; and the *Furor* is near her, but is on the bottom in deeper water, and is not visible."

"But," he interrupted, "you have then destroyed half those splendid vessels of Cervera's!"

"Wait, lieutenant," I continued, "and look a few miles farther to the westward, and you will see another column of smoke; that is the *Viscaya*, on the beach near Aserraderos. As to the *Colon*, she is still farther to the westward, out of sight from us here, but you will see her presently as your captain steers in that direction to find Admiral Sampson, who is at that end of our line."

His eyes ranged along the shore as I pointed out the different vessels.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Then you have destroyed the whole of that splendid squadron! I did not think it possible."

After a moment more of silent astonishment, he said, with a polite sympathy which concealed eager professional curiosity: —

"And your injuries, captain? What losses has the American squadron sustained?"

"None," I replied.

"But, captain, you do not understand; it is what casualties — what ships lost or disabled — that I ask."

"None, lieutenant," I said. "The *Indiana* was struck twice, suffered no injury, no loss. The other ships are virtually in the same condition. We are all of us perfectly ready for another battle — as much so as before Cervera came out this morning."

His astonishment was now complete.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed again. "Admiral Sampson's fleet has destroyed these great Spanish ships, and without injury to his own squadron! Sir, it is unheard of. I must go to inform my captain."

APPENDIX X.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET, SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898.

"The Spanish fleet and its power of offence and defence were well known to the whole world, and consisted of three armored cruisers — the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and the *Viscaya* — three sister ships, of about seven thousand tons each. The *Christobal Colon*, of about the same tonnage as each of the other three, belonged to the same class, being an armored cruiser protected by lighter armor, which was spread very nearly over the whole surface of the ship. The first three were protected by a heavy belt of armor of about twelve inches in thickness, and also with barbette protection of about the same thickness to their two principal guns. There were also two torpedo-boat destroyers of recent construction, and capable, when in good order, with clean bottoms, of making twenty-nine knots. The three sister ships, when in good order, with clean bottoms, could make twenty knots, and the *Christobal Colon* twenty-one knots per hour. The latter vessel had not received her two heavy barbette guns of 10-inch caliber. The *Viscaya*, *Maria Teresa*, and the *Almirante Oquendo* each had one 11-inch Hontoria gun in each turret, and ten 5-inch rapid-firing guns, and a secondary battery of 6-pounders and 1-pounders."

From article by Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., in Goode's *With Sampson through the War*.

A BRIEF GLOSSARY OF SEA TERMS.[1]

Cable. — A large rope or chain by which the ship is secured to the anchor.

Capstan. — A perpendicular column of wood, barrel-shaped, turning round on a centre, for weighing the anchor.

Chains or channels. — Platforms projecting outward from the ship's sides to give a wider spread to the lower rigging.

Masts and parts of a mast. —

Mainmast, the middle and largest mast.

Foremast, the furthest forward.

Mizzenmast, the aftermost and smallest mast.

Bowsprit, a short mast projecting out from the bows.

Jibboom, a slighter spar projecting beyond the bowsprit and supported by it.

Flying jibboom, a yet slighter spar projecting beyond the jibboom and supported by it and by the bowsprit.

Yards and sails. —

Sails are named after the mast, stay, or boom on which they are spread; *e.g.* "foresail," "foretopsail," "foretopgallant sail," "fore-royal," "flying jib," "foretopmast staysail."

Courses. — A name used for the foresail, mainsail, and spanker. When a ship takes in all her canvas but these, she is said to be sailing "under courses."

Spanker. — A fore-and-aft sail set abaft the mizzenmast, upon a trysail mast and a gaff and boom called the spanker gaff and spanker boom. It is properly a trysail, which is a fore-and-aft sail set on a trysail mast abaft each lower mast. As a rule it has no boom.

Staysail. — A fore-and-aft sail set upon a stay and named after that stay; *e.g.* foretopmast staysail.

Studding-sails (pronounced "stun'sles"). — Are extra sails set outside the squaresails on each side of the ship. They are named after their respective masts.

[1] Compiled from various sources and condensed, mainly from Laughton's *Story of the Sea*.

Sprit-sails (obsolete in large ships). — The old man-of-war of the seventeenth century used to carry a small upright mast ("sprit-mast") stepped in the end of the bowsprit.

Clews. — The two corners at the foot of a square-sail; also the after lower corners of a fore-and-aft sail.

Leech. — The side of a sail.

Luff. — The weather leech, the side nearest the wind.

Tack. — The fore lower corner of a fore-and-aft sail; also the rope holding the foremost lower corner of a "course."

Sheets. — The ropes spreading the lower courses of the square-sails (with the single exception of the foremost lower corner of a "course" (see Tack) and the after lower corner of a fore-and-aft sail.

Buntlines. — Ropes at the foot of the sail, used in reefing or taking in a sail.

Clewlines. — Ropes attached to the clews or bottom corners of a square-sail, used in taking it in.

Standing rigging. —

Shrouds. — These run from the dead-eyes by the ship's side to the tops; and again from the tops to the crosstrees, and support the mast laterally.

Backstays. — These run from the head of any upper mast right down in one line to the ship's sides, where they are fastened. These support their masts from behind.

Running rigging. —

Halliards. — Ropes used for hoisting a sail.

Lifts. — Ropes supporting the yards and used to hoist or lower them.

Braces. — Ropes running to the yard-arms, used for pulling the yards into such a position that the sails may catch most wind.

Miscellaneous terms. —

Aback. — A sail is "taken aback" when the wind passes on its forward instead of its hinder surface.

Abaft (see Aft). — On the aft, or hinder side of any given point.

Abeam. — The point at right angles with the ship's mainmast; hence "abaft the beam" is a position between the direct line abeam and the stern; and before the beam is between the beam and the bows.

Aboard (on board, in a ship). — "To go aboard" is to enter a ship; while "to board" is to enter her as an enemy. "To fall aboard" is to strike against another ship.

About. — "To go about" is to change a vessel's course by shifting her helm and placing her on another tack.

Aft. — Behind, near the stern of a ship.

Amidships. — The middle of a ship, either with regard to her length or her breadth.

Astern. — Behind the ship.

Athwart hawse. — The position of a ship when driven by wind, tide, or some accident across the stem of another, whether the two ships touch or are some little distance apart.

Bear up, or bear down, or bear away. — To change the course of a ship so as to make her run before the wind, after she has sailed for some time on a side wind or close-hauled.

Bearing. — The point of the compass on which any object appears; or the position of any object with reference to a given part of the ship.

Beating. — Tacking, sailing by zigzags against the direction of the wind.

Belay. — To make fast any running rope so that it does not run out when hauled upon.

Bend. — To "bend" a sail is to affix it to its yard. boom. or gaff; to "bend" a cable is to make it fast to its anchor.

Bow. — On the bow; an object is "on the bows" when it comes within an arc of 45° on either side of the ship's stem.

Close-hauled. — The arrangement of a ship's canvas when she is sailing "close to the wind," *i.e.* as nearly as possible in the direction from which it is blowing.

Edge away. — To sail a ship "larger" or "fuller," *i.e.* less close to the wind than she was before.

Fleet. — An assemblage of ten or more ships-of-war. (See Squadron.) Used also sometimes with reference to a less number than ten.

Fore-and-aft. — The lengthway of a ship.

Hawse. — The position of the cables before a ship's stem when she is moored with two anchors out from the bows. It also denotes any small distance ahead of a ship, or between her head and the anchors by which she is riding.

Knot. — A sea mile.

Larboard. — The left hand. The word has been superseded by port.

Large. — A wind is large when it crosses the ship in a favorable direction, particularly when it crosses on the beam or abaft the beam.

Lasking (obsolete). — A lasking course is when a ship steers in an oblique or slanting direction toward another.

Luff. — To luff is to put the tiller down, or toward the lee side, thus forcing the ship's head up closer to the wind.

Pay off. — When a ship is sailing near the wind and falls off from it in spite of the helm, she is said to pay off.

Rake. — A man-of-war is said to rake an enemy when her broadside sweeps the enemy's decks fore and aft, either from bow or stern.

Round to. — Is when going large or before the wind the ship comes round to the wind in answer to her helm.

Spring. — To anchor with a spring is before letting go the anchor to pass a hawser out of the stern or quarter-port and take it forward, outside the ship, and bend it to the ring of the anchor. By hauling on this hawser, the ship's broadside can then be made to bear in any desired direction.

Squadron. — An assemblage of ships of war less than ten. (See Fleet.)

Stay. — To stay a ship is to change her tack by turning her head to the wind.

Tack. — To change from one course to another.

Wake. — The track of a ship; the disturbed water immediately behind her.

Way. — A ship is said to be under way, or to have way upon her, when she has lifted anchor, and is moved by wind, tide, or current.

Weather. — To weather a ship, headland, etc., is to sail to windward of it. Weather bow is that side of the bow on which the wind is blowing.

Wear. — To wear, to veer, a ship is to change her course by turning her stern to windward.

Weigh. — To heave up the anchor.

RANK IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

"RANK: A step or degree in a graduated scale of authority. In this sense it is synonymous with grade, but the conventional use of the two words, 'rank' and 'grade,' among naval and military men, implies a distinction between them which is illustrated by saying that while there may be several individuals of the same grade, there can be but one of a given rank.

"In this narrow and conventional sense, therefore, rank may be defined as the expression of relative authority between individuals of the same grade. As an example of what is meant by this, the Navy Register contains the names of fifty officers in the grade of captain, but of all this number no two are of the same rank.

"Actual rank is that held by an officer in his own corps.

"Relative rank is that given by law to officers acting as chiefs of bureaus, in cases where their actual rank is lower than that fixed by law as appropriate to the position, and to all staff officers, in order to assimilate their respective grades to those grades of the line which are deemed equivalent in dignity and importance. Relative rank, as between officers of the army and navy, is established by law, and is sometimes called assimilated rank.

"Brevet rank does not exist in the navy.

"To rank, or to take rank of, is to be entitled to, or to have, precedence in matters involving the exercise of authority or on occasions of ceremony." — HAMERSLEY'S *Naval Encyclopædia*, 1884.

The corresponding ranks of commissioned officers of the navy and army of the United States are as follows: —

1. Admiral.	1. General.
2. Vice-admiral.	2. Lieutenant-general.
3. Rear-admiral.	3. Major-general.
4. Commodore.	4. Brigadier-general.
5. Captain.	5. Colonel.
6. Commander, Lieut.-commander.	6. Lieutenant-colonel, Major.
7. Lieutenant.	7. Captain.
8. Lieutenant, junior grade.	8. 1st lieutenant.
9. Ensign.	9. 2d lieutenant.

These designations, however, are not permanent, *e.g.*, the ranks of admiral and commodore. At present, October, 1899, the rank of admiral exists, but not that of vice-admiral or commodore. Master was at one time the designation in the navy for the grade below lieutenant.

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